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Anno Domini  
1684



"Ye  
Admiral  
Regiment."







"Ettie Lane"  
from her affec<sup>t</sup>ed old  
friend, and well wishes  
through life " —  
as well as author of the  
following pages

Springfield  
Alma Road  
Windsor

31<sup>st</sup> Aug<sup>st</sup> 1892

Foster

This is the time when friend greets friend,  
Though many miles apart,  
In loving words o'er land and sea,  
And heart speaks unto heart.  
The time for memories, dear and true,  
To cheer life's little span ;  
May this New Year bestow on you  
All happiness it can.



Very Truly Yrs  
W H Paynter

Marsdenbach

PER MARE PER TERRAM:

Reminiscences

OF

THIRTY-TWO YEARS' MILITARY, NAVAL,  
AND CONSTABULARY SERVICE.

BY

Major W. H. POYNTZ,

LATE ROYAL MARINE LIGHT INFANTRY  
CHIEF CONSTABLE OF NOTTINGHAM AND COUNTY OF ESSEX.

LONDON:

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TO  
THE BEST OF MOTHERS AND THE BEST OF WIVES  
THESE  
REMINISCENCES  
ARE DEDICATED  
BY  
AN AFFECTIONATE SON AND HUSBAND.

---

"Beautiful lives are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care  
With patient grace and daily prayer.

"Beautiful lives are those that bless,  
Silent rivers of happiness  
Whose hidden fountains but few can guess."



## P R E F A C E.

---

I LITTLE thought, in days gone by, that I ever should attempt, even in the humblest manner, to chronicle my life's "Reminiscences." An unfortunate runaway accident has, however, rendered me, from having been a man of more than ordinary activity, a confirmed and suffering invalid. I am truly thankful for any temporary relief which the following happy memories of the past have afforded to the crushing pain of the present. If the events of "days that are no more" prove of any interest to either old or young friends, I shall be gratified. I must apologise for mentioning some names herein without actual permission; as also for the purely "phonetic" rendering of Chinese and Japanese titles of places and individuals.

W. H. POYNTZ.

"MOLESCROFT," EASTBOURNE,  
*January 1st, 1892.*



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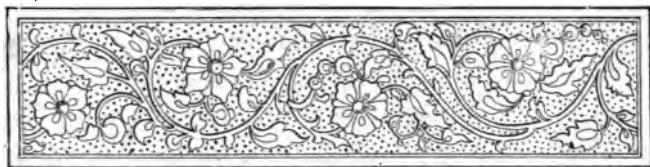
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# PER MARE PER TERRAM.

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## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY DAYS.



Y sympathy has always been towards charming, if unfortunate, Ireland. "With all thy faults I love thee still."

Born in Dublin on the 23rd of October, 1838, my parentage is as genuinely Irish on one side as it is English on the other. In earlier years, whilst my father's regiment was on foreign service, my only brother and myself chiefly resided with our grandparents at Bedhampton House, Havant, near which, round and about Fareham, was a small colony of our relations, who were enjoying their *otium cum dignitate*, after gallant services in the Royal Navy, probably attracted by the vicinity of Portsmouth. My grandfather, Admiral Poyntz, was a true sailor of the old school, proud of his lineage, proud of his profession, and with the reputation of having been a strict officer on board ship; yet always ready to spoil his grand-

children. For one out of many gallant engagements against the French, he was permitted to add to his family arms a naval crown with two French flags, bearing thereon the names "Tiburon" and "Impetueux." Far more did he fear his arch-enemy, the gout, than he ever did the enemies of his country. My grandmother was sister-in-law of Captain Newman Newman, who was lost with all hands off the Texel, in command of H.M.S. "Hero," line of battle ship, of 70 guns, and her brother, Sir Edward Brace, K.C.B., was, at the period I speak of, commander-in-chief at the Nore; not only was he a highly distinguished naval officer, but a man of an exceptionally kind and genial disposition, a favourite with everyone. Being a bachelor, he was always delighted to have my brother and myself to visit him at his official residence at Sheerness, so it was not to be wondered at that our juvenile minds became imbued with nautical tastes and aspirations. I have been told that nothing amused him more than to hear of my infantine indignation because the sentries on duty did not recognise the importance of my little self by presenting arms to me as they did to the Admiral.

My brother at a very early age entered the navy as a midshipman, and from about the time I was eight years old my home was in Ireland, so that on the whole I saw much more of my Irish than my English relatives. My grandfather Massy was a man of culture, a naturalist, an astronomer, and a mechanic; in fact, he took delight

in all that was elevating, besides which he was a keen sportsman and a noted shot. In truth, "he was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again." My grandmother was in every respect worthy of him, and was a marvel of activity up to her decease at the age of 87. In early days she had witnessed the sad irregularities which were only then too common in the lives of many of the Irish gentry, though happily her own father, Mr. Nash, who owned property in the counties of Limerick and Kerry, and had held the office of High Sheriff, was a bright exception to the general rule. Often over the evening fire she would tell me of the orgies which frequently took place at country houses in her youth. Visitors generally came for a week at a time, and had a regular bout of pleasure—the only thing which enabled them at all to stand the excesses indulged in was the fact of earlier hours for dinner, bed, and morning rising, compared with the general custom of the present day, as well as the considerable amount of outdoor exercise taken in hunting, shooting, and other field sports. But what a sad result it entailed! "The Encumbered Estates Act" brought fine old ancestral properties into the market to pass into the hands of strangers to the soil; in many instances the owners rarely ever living on them, or even coming near them, but leaving everything to alien agents who had no consideration for the peasantry whatever. Surely, to some extent, this must have had much to do with the origin of the periodical

rebellions, atrocities, and land agitations, which unscrupulous men of education find it easy to instil into the minds of the poor illiterate people of the country. My dear old grandmother saw great changes, but I am glad she was spared the contemplation of the last few years' proceedings of the National League and "National Representatives" in Parliament of her native country; to these I well knew she would have entertained as rooted an aversion as she had to the last for a luxurious arm-chair.

One fine old soldier, a member of our family, I must here mention—Colonel Cromwell Massy, of the old Honourable East India Company's service. On the 10th Sept., 1780, he, with 200 officers and British soldiers, was taken prisoner by Hyder Ali, and was exposed to cruel indignities and ill-treatment for three years, and nine months in confinement at Seringapatam. I have before me a copy of his diary, written by himself during that period, in a very small book about the size of a visiting card, without a single mistake or erasure in it, and only possible to be read with a magnifying glass. Copies were printed from the original by the express desire of the Duke of Buckingham, Governor-General of India in 1876. The names of all his co-prisoners appear.

Colonel Massy saw much service under the Company during over fifty years in India without coming home, and died in his 103rd year, on the 8th September, 1845, near Ramsgate.

Two half-length pictures of him at the age of

ninety-six, when he was quite blind, taken in a loose blue military cloak with red lining, still exist. I have understood that the Queen, when a girl, sent to see the original portrait, and was herself painted by the same artist. She was desirous of personally interviewing the distinguished veteran, but it was considered the excitement might prove too much for him at his great age.





## CHAPTER II.

### SCHOOLBOY DAYS.



IF there is one time of life when we ought to feel "merry" it is in school-boy days, when the heart is light, spirits high, no anxiety, everything looking happy at the time, and seldom much thought for the dim future.

Between seven and eight years of age, I commenced school life as a boarder at the Rev. Dr. Smith's, Stillorgan, near Dublin. I was very happy, and well looked after there. I remained about a year, and then went to another establishment at Kingstown. The head master was a clergyman also. Bad health made him exceedingly irritable; consequently the cane was made use of rather too freely, though personally I had no cause of complaint on this score. His wife was very kind and very anxious about the boys. One day in a fit of temper he unwisely laid on to the shoulders of about the oldest and biggest boy, who resented the indignity by there and then wrenching the implement of torture out of his hands, smashing it into pieces before the whole school, and finishing up the performance

by walking straight out of the door, never to return. It was a scene such as to indelibly impress itself on the mind of a lad of my age.

In 1848 Asiatic cholera broke out in Dublin. Three boys at our school were attacked—myself among the number; one died, but a merciful Providence and a tender mother's care saved me from the jaws of death. The medical men said mine was certainly one of the very worst cases that had recovered. For a long period I suffered greatly from its effects, and consequently studied under a private tutor at home for more than a year.

I was then sent over to England to school at Bromsgrove, in Worcestershire. The Rev. Dr. Collis (afterwards the rector of Stratford-on-Avon, and Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral), a connection of my grandmother Massy, was head master, having been trained under that far-famed pedagogue, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby.

Being an Irishman himself, there were many "Paddys" among his pupils, who numbered about one hundred. All the masters were clergymen, and in every respect the school very justly had an excellent name. When I joined, there were a considerable number of big fellows. All boys whose parents chose to pay extra had private studies, and a "fag" did "the needful" for them. He had to keep the room tidy, his reward being chiefly what was left from "tea fights" and sausage and bacon fryings, as well as protection from bullying. However, very little of that sort of thing existed at Bromsgrove.



The dormitory I slept in was a long, narrow room, holding altogether about eighteen beds, including one at each end. One of these I occupied, and, curiously enough, the boy who slept opposite was a great sleep-walker; almost every night he came right down the centre of the room and seated himself outside the end of my bed. After a few minutes he would then return and get into his own crib, never, that I can recollect, repeating the performance twice in one night.

The small boys had to field out for the first eleven at cricket, and for this game Bromsgrove was especially famous. We used to play out matches at Birmingham, Kidderminster, and at Lord Stamford's, he himself being then the fastest underhand bowler in England. A four-in-hand break was hired from the hotel. The Rev. J. Hes (afterwards Vicar of Wolverhampton), the master of the fourth form, always accompanied the team, and took part in the matches. During my last term I was in the first eleven, and very proud of my colours.

Our little "differences" were usually settled at the back of the Fives Court, which was situated well out of observation, and I never knew ill-feeling to last after a young fellow's "claret was tapped," or daylight slightly obliterated. There was an old disused mill not far off, with a large pond adjoining it, through which a small river ran. The ground floor was converted into an excellent swimming bath, bricked all over, with a couple of spring-boards to jump off. An upper

floor made a first-rate place for dressing and undressing, the river running in at one end and out at the other, so that the water was always fresh.

Whenever a boy learnt to swim the length of the bath he was presented with half-a-crown by Dr. Collis after mid-day dinner. I have a lively recollection of the proud moment when I marched up to the table to receive mine. An old pensioner of the East India Company's army had charge of the place, and used to keep our towels, &c., for which the boys usually gave him a "tip" at the end of the term.

Here I first learnt the mysteries of the "gentle art," as the pond was full of perch, roach, &c., and the little stream had plenty of trout in it, which I was not above catching with a worm; I even got so far as once to "tickle" one—the only time I ever succeeded.

Our good old housekeeper, Mrs. Louth, took charge of the jam and delicacies on our returning to school after the holidays, and in her cosy room we were physicked by the dear old soul for colds, coughs, or other ailments. I well remember her state of mind one day on the occasion of a "big" noise. She exclaimed, frantically wringing her hands, "They're all mad. Mr. R. says, 'Ip, ip,' and all the rest shouts 'Huzzah.'"

Another charming old lady was Mrs. Cook, who kept the "tuck shop" in the main street, largely patronised by hungry Bromsgrovians. As we had three half-holidays a week, our visits to the snug back parlour, where tarts and cakes were discussed, were frequent. When the "tin" was

expended, a certain amount of "tick" was permitted by her. Her son Tom and her daughter Jane helped in the shop. On the whole, I believe most boys paid up honourably. After I left school I sent her 15s. I owed her, and I well remember the old lady's thankful letter.

Boys run up these accounts very innocently, and without much thought on the matter; but the evil is, that in after years it has a tendency to make them think little of getting into debt with tailors, shoemakers, and tradesmen generally, who are frequently (especially in the case of officers) only too willing to encourage it up to a certain amount, when at last the screw is put on, and much consequent inconvenience arises, so worrying to a young fellow of independent feelings. With the veriest trifle on the "right" side at the end of the year he will be happy; but with a deficit on the wrong side, probably anxious and wretched. No one can help admiring a man with strength of mind and resolution to keep himself clear of difficulties and liabilities.

I hardly ever missed visiting my old school, and Mrs. Cook's shop also, each time that I returned home from foreign service, or when on leave in Worcestershire.

Our playground was large, and surrounded by a high wall; next to it was an orchard, on which (from its rather too adjacent situation) depredations were not unfrequently committed, and the unfortunate owners were kept in regular pepper during the apple season, also in a chronic state of "chivying naughty boys."

I never saw anything like the prolificness of the cockchafer born and bred in this orchard. We used to catch them by hundreds in the evening, and a favourite Sunday afternoon pastime was, I am sorry to say, making small tents with our travelling rugs on the grass, manufacturing very cleverly designed paper cages, and starting prize-fights between the said pugnacious insects, who used to "wire in" with a will. "Boys will be boys," but what young villains they surely are!

The dining-hall, a fine room, had the names of all boys who had won scholarships at the universities painted in large letters on boards hung round. Bromsgrove School was well endowed with such advantages.

The fare was wholesome and good, as a rule; on Thursdays, delicacies, which we termed "Resurrection Pie," made, it was said, from the "leavings" of the plates for the week; and on Saturdays "stickjaw," composed of the waste pieces of bread baked, with an addition of currants, "graced the board." Personally, I appreciated this last condiment.

The school chapel was a neat little building, and the boys' choir, in which I sang treble, was supposed to be very efficient. Dr. Collis' charming wife trained our voices and played the organ. So pretty! so gentle! so beloved! One is grieved to think she was cut off in the flower of her age. She was very kind to me, and I have ever held her memory dear, often calling her to mind when I look at the photograph of her grave.

Once only at Bromsgrove, during my three years' sojourn there, was I "told off" for "caning," and then I richly deserved it, for I had fair warning. Several times I was late for prayers, and at last was distinctly told if it occurred again I should be severely punished. It did, and I was ordered into the fatal study. In came the doctor, with college cap and gown on, and a good stiff cane in his hand. The preamble about my misdemeanour had just commenced, and I was about to be seized and chastised, when most opportunely his kind-hearted wife entered the room, took in the awful scene at a glance, and begged me off. Our good head master was, I feel sure, only too glad to be merciful, and it can be well imagined that I cleared out of the study like "greased lightning."

The only prize I ever got was for "good conduct," and I need hardly say I scarcely deserved that. Mathematics I cordially disliked, but took kindly enough to classics. I always remained about the middle of my class, but rarely reached the top, never once being kept in on our three half holidays. The head master's expressed opinion of me to my "maternal," was that "I was a very good self-possessed boy."

The "Pons Asinorum" was torture to me; but oh! it was "simple child's play" to my first smoke. That I have never forgotten. Some of our big fellows used surreptitiously to inhale the fragrant weed, and were consequently looked upon by the small boys admiringly as "real men," such being the cause, ninety-nine times out of a

hundred, that first leads youths to attempt, and persevere in, what, to start with, is anything but a palatable ordeal. However, like others, I thought I must try; so, on a certain half holiday, after receiving my weekly allowance, I went up the town with a companion. To commence with, I purchased and ate (of all things under the circumstances) an orange. I then bought a very cheap, very rank cigar, and a box of matches; these I clandestinely stowed away in my pocket till outside the town, and out of sight of all masters. Anxiously I counted the minutes till I should "light up," and thereby constitute myself "a man." As the song says, "I did it," and bravely puffed the first few draws, which, though nasty, gave my proud spirit intense satisfaction. Who would have thought it? But I began to feel giddy, yet the courage of the British lion was in me, so I redoubled my puffs, and blew "a handsome cloud." Alas! I was obliged to give in, and gently to tell my companion, "I must sit down," which I proceeded at once to do on a convenient grassy bank. To continue the walk was impossible. Gentle sleep seemed my only relief; so feeling awfully bad, and thinking I was going to die, I begged my school-fellow to leave me where I was, and pick me up as he returned.

After about two hours he found me exactly where he left me. On waking up, oh, the agony of my poor head! However, British pluck again stood my friend, and I managed to stagger home and lie on the sofa in my study till I felt better. Notwithstanding this bitter lesson, I heroically

persevered with a milder form of "baccy," and, like most lads, mastered the difficulty in the end. I believe I suffered more than most do from my first smoke; as a matter of fact, though I have since smoked thousands of cigars, I never could manage a pipe comfortably.

Occasionally I got a holiday from Saturday till Monday, and spent it with my cousin, Admiral Powell, at his pretty place near Worcester. A real good old bachelor he was. I well recollect on one occasion going over to Little Malvern to visit other relations, Admiral and Mrs. Tinling, who were then staying at that rural hostelry, "The Admiral Benbow," whilst on a driving tour in their carriage. On the Sunday afternoon the admiral and I walked up to the Herefordshire Beacon. As we were returning home tremendous rain fell, which was the commencement of the great flood in the river Severn, in commemoration of which a monument is erected on its banks near Worcester. The country for miles around was entirely under water, nothing above but the tops of hedges and trees. Thousands of sheep and cattle were drowned. The coach could not run, and for a week we were unable to leave the hotel. I can't say I was very sorry, as I could not return to school, and the good feeding, with some fine Worcestershire Perry, was much to my juvenile liking. When leaving, my cousin filled the rumble of the carriage with a quantity of this fine stuff, equal to any champagne. Curiously enough, thirty years afterwards half-a-dozen bottles came into

my possession with his wine cellar at the admiral's death. For drinking it was then useless, but recalled very happy recollections.

On one occasion at Admiral Powell's, "Heron Lodge," much to my discomfiture, a sad fatality occurred, at least so it then seemed to me. At the end of the carriage sweep, opposite the hall door, were placed in line some marble statues representing the "Seasons"; a very steep bank sloped down to the meadows below; unfortunately the gardener had left a heavy roller standing on the gravel walk. The idea struck me to put it in motion. At first it glided along smoothly under my guidance, but eventually it "took charge," and went crack against "Ceres," who fell head over heels down the incline, and was at once made "small pieces" of. All I could do was of course to roar, when out came the good old admiral. He soon saw how the land lay, and though he must have been much annoyed at the loss of one of his favourite statues, still he did not bully me at all, but rather tried to assuage my tears. He now peacefully rests in Whittington Church, with a handsome monument to his memory, and gallant services in the navy, as well as to his sister, Mrs. E. Brace, and her husband, Captain Brace, late H.E.I.C.S., loved and esteemed by all who knew them, the former reaching the ripe age of ninety-four. In the Town Hall of Worcester a cannon presented by the admiral to the Corporation still perpetuates his name.

"Breaking up" before the holidays was, I think,



at Bromsgrove, specially exciting, from the fact that so many of the boys, myself included, had to go over to Ireland.

I have never since come across, nor have I ever forgotten, a very expressive Latin verse which we used to sing merrily, and write up all over the walls a few days before our departure:—

“ Omne bæne, sine pæna  
Tempus est ludendi  
Venit hora, absque mora  
Libros depomendi.”

At the railway station a huge engine, in power equalling, I believe, three ordinary locomotives, lugged the train up the “Lickey” towards Birmingham. Great fun went on during the journey to Holyhead; “Banbury” cakes were a bad preparation for the miseries of the “race” and passage over to Kingstown. Arrived in the harbour, how jolly was the sharp drive home, four miles on a crisp, early morn, at a pace such as can only be got out of an Irish horse in a jaunting car, blood to the backbone, half-starved looking though he be, the ragged “jarvey” with a twinkle in his eyes, and a squashed-up hat well down over them, having in view a “tip” by buttering up my youthful vanity with the frequent title of “yer honour”—how one did enjoy that drive, with the “Welcome home” at the end of it.

Schoolboys are generally rather pugnacious, so occasional rows took place between the town boys (nailers by trade) and, as they politely termed us at the school, “Mortar Boards,” from the college caps worn by us. These abominations were

usually exchanged on our "walks abroad" for ordinary caps, which we kept at various cottages out of bounds.

One extraordinary escapade took place when I was a little fellow at Bromsgrove, which I must describe before I close this chapter on "School-boy Days," for at the time it made me rather famous. The circumstance was widely ventilated in the local and other newspapers under the heading, "Tossing the Quaker at Bromsgrove."

Certainly it was a case of taking the law into our own hands in such a manner as schoolboys have rarely, if ever, attempted before or since. The great Duke of Wellington had only just died, and a magnificent public funeral had taken place in London with full military pomp and national respect for that distinguished soldier and statesman. The "Peace-at-any-price" party, called Quakers, did not, I presume, sympathise with the popular feeling, and one of that sect who kept a confectioner's shop in Bromsgrove, displayed in the window a placard setting forth that the demonstration in the duke's honour was a mistake, as though, no doubt, his military qualities were great, his private and domestic life would not bear looking into. Unfortunately for him, he lost sight of the fact that at the school not far off, there were boys old enough to admire the man and the brilliant generalship which had been instrumental in crushing the armies of Napoleon, and in raising the name of Great Britain to the zenith of its glory. He also forgot that many of these lads had probably relations and friends who had seen

service in the Peninsula and at Waterloo under the "Iron Duke." With feelings of disgust and revenge burning in our breasts, loyal Bromsgrovians that we were, a scheme was devised and heartily carried out to bring the poor Quaker to book for his outspoken sentiments. Accordingly his attendance was requested in one of the studies, where several big fellows were assembled on pretence of ordering a big "supper."

In the middle of the conversation, the chair on which he sat was suddenly tilted over, a handkerchief tied round his neck, his hands behind his back, and in a "brace of shakes" he found himself conveyed by not unwilling hands to the centre of the playground, and pitched into a large square of travelling rugs, which had previously been sewn together. Round this most of the boys held on, and I have the most distinct recollection of my own eagerness, little fellow that I then was, to squeeze in among the bigger fellows, and have the honour of even touching the edge of the contrivance. At the words, "One, two, three," up went the wretched victim into the air, as high as the chapel roof, and down to the ground again with a tremendous bump. Unfortunately, this rough treatment seriously injured him, and there was a great row about it; but a pecuniary recompense was subscribed for among the boys, and the threatened legal proceedings were thus got over. How it was managed I never knew, but at the time the affair took place only one master was on the premises, and he was too far away to hear anything about it till it was all over.

In concluding this chapter on "Schoolboy Days," I cannot do better than insert an extract from a letter lately received from the present head master, the Rev. Herbert Millington, certifying to the satisfactory condition of the school in 1891:—

The Schoolhouse, Bromsgrove,  
Worcestershire.

Dear Sir,

I will tell you the very little I know about the various matters you mention. Jane Cook is dead. Her shop has been modernised, and the familiar scene dear to many O. B.'s clean blotted out. I have often heard of the famous "Tossing the Quaker" incident, but know no one who took part in it. You will be pleased to know that the school is flourishing mightily, and rejoices in all kinds of modern acquisitions. I can only say I shall be most happy to see you should you call, &c., &c.

"FLOREAT BROMSGROVIA."





### CHAPTER III.

#### YOUTH.



N early youth, and nowhere more than in Ireland, is the true spirit of sport imbibed and fostered. There I formed the love of shooting, hunting, fishing, and all outdoor pastimes, which stuck to me until I was stricken sorely by the hand of Providence. What croppers I have had over the loose stone walls and rotten ditches of Kerry! I shall never forget being "bogged," when riding a horse of my cousin's at Ballycarthy. He was a grand jumper, or, as Paddy says, "lepper," but being blind of one eye, unless the good one was kept towards the fence, he was liable to come to grief.

On this occasion I took a line of my own as a short cut to join the hounds, and jumped out of a potato garden into what looked like good landing, but proved to be a sort of quagmire, or loose bog. The horse stuck fast beyond the knees and hocks, and his struggles to free himself were frantic, but I managed to get clear of him. The poor old nag was thoroughly pumped out and exhausted. I thought he certainly would have to be shot; but

some stout country fellows, whose cottages were close by, got poles and ropes, with which they cleverly enough managed to assist the poor animal to flounder out upon firmer soil. This performance took over two hours, but he was none the worse for the mishap, and I hunted him again a couple of days afterwards.

What true kind-heartedness and hospitality exist in the hearts of Irish gentry, though they are present equally among English people of the same class; still the former are more impressionable on first acquaintance, and the ice is much more easily broken than with the latter. The Irish "pisinthry" are supposed to be the finest in the world. Certainly they have their good points—cheeriness and hospitality is the chief, whilst too much of the "gift of the gab," sauced with a good deal of "blarney," are the worst, added to their bigotry as a "priest-ridden" race. On one occasion at a country fair I saw a priest go in among a crowd during a faction-fight, and scatter them like sheep, with a horsewhip, the people submitting without a murmur to the chastisement.

It is certainly marvellous to see the respect and obedience the peasantry in Ireland show to their clergy, notwithstanding that the great majority of them come from the farming class, only just superior to their own. This naturally makes the priests identify themselves prominently with the "National cause" and "land agitation." Certainly the veneration of these ignorant people for their religion and its teachers compares, in my

opinion, most favourably with the free-thinking, atheistical principles existing among the lower classes in England. I must not fail in justice to state I have often met priests of high birth and culture, gentlemen in every sense of the word.

Many happy days I had at my cousin's, part of whose property was situated in the county of Limerick and part in Tipperary. In old days the latter county earned most unenviable notoriety for horrible atrocities, and the name of "Tipperary Boys" and "Ribbon Men" was looked upon with well-deserved horror. Yet as I saw it when a visitor from time to time, a more happy-minded, respectful lot of natives could not be met with. However, if they were going to shoot one that night, the same pleasant smile and soft "blarney" would probably be present on their beaming countenances.

I remember on one occasion an old wayside shed was pointed out to me where a couple of unfortunate keepers had been brutally butchered in cold blood with pitchforks a few years previously. At the very time that I am speaking of, the constabulary were scouring the mountains for a ruffian who had lately shot a land agent in a house in the middle of the town of Tipperary, and who, after committing the terrible deed, walked through a crowded street into a house on the opposite side, no one lifting a hand to arrest him. It was well known he was in hiding in the mountains among the natives, who are ever ready and willing to screen such scoundrels.

I once heard an amusing account of the reception of a wretched land agent by two Irish worthies in their "three-storied" cabin, which means "under" the bed, the pig and the children; in the bed, the husband and wife; on the top of all, the cocks and hens.

When the hated Saxon made his appearance at the door he was met with "Arrah, is it the rint ye want? Begorra, Paddy, hand us the blunderbuss." There is really not much exaggeration in this story.

A man I met one day on the road, and with whom I had a conversation, told me there was no difficulty in getting plenty of fellows in Tipperary "to shoot a chap for half-a-crown." Truly, a comfortable state of affairs, and yet one would not think that butter would melt in their soft-spoken mouths. For a good many years things did certainly improve in poor old Ireland, but unfortunately more recently matters have reverted to the old horrors, under the guidance of "Home Rulers" and unscrupulous agitators, calling themselves "Gentlemen."

A relation of mine, a very active magistrate, had his life once saved by a countryman. As I recollect the story, he had been to Petty Sessions, and was just starting for home, a ride of nine or ten miles, when a man came up alongside his horse and whispered that a party of fellows were lying in wait to shoot him in a small wood, the ditch of which skirted the road he must pass by. He at once went off quietly to the Royal Irish Constabulary barracks, and in a few minutes two



or three cars full of constables started away. The copse was surrounded, and the villains were caught red-handed with their blunderbusses in their hands. The whole lot were afterwards transported.

To return to the time I left school, about sixteen years of age, I first studied with a tutor inside the walls of Trinity College, Dublin, with the intention, in accordance with my dear mother's long-cherished wish, that I should pass through the University and take Holy Orders. After mature consideration and careful reflection, I decided I did not possess such feelings as only warrant a young man accepting this sacred office; and I have always felt that undesirable clergymen are often made by taking up a profession for which they are utterly unfit, and have no special calling. Undoubtedly my predilections greatly favoured some branch of Her Majesty's Service, and this was fostered and brought prominently before my mind by the gallant deeds of the army and navy in the Crimean war, then at its height. The victories of Alma and Inkerman, and the doings of the fleet in the Baltic and Black Sea inflamed the imagination of most English lads, so I decided to join Her Majesty's Service. Though I had a leaning towards the sea, I was not, at the age of between sixteen and seventeen, quite so keen on electing a sailor's life altogether as I possibly might have been in earlier childhood, yet sufficient fancy still remained to impress me with the desire to join a service which gave an opportunity of connection with both army

and navy. It was then necessary to get a nomination for a direct commission for the marines (unless one had been a cadet), and notwithstanding the good interest I had it proved to be difficult. While this was being exercised in my behalf, I went to a "crammer" in Dublin, meaning, if I failed, to go in for a commission in the army; but before it was time to present myself for the latter examination my primary object was obtained, and I at once went to "cram" with the Rev. J. Knight, at Portsmouth, who prepared solely for the marines. About a dozen young fellows were resident pupils, and I had only one month to work up in, so hardly expected to pass, and did not on the first occasion. Returning to the old grind I worked very hard, and was successful in my second attempt, after three months' further study, taking a good place on the list. I fancy the medical examination was more exacting than in these days, for I well remember being requested to do a little "steeplechasing" in the shape of taking a running jump over a wooden form, being afterwards complimented by the doctor upon my generally good limb development. Alas, how different now! Only one of all my fellow-students at Portsmouth is in the corps at the present moment; he is a distinguished officer, and an aide-de-camp to the Queen.



## CHAPTER IV.

### MANHOOD.



MY first commission in the Royal Marine Light Infantry bore date the 26th October, 1855 within three days after reaching seventeen years of age.

Were it not for this, I hardly could claim actual manhood. Still, as I then commenced the stern realities of life on my own account, I think I was fairly entitled to the dignity, as all are when they join H.M.S., in my humble opinion. It was signed by Her Majesty the Queen personally, as officers' commissions in those days were. Now this mark of honour is discontinued. I was appointed a second lieutenant at the Plymouth division, and reported myself to the adjutant after six weeks' leave to procure my outfit. A very young looking fellow I believe I was, as a portrait still in existence depicts me in all the glory of a double-breasted "maiden" redcoat. Soldiers' crops appear not to have been so general then as now, and a visit to a barber's shop would certainly have enhanced my personal appearance. The Daguerreotype method of taking likenesses had the peculiar effect of reversing

everything, so the crimson sash was represented hanging over the right shoulder, while the tunic was buttoned on the wrong side. No doubt at the time I was satisfied with the arrangement, and especially so when I accompanied my only brother, who had just returned from four years on the coast of Africa as a midshipman in H.M.S. "Brittomart," to a dance in Dublin. I make no doubt we both "fancied" ourselves, and trust the young ladies present were equally lost in admiration. Having been introduced to our commandant, Colonel Childs, a good representative of the old school of military commanding officers, he welcomed me very kindly, as did my brother officers generally, especially one, an old fellow-student at Portsmouth, who had previously joined the division.

Furnishing one's bachelor quarters is a very pleasant operation, were it not for having to pay pretty stiff for it, especially as the Army and Navy Stores were not in existence in my day. The first night at mess made me quite at home. The head-quarter establishments of the Royal Marines are well known as some of the most comfortable and comprehensive in the service, from their stationary character, complete with all reasonable luxury and convenience. Our commandant being a widower dined at mess, and it was his good-natured delight to get three or four youngsters round him after dinner and "stand" port wine. To those who have not an opportunity of knowing or seeing how a regimental mess is conducted, I will give a little

description of my first experience. The cheery air of "The Roast Beef of old England" was played by the drums and fifes on the parade when the officers assembled in the ante-room, punctuality being the soul of military life. Our soldier servants always waited at table dressed in livery, as worn by the men servants of their masters' families, or as each officer's individual taste chose to adopt; but crimson plush knee breeches, white silk stockings, white cotton gloves, and shoes with buckles, were compulsory for all.

The mess waiters permanently employed on the establishment wore Royal livery, white cloth coats, with the crown and lion in red, slightly dispersed about. The head waiters had, as a rule, been many years at the respective messes, and usually presented the well-developed appearance of good old family butlers, demanding great deference from all their satellites. The dignified gait and air with which they placed the decanters of wine on the table after dinner was grand, especially when, according to custom, the keys of the cellar were laid on a silver salver before the president of the mess, on the night of the marriage of one of its members, to drink prosperity to bride and bridegroom; or when a newly-joined officer "wetted his commission." This latter, I think, acted as a sort of introduction between him and his brother officers, just as the good old fashion of taking wine with one another at dinner placed people on a comfortable footing.

A Government grant to each mess, called "Regent's allowance," enabled every officer to

take a certain quantity of wine at the public expense. As soon as this amount was consumed, a decanter of water was placed with a tumbler at each side of it, on the centre of the table, after which everyone who continued at the table knew that what was afterwards consumed would be charged to each individual. At our mess the week's "Regent's allowance" was concentrated for one night in the week, Thursday, or "guest night," when the string band played at mess, and it was desirable that a good number of officers should remain at table after dinner, and act as hospitable hosts to their visitors. It also permitted young fellows of small means to be present without incurring much expense. One toast only was allowed, and that was universal, "Gentlemen, the Queen." In the course of the evening the band master came in, and sat at table with the officers, as long as his absence from the baton would permit, having some wine and a little friendly conversation till he resumed the conductorship.

In the days I am speaking of joints were carved on the table, and well do I recollect the anguish caused on a hot day in July or August, by finding oneself opposite a roast turkey, ham, saddle of mutton, or other favourite dish, with a crowd of anxious waiters behind, eager to supply the wants of a hungry army of subalterns, and probably senior officers in addition, till one's arm "ached a-cutting on it." How great the relief in later years when the march of civilisation introduced "diner a la Russe," and the old sweltering

system was relegated to mess-servants. What a joke it was to see young soldiers attending at dinner for the first few times; how reluctant they seemed to be to part with any of the side dishes or sweets entrusted to them to hand round, and how occasionally in their nervous anxiety part of a plate of soup found its way on to the shoulder of a brand new shell jacket, arousing anything but "Parliamentary" language from the unfortunate victim. In thinking of all this, the picture of a raw Irish waiter, as jocosely depicted in "Punch," presents itself. Asked by an officer to bring him some particular dish, the youth pulled himself together, and replied, "Plaise, 'sir, I'm tould off for the biled cabbage" (which he held in his hands).

After mess was over, smoking in the ante-room, whist, chess, and billiards were indulged in; while on guest night pool was the order of the evening. As the poet says, "Happy is the sub. who lives on his pay, and spends his ten bob out of five bob a day." Still, notwithstanding the handsome daily pay of five and threepence given by a grateful country to young officers accepting the position of "food for powder," the supply remains more than equal to the demand, and certainly the life is better than on a three-legged stool.

The British subaltern sometimes finds himself in funny places when on his prowl after mess, and not long after I joined a curious experience happened to me and a few others. One evening coming across a penny theatre, the idea struck us

to have a look in and see what the performance was like. The structure was erected on poles, and was crammed with an appreciative audience, all standing open mouthed at the array of princes, knights, gallant lords, and ladies fair who graced the stage in exceedingly gorgeous but dirty costumes. In the middle of a most terrible tragedy the whole concern collapsed, and the floor fell through about six or eight feet to the ground. Such a scramble to get out ensued as never was seen. I remember I swarmed up one of the upright poles, and got myself free from the predicament. One poor woman had her arm broken, and a few people were bruised a good deal. Since that experience I never tried any more "penny dreadfuls."

One of our captains was a splendid light weight boxer, very foreign in appearance, having been educated and brought up chiefly in France. An amusing scene occurred between him and a burly butcher about twice his size, who roughly pushed a woman down in the street, with whom, as the term is, he was "having a few words," forgetting the substance of those lines of the poet, which no "man" should lose sight of—

"The man who lays his hand upon a woman  
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch  
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward."

My brother officer remonstrated with the fellow on his unmanly conduct, whereupon the "knight of the cleaver," using strong language, made a rush at N. M.; down went the big bully with a well-delivered straight blow; three times he came



at him, and on each occasion was felled like one of his unfortunate bullocks. After being quietly asked, "have you had enough?" the crestfallen butcher sloped away, the delighted crowd, which as usual soon collected, behaving very fairly in favouring the "little 'un," as they termed my friend.

Being initiated into the mysteries of the "extension motions," "goose step," and "drills" generally, is a steady grind, and the members of the "awkward squad," with whom all recruits first fall in, are frequently reminded by the "starchy" sergeant-instructor that "no five-pound notes are to be found by looking down on the ground," and that "you should keep yer chest out and yer stomach in." Taking one's first guard is a trying affair, and the young subaltern is often much perturbed at the prospect of receiving the "grand rounds" or "visits" by day and night of the field-officer on duty. Often a "chum" drops in and has dinner with him, which is usually carried from the mess by a couple of soldiers under charge of a non-commissioned officer, in a hot-water apparatus.

During the latter part of the Crimean war, corps of foreign mercenaries were raised, and after it was over some regiments were scattered about in various garrison towns. One, a German "Jager," or rifle battalion, was quartered at Plymouth when I was there. The uniform was green, and it had a most excellent band. One rather peculiar feature about the officers and men, though not uncommon with Germans gene-

rally, was the number who wore spectacles. It appeared that they had been promised grants of land at the Cape of Good Hope by the English Government when peace was settled. Meanwhile, properly enough, they had to perform ordinary garrison duty for their subsistence and pay. One morning, when dismounting from the main guard at Devonport, I was relieved by Jagers, the officer commanding, wearing the universal spectacles. Having marched my men back to the barracks to which the guard belonged, I got into "mufti," and went about my usual avocations. Suddenly, in the afternoon, all officers and men in barracks throughout the garrison were summoned to fall in, in consequence of information received from the Brigade office that the men had mutinied. Detachments from every corps were ordered to parade at once, and march up to the Citadel Barracks, where the battalion was quartered. The cause of the *emeute* was that the men objected to taking guard's and garrison duty, saying they had agreed only to take part in the war, and now that peace was proclaimed they demanded to be sent forthwith to the Cape and receive their grant of land. The regiment was immediately assembled on the parade ground, and as taking the law into their own hands could not for a moment be permitted, it was necessary that an example should at once be made for this gross breach of discipline.

It was not long, however, before they were sent off to the Cape, and became useful colonists.

The officers of this Battalion often dined

at our mess. One night a captain, Baron von S., amused us much, as may be supposed, by remarking, "Ah, I do like ze Inglise ladies, zey are so amoroos!" The said Baron, we were informed, had a wife and a good round dozen olive branches in "Fatherland." Talking of the ladies (to be sure I was then young and susceptible), nearly every night dances took place at Plymouth and Stoke. I never saw such a place as the west country for parties of all descriptions, and I believe it still keeps up its character in this respect. I must also say I have rarely seen, even in the "ould country," Ireland, prettier girls, brighter complexions, or better dancers; but as for feet, my word! what "beetle crushers!" as a rule. It was said that the constant wet was the cause of it, and that all west country women were "web-footed," like "ducks" (as they were). Certainly it rained the best part of the twelve months I was at Plymouth. Notwithstanding this, it is decidedly one of the best all-round quarters in England.

The "Saltash" fishwomen are a perfect race of Amazons. A regatta came off while I was at Plymouth, among boats manned by some of them, against males of all sorts. The ladies had the best of it, I remember, "winning easy, hard held, by any amount of lengths." But what have I lived to see since that day, over thirty years ago? Have not the "fair sex" come to the front in every way? Are they not now on School Boards, London County Council, and other public positions? Have they not got votes for municipal

elections, and are they not trying hard to get them for Parliament, if not to become actual M.P.'s, V.C.'s, M.D.'s, and C.B.'s? I can only, like poor paterfamilias with the large family, say, "tell 'em to stop."

When first I joined headquarters a large number of Russian prisoners of war were located in the Milbay Barracks, under charge of a guard. They were mostly infantry, with some "Cossacks of the Don," the latter fierce-looking, long-haired fellows. The officers, who were on parole, and received a daily allowance of money from the English Government, were invariably charming, gentlemanly fellows. They were permitted to go where they liked without interference. Most of them spoke English well, and were particularly fond of cards and gambling. Sometimes they were guests at the regimental messes, and so free were they from thin-skinnedness, that one had no hesitation in talking to them unreservedly about the war and their army. The men were a quiet, inoffensive lot; as a rule, short and square built, always wearing long great coats and flat caps. Many of them employed their time carpentering, manufacturing toys, shoemaking, &c., being allowed to sell their work for their own benefit.

At Lewes, in Sussex, at the same period, a large number of prisoners were also quartered, and during the time a strong detachment of my corps was stationed there. I took a great fancy to Muscovite officers, and years after was confirmed in my opinion of them, when those belonging to

a Russian corvette, which arrived in Yokohama Bay in 1865, dined at our camp mess on the Bluff. So I had some small experience of both branches of their service.

The first time I dined out, as the guest of a regiment, a curious incident happened, but positively true. One of the majors, a very nice-looking, gentlemanly fellow, sat in the chair next to me on the right; on the left was quite a youngster like myself, and when the ice was handed round, instead of putting it into his wine-glass, he hesitated a minute, and popped it into his soup. Evidently he had never had ice before. Some years afterwards he became a distinguished officer. It puts me in mind of the story of the Irish militia ensign, who, when dining at mess, on first joining, was asked if he liked "dry" champagne, or "sweet." "Is it dhry champagne you're talking about; it's joking ye are; ye might as well ask me do I like dhry wather!" An Irish militia regiment, in which a relation of mine was captain, was quartered in the Raglan Barracks, Devonport. Some of the officers were very good-looking fellows, but the rank and file were exceptionally small, the metal-spiked helmets which they wore tending, I think, to dwarf their appearance. One officer, I well recollect, bore the sobriquet of "Look at me and die," "Celestial Bill," &c. During the Crimean war the militia had been universally embodied, and several regiments did garrison duty in the Mediterranean. I have no hesitation in saying that a considerable number of young fellows were prac-

tically ruined by being so long out soldiering in the militia, after which they were totally unfitted for any other line of life, and utterly failed to settle down. I knew many such instances. While the war was going on, numbers of men got commissions by bringing one hundred volunteers from their regiments to the line, or marines, which used to cost them a good deal. Except for fellows with independent means, or who purpose passing into the regular service, I consider the militia a very bad preparation for after life.

Our men and the regiment who were quartered at the Raglan Barracks, Devonport, had a terrible row one evening. It began, as this sort of affair generally does, in a public-house disturbance. A party of militiamen pitched into some marines very inferior in numbers. It resulted in a great many of both corps breaking out of barracks. The former established themselves in a quarry, close to the Halfpenny Gate, where any amount of nasty ammunition in the shape of stones was at hand. The marines rushed at them, and were received with a volley. Taking off their waistbelts, they stormed the quarry, and laid on handsomely with the buckle ends, soon driving the militiamen out, right into the gates of the Raglan Barracks. For several hours each regiment in garrison had patrols about, to one of which I was attached. Matters eventually settled down. An amusing incident happened next morning at parade time. A very puny-looking little Irishman came on to our barrack square while we were at morning parade,

with a non-commissioned officer, and asked to see the adjutant, to make a complaint. His statement was that during the row of the night previous, some of our men "got houl't of him by the breeches and the scruff of the neck, and shouted, 'have him into the toid,' " whereupon he was unceremoniously dropped bodily into the salt water, which runs underneath the bridge close to the Halfpenny Gate, and divides Devonport from Plymouth. His object was to identify his assailants, so the commandant allowed him to walk down the ranks, but he failed to pick them out. Certainly he had an uncomfortable experience, the result of which might have been serious indeed. However, "all's well that end's well." Another amusing incident took place in connection with a raw Irish recruit of this regiment. The general commanding had a dinner party at Mount Wise, the official residence. An officer of the garrison, who had been dining there, started by himself to walk home. Coming along the centre path of the grounds where a sentry-box stood, and a sentry was always posted, he was very properly challenged, and the countersign demanded; but whether from momentary absence of mind or the good liquor he had imbibed, I know not, but at all events he forgot the magic words. The Hibernian soldier, true to his trust, would not be satisfied with any explanation, so, with his rifle at the charge, and a cold bayonet at the end of it, he exclaimed, "Begorrah, you must git into the box!" and sure enough, into the sentry-box the gallant

officer had to go, "cooling his heels for an hour," with Paddy keeping guard over him, till the relief came round in due course.

About this time my own servant, who, as I have before stated, was an Irishman, met with a sad, but not, in those times of "heavy pay days," an uncommon experience.

Just before I took him he had come home from the coast of Africa, after four years' service, so was naturally anxious to go over to the "ould counthry" to see, as he expressed it, "his dear ould mither."

What with prize money for the capture of slavers, and savings from his pay, he had handed to him over the pay-table about eighty or ninety pounds, before starting for a month's furlough. Two days after his departure for Ireland, I was thunderstruck to see him appear before me. I thought it must be his ghost, but no, it was indeed Fitzgerald in the flesh. This was his story: He first of all bought a silver watch and chain, costing about five pounds, and travelled as far as Liverpool, where he stayed the night, prior to taking the steamer next day for Belfast. Unfortunately, he fell among the Philistines, no doubt got drugged, and when he awoke every penny of his money was gone. But, strange to say, the thieves had the wonderful consideration to leave him his watch and chain. These he had to pawn in order to get back to Plymouth, which he decided to do, being ashamed to face his relations and friends under the circumstances. This is only a sample of what frequently

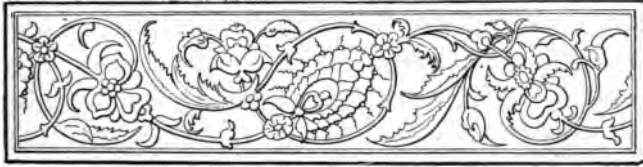


befell sailors and soldiers (only the latter had seldom so much money in hand) after years of hard life in bad climates. Men-of-war steamships were in the minority in those days, consequently long voyages and short periods in harbour produced opportunities for saving money, often, unfortunately, only to find its way into the pockets of improper characters, and crimps. Now-a-days it is happily very different, and there is no doubt the naval service has greatly improved in this respect, as I believe in every other. In the old days of the war with France, press gangs were in force, and poor fellows, frequently without warning, were seized in their homes and beds, and compulsorily dragged away on board Her Majesty's ships. Yet these were the very men who fought so gallantly for their country at Trafalgar, Navarino, and all the great naval battles of that day. After this atrocious system was discontinued, sailors voluntarily shipped for a "commission" of three to five years, and at the expiration, either joined another man-of-war, a merchant ship, or took to any line of life they desired. Sometimes as much (I believe) as ten to twenty pounds "bounty" was given to each man on shipping for the above period. At the present day, how different it is; joining a training-ship as boys, they must be of exceptionally good stamp, physically as well as intellectually and morally, of considerable chest measurement, in possession of a certificate of birth, and able to read and write. They are then housed in comfortable hulks and sea-going brigs,

thoroughly instructed in education, sailing, navigating, and gunnery duties, being fed, clothed, and looked after as carefully as any public schoolboy; besides, after about twenty-one years of continuous service, they are eligible for good pensions, while only in middle life, and well fitted for other employment. In my humble opinion, for any well developed, respectable lad, there is no line of life better than that of a "Jack Tar"; his is a noble profession, for those who have a fancy for such a manly, varied life; but, as a rule, it requires a youngster to take to it early. That is the reason why officers of the marines have generally a greater partiality for the military part of their service than the naval, as probably they average from seventeen to twenty years of age before getting their commissions, and are not usually embarked for more than a couple of years after joining headquarters.

My next experience was to be "per mare," after a shorter term "per terram," at headquarters, than a "new commission" usually had after joining the corps. Before I give an account of my short and only embarkation on board a man-of-war, I shall make a few remarks on my own service generally in the next chapter.





## CHAPTER V.

### THE CORPS OF ROYAL MARINES.



WING to the headquarters of this corps being stationary, at Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Walmer, it has not the same opportunities of coming under public notice in large bodies, as have regiments of the line, which are quartered all over the country. On occasions, however, where battalions take part in reviews or demonstrations in London or other places, their appearance, manoeuvring, efficiency, and steadiness have invariably called forth the highest encomiums. From the days (and long before) when H.M. George IV., whose picture graces the mess-room of every division, compared the corps to "an empty bottle, because," said he, "they have always done their duty, and are ready to do it again," until the recent handsome testimony, published in all the daily newspapers, under the heading of "Lord Charles Beresford, V.C., and the Royal Marines," it has ever maintained its loyal and gallant history.

Copy of letter from Lord Charles Beresford, V.C.,  
to Lord Claud Hamilton.

Sir,—At a time when some attempt is being made in Parliament, and out of doors, to secure fair play and impartial justice for the Royal Marines employed in Egypt, it may interest you and your brother officers to read an extract of a letter received by me on Friday from my old friend, Lord Charles Beresford, R.N. In the course of his remarks as to the restoration of order in Alexandria, he says: "I have given over the town of Alexandria in perfect order; roads clear, fires out, corpses buried, a new local police formed, sanitary committee going, looting, burning, and firing stopped, no bad work for sixteen days. Having to start with simply a perfect hell, both as to sights, smells, and doings of the demons, I found I never could have done this but for the services of the splendid 600 picked marines I had sent me from the fleet. I always liked and respected the corps; but I now positively admire them. It would have been impossible to have done it with any other body of men, soldiers or blue-jackets. The marines had all the go and readiness of resource of the blue-jackets for camping out on the pavement, &c.; but, at the same time, had the firm, steady discipline of regular troops, which was so necessary for the arduous, irksome, and responsible duties we had to do. It was a big thing, but it was done thoroughly, and with but a trifle as to loss of life. The expenses, including telephones to my different depots, three interpreters to each station,

paid working parties for clearing thoroughfares, as well as paid fire brigade and bringing fire-engines, only £820. But I could not have done it without such men."

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

CLAUD J. HAMILTON.

To the Officer commanding the Royal  
Marines, Alexandria.

At the present date the strength of the corps is 14,000; the Royal Marine Artillery being 2,679; the Royal Marine Light Infantry 11,309. I have known the total reach 20,000; the chief reason for this decrease is that iron-clad ships carry much smaller detachments of marines than the "old wooden walls" did formerly.

The motto of the corps, "*per mare per terram*," distinctly implies that "by sea and land," wherever hard knocks have abounded, there the marines have shown steady courage and loyal devotion. I will here venture to offer, as concisely as possible, a few remarks on the history of the corps, so far as my knowledge and memory serve me. It was originally, I have heard, in some way connected with the old "train bands" of London; and the Buffs, 2nd Queen's, 7th Fusiliers, 69th Berkshire, and other line regiments were, from time to time, formerly embarked as marines. Certain it is, that a very ancient privilege has existed, and still exists, with reference to this corps and the City of London, which, besides Her Majesty's Guards and (I believe) the

Hon. Artillery Company, have the peculiar right to march under Temple Bar (now pulled down), in and out of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, with "bayonets fixed, colours flying, and band playing."

The battalion of Royal Marines, with which I was present on the occasion of the entrance into London of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, on their marriage, in March, 1863, exercised this privilege. The "Globe," typical of service all over the world, surrounded with a laurel wreath, granted in commemoration of their gallantry in the American war of independence, at the battle of Bunker's Hill, is the badge of the Marines. A bugle was added when created light infantry.

An "Anchor," in token of their connection with the navy, and the single word "Gibraltar," are inscribed on the colours, in memory of the active part they took at the reduction and capture of that fortress. It would, of course, be impossible for any colours to carry the names of all the actions, by land and by sea, in which the corps has been represented.

Looking back only to the time of my joining Her Majesty's service, in October, 1855, the Crimea, Indian mutiny, China, New Zealand, Ashantee, Egypt, and other expeditions have seen battalions of the corps on active service with the army, while naturally everywhere that the navy has been engaged, it has been represented. Also in Ireland a large force has been sent over on special occasions, and being mainly an English body of men, they have not had much

sympathy with Ribbon-men or the National cause, earning at one time the title of the "Dungarvan butchers," for firing rather straight into the rebels.

No corps can have a finer record of general service. About the China campaign of 1857 to 1860, in which I served with our brigade, I shall treat hereafter.

Funny people often perpetrate the old joke about "horse marines," but they have been realities. Not only were a large proportion of officers and men mounted as police in the China and Egyptian campaigns, as well as forming part of the Guards' Camel Corps in the latter, but the following story, which, I believe, is quite true, stamps them as possessing even "cavalry" qualifications.

During the Crimean war, somewhere on the Black Sea coast, a town was occupied by a naval force under a post-captain named Brock. Hanging about was a Russian cavalry corps of observation. The gallant sailor desired to get rid of them, and certainly he was equal to the occasion, for I heard for a positive fact that he mounted all the marines on horses which happened to be at hand, and boldly advanced against the enemy. The Russians gave him credit for a much larger mounted force than was the case, and withdrew altogether from the scene. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it was lucky they had not to charge, though doubtless all would have done their best.

The Royal Marine Artillery have splendid head-

quarters at Eastney Barracks, Southsea. The uniform is almost identical with the Royal Artillery, and for physique and training they are, as a body, second to none. Formerly this branch was most unjustly recruited by volunteers from the ranks of their brethren of the light infantry branch. Now they raise their own recruits, and, I believe, have no difficulty in obtaining thoroughly eligible men.

I read in the "Standard" with much pleasure, at the late review before the German Emperor, in 1890, at Eastney, "they showed that compact and even front in marching past which delighted his Majesty," and no better critic could have given an opinion.

The headquarters of the Light Infantry Divisions are permanently at Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, with a large depot at Walmer. Until a few years ago another division, with fine barracks, to which for some years I belonged, was established at Woolwich; unfortunately, one of the periodical, niggardly, cheeseparing policies made the Admiralty sell it to the War Office. The uniform is the same as the line—scarlet, with blue facings, denoting a Royal regiment. When I joined, and for some years after, a white cloth shell jacket was worn by our men, as also by the regiments of Household troops; but this has been discontinued with the former; why, I know not. Never did they look better than when marching out to battalion drill in this clean and bright looking uniform. The bands of the corps are all noted, being usually classed with those of the Royal



Artillery, Royal Engineers, and the Guards. Some years ago H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh did the corps the honour of becoming its honorary colonel, and almost the last occasion that I had the happiness of meeting my brother officers was on the 16th April, 1883, when the whole corps entertained him on his appointment at a dinner at St. James's Hall. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, as also H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Lord Northbrook, and other distinguished guests, with about two hundred officers of the marines, were present. The orchestra was composed of the combined string bands of all divisions.

Every year, on the night before the Derby, a large number of officers, past and present, dine together in London at some convenient establishment. Until I was stricken down I never missed this happy re-union with old comrades. Not only is such a gathering most enjoyable among individual corps, but also when special circumstances have created special good feeling between regiments, as in the case of the Chatham Division of Royal Marines and the 31st Regiment. In the China campaign, and at headquarters, I have myself, with many of my brother officers, interchanged hospitality, consequent on each being *in perpetuo* honorary members of each other's mess, in any part of the world where they may be thrown together.

Among the many presentation snuff-boxes which are placed on the mess-table of the Chatham division after dinner, none is more valued

than that bearing the following inscription:—  
“Presented to the Chatham Division of Royal Marines by the officers of the 31st Regiment as a trifling testimonial of gratitude for the liberal hospitality and attention extended towards that portion of the corps shipwrecked by the conflagration of the ‘Kent Indiaman’ in the Bay of Biscay, on the 1st of March, 1825.” Their gallant conduct is a matter of history.

As regards the necessity of marines in men-of-war in the present day, circumstances have so altered, through the superior discipline and training of the sailor, and the mechanical appliances at hand for working guns, and taking the place of physical power, which formerly devolved upon marines, that, in my opinion, and that of others much more competent to judge, they are not now required generally on board ship. Formerly, no captain would like to go to sea without his detachment of marines, because their loyalty never failed. Whenever disturbances took place, such as the great mutiny of the *Nore*, they stood firm as a rock. Possibly in every admiral’s or commodore’s ship, a detachment of marines may be desirable and useful, as a sort of guard of honour to support the position of those officers when foreign potentates visit their vessels, or a show parade is required; otherwise, as I have before stated, the admirable training, discipline, and drill of the blue jackets of the present day quite warrant the abolition of marines in ordinary ships, who would be more efficiently employed garrisoning many of our foreign ports or coaling

stations, as do the French *Infanterie de la Marine*, and be eligible to furnish an efficient force to a fleet for landing purposes in any expedition. I have said more than I intended about my old corps, but the subject warms when one begins. It is a well-known fact to the authorities, and the country, that there is no military force so capable of expansion at short notice; it is by far the most popular for recruiting purposes; is never short of men; and whenever an increase has taken place, it has always filled up at once, notwithstanding that the standard is considerably higher than for infantry regiments. Possibly also the happy title so universally attached to its members—"Jolly Marines"—takes with the public. Another thing in its favour is that enlistment is for twelve years (first period of service) instead of six, or thereabouts, as in the latter, therefore the rank and file are older and more seasoned.

When I joined the Plymouth division, at the end of 1855, the men on parade were simply magnificent, most of them having only just returned from service in the Crimean campaign, with the army at Balaclava, and before Sebastopol, or from the Baltic and Black Sea fleets. We shall never see their like again.

The present General M—— was my first captain, a fine, tall, soldier-like Scotchman, and a thorough gentleman. I consider I was fortunate in commencing training under such a capital officer.

Before closing my remarks on my dear old

corps, which, being written in solitude, no one else is responsible for, I will add a few words on the advantages and disadvantages as they appear to me, in comparison with the line, which may be of some use to young fellows who hesitate as to which service they should join, not perhaps having had much personal knowledge to guide them. Comparing one service with the other, there can be no doubt the Royal Marines is an exceedingly "comfortable" corps, for the following reasons:—Foreign service is not longer generally than from two to four years, while home service bears the proportion of about two-thirds to the former. Exchanges from one roster to the other are always sanctioned, provided no expense accrues to the public service. From one to three hundred pounds is the usual cost for three "tours," or years of foreign service, securing with ordinary luck about four or five at home, the officers exchanging places. In the marines, men with fair means can practically soldier all their lives in England. The first captain of my company, and the colonel of a battalion I served in, had neither done more than two years abroad, until promoted to general officers. Of course the latter is usually on board a man-of-war, unless occasionally in a battalion specially organised during war time. In the present day long voyages are few to what they used to be, consequently men-of-war pass most of their commission in harbour. If in a happy ship, a marine officer's life is very pleasant, considering the opportunities of seeing foreign

countries are abundant. Private individuals often spend thousands of pounds for that object without the same social position and advantages which attach to connection with the Royal Navy.

The different headquarters are at first-rate stations, and most comfortable, while there is not that constant shifting about, so distasteful to married men especially (which most hope to be, at some time or other). This is a great boon and saving of money. As regards mess expenses at home, there is not much to choose between line and marines, farther than that some regiments are far more expensive than others in this, as well as in other respects. When embarked on board ship a marine officer's mess expenses ought to be less than in barracks, and the opportunity of spending money is not, as a rule, so great in that respect. Individual outlay, however, is, to some extent, in all positions, what persons themselves make it. From an economical point of view, I consider the marines have a slight advantage over the line, on the whole. The disadvantages, in my own opinion, are that there is less scope for an ambitious man in the former, because being between two stools, the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, he is handicapped in the way of staff appointments and commands, as naturally enough both army and navy men are anxious to secure as many lucrative and desirable berths as possible for themselves. Thus it is difficult for an officer of marines to cut in edgeways. However, besides outside billets, there are many comfort-

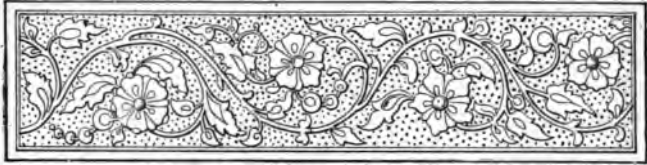
able ones in the corps itself, and the Indian Staff Corps, Army Service Corps, Adjutancies of Reserve Forces are generally open to its officers. For *esprit de corps* in all ranks, I most certainly believe no service can beat it. As regards promotion, it holds its own. On an average, the general officers are, as a rule, almost quicker in attaining the retirement of that rank than most others (of course with exceptions), while the pensions and annuities are certainly superior. The strength of the corps, its expansion or diminution, must always be affected and guided by the increase or decrease of the navy; and I have no hesitation in saying that it is to the first line of defence, not the army, that the Royal Marines must look for their welfare and support. I have no fear but that its members carry out "*per mare per terram*" the spirit of those loyal words uttered by one of England's most gallant old soldiers, Lord Clyde, the saviour of India: "The first duty of a soldier is to obey, aye, and I say his second, and his third, and all his duty, is to obey."

As I conclude this chapter, strangely enough, I read in to-day's "Standard" that at the review held yesterday, 25th August, 1891, on Southsea Common, of cavalry, infantry, artillery, and engineers, in honour of the visit of Admiral Gervais and the French fleet to Spithead, "each time the dressing kept by the marines, both red and blue, was simply perfect, the men receiving hearty cheers as they swung by to 'The British Grenadiers' and 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'"

They came along, as one spectator remarked, like a 'red brick wall with legs.' Never was the cheering better deserved than when the Duke of Connaught entered into conversation with the French officers; the warm congratulations of the Frenchmen were directed to the lads whose motto is 'per mare per terram.' The Duke of Cambridge showed his appreciation of their form, and, addressing the officers, expressed his satisfaction with the appearance of all ranks."

How grateful all this must have been to them, as it is to an old R.M. like myself.





## CHAPTER VI.

### EMBARKATION IN A MAN-OF-WAR.



T the close of the Crimean war several line-of-battle ships, whose detachments of marines had been landed to take part in the campaign, brought home troops, and on arrival had to embark fresh details from headquarters to take their places till the end of the commissions.

Amongst them was H.M.S. "Exmouth," of 74 guns, which I joined from Plymouth Barracks. The present General Charles L—— was captain of marines; Fitz—— and G——t were my two brother subalterns; the former an Irishman and a keen sportsman, the latter an excellent natty little Scotchman. We had hardly got on board when up anchor and off we went; but where? That was the question. For a couple of days this did not leak out, beyond the fact that we were ordered on "particular service." However, after seven days we found ourselves off Lisbon, and steaming straight past Belam Castle into the mouth of the Tagus. The ship anchored opposite Packet Stairs, almost near enough to jump on shore. We found several line-of-battle



ships already in the river before us, the "Duke of Wellington" (three-decker), "Sanspareil," "Caesar," "James Watt," "Colossus," and some others; in fact, a considerable fleet.

Christmas day was celebrated shortly after our arrival, the first I had seen on board ship. The messes were gaily decorated with chandeliers, stars of bayonets, cutlasses, candles, &c., and the old custom of chairing the favourite officers was carried out. Fitz and myself were quickly hoisted up on the shoulders of half-a-dozen stalwart jolly marines, headed by our two buglers playing "The British Grenadiers"; we were carried in true jovial style all round the decks, and eventually deposited in the ward-room, much to my relief, for I well remember the narrow shaves my poor head had from being cracked against the beams.

I never quite knew the exact object of this concentration of so large a fleet, but understood it was one of those diplomatic demonstrations which are intended to show foreign nations that the British lion is alive. I fancy it had something to do with Italy and King Bomba. At all events we lay there for nine months, excepting a fortnight, when the fleet went out to look for a gale of wind. We certainly found one with a vengeance off Gibraltar. Some other men-of-war joined us outside the Tagus, and numerous naval evolutions and manoeuvres took place, which I did not personally much understand, yet it was a sight which, in these ironclad days, one likes to think of, for it was grand to see

such a vessel as the "Duke of Wellington" ploughing gallantly along with her noble spread of canvas, her yards manned by swarms of blue jackets, and the port holes bristling with one hundred cannon, as she led one of the two lines of ships, H.M.S. "Caesar" the other. So heavy was the sea during the gale, that one poor fellow was swept clean overboard by a green sea from the poop of the "Duke," and another fell from the main-yard of the "James Watt." Dinner under the circumstances was indeed an eye-opener. It was very amusing to see how each officer resignedly collared his plate, and sat down against a gun or locker, to try and satisfy a roaring appetite; from the heavy rolling this was truly a work of art. As a matter of fact, so heavily did the good ship heel over, that frequently the muzzles of the quarter-deck guns were under water; but the old Simonites were noted for liveliness of this description. The "Sanspareil" had her rudder-head washed away, and the "Colossus" part of her bulwarks. It was a splendid sight from the poop of the "Exmouth," as she mounted the crest of a huge billow, to peer down upon the ship ahead, buried in the trough of the abyss below, looking quite small, and the men on the upper deck like monkeys. However, as with everything in this world, a gale has an end, and after Jack had got sufficient experience in practising naval evolutions, the "Exmouth," as well as her comrade ships, found themselves again comfortably anchored in our old berth off Lisbon.

Nine months were pleasantly spent there. The opera was charming, and very cheap. Pareppa had just come from making her *debut* at Malta. I remember once meeting the prima donna and her mother at the house of a friend, a man I had known at Plymouth as an officer of the Warwick Militia, who had lately come out to take charge of his father's business, a merchant at Lisbon. Then there was a capital French Theatre; and an "At home" every Thursday evening at the English Minister's, to which a certain number of officers of each man-of-war were regularly invited. Very frequently I attended.

Dancing and cards were the chief entertainments. Some very nice-looking women were usually present, one I specially recollect—the Dutch Minister's wife. Portuguese ladies are not, as a rule, particularly beautiful, though they have often good figures. The commanding officer of H.M.S. "Exmouth" was a charming old gentleman in every sense of the word. His wife, in her position, was equally so. During our stay at Lisbon she and her maid lived on board; but I believe this indulgence was soon afterwards stopped throughout the navy.

How good and kind he was (a lesson to some post-captains I have heard of), the following little incident will prove. One night after one of the aforementioned "At homes," the captain and his wife stepped into the pair-horse carriage which always took them from these parties to Packet Stairs, to go off to the ship. On the box rode a Portuguese coachman and

footman. My great friend, Johnny S——, our Irish assistant surgeon, and myself, both in uniform, came out at that moment, and the idea struck us to get a lift down to the boat, so up we jumped, quite innocent of mischief, "whip behind" fashion. How it happened I don't know, but I fancy it was from fright at the bright scarlet lining of my cloak, which the wind caught and blew out, but off dashed the horses; the footman jumped off the box, the coachman bravely held on. Luckily, *en route* was a very steep hill, so the latter managed to get a good pull at the pumped-out horses, whereupon my friend and I quietly dropped off. We supposed that no one had seen us in the dark, and that all was well that ends well.

However, next morning, our kind old commander sent for me, and said the captain was in a great rage, and wished to see me on the quarter-deck about this matter. I at once went up, and found the latter walking quickly up and down, evidently greatly perturbed, with his hands behind his back, a favourite position of his. I went to him and saluted in the usual military style, when he began to dilate, very naturally, on the danger that had ensued from the unfortunate incident of the night previous.

I let him go on, well knowing his kindly disposition would soon get the better of his anger. At last he asked "Who was with you?" I replied "I was certainly one, but I must decline to say who the other was." Whereupon he remarked, "Oh, I know; it was that fellow S——,"

when I again said I could not mention the name of the person who was with me. After a minute's conversation he remarked, "Yes, it was that fellow S——"; then another pause, "Well, you and he come up and dine in the cabin to-night." I need hardly say we spent a very happy evening with him and his wife; one or two other ward-room officers were also invited. I was truly glad of the opportunity of apologising to Mrs. E. for the fright she had experienced, and for our want of thought. Old heads are not often found on young shoulders, and I was only eighteen.

Neither our commander nor our two senior lieutenants had much to thank the service for in the way of rapidity of promotion, though all three were excellent messmates; the former was very lame from a wound received in action at the River Plate. Some years previously he had been a shipmate of my cousin, Admiral T. On the whole, the "Exmouth" was a comfortable ship. A nice commander is a great point in a man-of-war, as he has it much in his power to make things pleasant or otherwise for the officers as well as the men. With three subalterns of marines we had two days off duty on shore to one on board, and the latter does not mean very hard work.

Fitz and myself were the most constant and hardworking sportsmen among the ward-room officers. Frequently we went snipe shooting on the Coimbra marshes, or on land adjacent to the lines of Torres Vedras, so noted in the Peninsular war, in connection with the Duke of Wel-

lington, as a means, had it been necessary, of covering the retreat and embarkation of the English army. The convent at Cintra and the surrounding scenery are very picturesque. Those of the fleet who were cricketers used to play frequently on a ground at Campo Grande, and as I was from a small boy particularly fond of the game, I was one of the principal supporters. Generally we rendezvoused in Black Horse Square, otherwise (named by us) Jack Ass Square, and instead of going on Shank's mare some distance to the cricket ground, bestrode donkeys, much to the amusement of the natives. It was certainly a joke, seeing officers of all ages and rank, including little middies, astride these docile animals, careering along with bats and stumps in hand, to spend a happy day.

Between the innings we usually had a race on our asinine thoroughbreds, causing great fun and excitement.

The Estrella and Royal Gardens were frequent promenades, and a good deal of "peacocking" was done, especially when a military band played, that of the "Cacadores" being particularly good.

Many of the Portuguese officers were a caution as regards their waists, which in contrast with their peg-top trousers were astonishing. The most fashionable, tight-laced, wasp-like young lady might well envy them. Their pay was not, I believe, very grand. It was said they pretty well lived on a caravanse (a bean), a cigarette, and a glass of water daily; but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. One thing, however,

I can, and that was, we invariably had to look out sharp, and if wise, walk in the middle of the roadway through all but the principal streets, as any system of drainage appeared to have been entirely forgotten, and the natives had an uncomfortable habit of chucking straight out of the windows anything superfluous. The consequences to an innocent pedestrian can be imagined.

Occasionally all the marines of the fleet were landed for drill on the opposite side of the river from Lisbon, and a fine battalion of about 700 to 800 men usually paraded. Headed by one of the ship's bands we marched past and performed a few manoeuvres, to the delight of an assembled multitude of "Portugoooses," as our men designated the natives. The Government lottery was a great event, and while we were in the Tagus, a midshipman of one of our men-of-war won a prize of 500 dollars, for, I believe, an entrance of only one crusade (about two shillings); not a bad stroke of business. However, success did not crown my endeavours.

At the end of nine months H.M.S. "Exmouth" was ordered home to Plymouth, to be paid off. On the passage up channel she came to terrible grief. We were sailing along about six or seven knots an hour, a dense fog prevailing, when all of a sudden, just, and only just, clear of our bows, a fishing smack suddenly loomed out of the mist, and a lucky escape she had. The men on board sang out "Rocks ahead." Immediately the helm was put down, and the ship luckily came nearly round with head to sea, when bump!

bump! followed, and it was impossible to stand upright owing to the concussion. Her stern swung round so close to the stupendous rocks which bound the coast of Cornwall, at Land's End, that a biscuit could easily be thrown on shore; yet there was only one spot, about a quarter of a mile off, where a landing could be effected. The boats were at once hoisted out, and some of the guns were ready slung to be pitched overboard to lighten the ship.

Meanwhile the coastguardsmen, standing on the crest of the cliffs above, sent off immediately by land for a tug from Falmouth; owing to the immense height they looked just like small monkeys. Most fortunately, as mentioned next day in the daily papers, the sea was at the time of our striking perfectly calm, but within a few hours a strong gale arose; had it come on earlier the vessel must have gone to pieces.

Providentially the captain's wife had been transferred for passage home to H.M.S. "Colossus," on account of the recent Admiralty order. In about an hour or so the engines moved slowly ahead, and after some terrible bumps, which I really thought would take the bottom out of her (as it was, a large piece of rock stuck in her, and was carried into dry dock), the tough old vessel slipped off into deep water, and she did not require the services of the steamer sent to our help. After repairing damage, we had to go round to Portsmouth, where a court-martial on the captain and master was held, such a procedure invariably following any similar disaster to one of H.M.'s ships.



After the sitting of this tribunal was over, we returned to Plymouth, and went up into Hamoaze, stripped the ship, returned the stores, paid off the sailors, and marched our detachment of marines, 120 strong, back to Stonehouse Barracks, headed by the band of the Plymouth Division.

Well, I had a very happy time in the old "Exmouth," and never regretted my experience of nearly twelve months' embarkation in one of Her Majesty's ships or vessels of war, the only regular tour I ever had during nearly seventeen years in the Royal Marines. All the rest of my service was either with battalions on active service abroad, or in England, chiefly in regimental staff appointments. After three months' leave I rejoined at Plymouth, and fell into garrison life again. The only new thing I tried was yachting. My old friend, brother officer, and shipmate, Fitz, joined me in hiring a small half-decked cutter by the month. He was a first-rate hand at sailing, as he had been accustomed to it from a boy; as far as I was concerned, I knew really nothing at all about it. Under his guidance I learnt a little, and we had some jolly sails in beautiful Plymouth Sound, round Drake's Island, Whitsand and Causand Bays, Mount Edgcumbe, and the Breakwater, varying our amusement at times with excellent sea-fishing.

One fine day (whatever possessed me I don't know) the fit took me, after morning parade, to try and take a little voyage on my own account;

so down I went to where our craft lay, slipped her moorings, hoisted the mainsail and jib, and gaily took the tiller; with a soldier's wind beautifully astern, I careered along in great style, right into the Sound. Unfortunately I found that the art of tacking was not so easy as I had imagined, so after vainly endeavouring to fetch back again into the mouth of the harbour, I was compelled to run straight into the shore underneath the Hoe. Leaving the boat in charge of a waterman, I dejectedly walked back to barracks, a sadder but a wiser man, a distance of about two miles. Having found my brother yachtsman, we returned to the boat, and soon had her safe at her moorings.

What a lovely place for sailing Plymouth is, and all the coast round about. But it is decidedly dangerous for novices, on account of the sudden squalls. However, my experiences in that line were soon to be cut short by a voyage to about the farthest end of the world, in a different class of vessel.





## CHAPTER VII.

### EMBARKATION OF R.M. BATTALION FOR CHINA.



IN 1857 the Indian mutiny broke out, and soon the world was horrified with the awful massacres of women and children, perpetrated by Nana Sahib and the Indian Sepoys, whole regiments of whom broke into rebellion, in many instances murdering their officers; but the gallant conduct of British soldiers, nobly led by British officers, prevented India from falling into the hands of the mutineers, upon whom eventually just retribution was sternly meted out, by blowing those who committed the worst atrocities from the mouths of cannon. The heart of every man at home beat with a desire to take part in avenging his countrymen and women, and regiments were poured into India as fast as possible. Amongst them, a battalion of marines, under Colonel Lemon, was sent to Calcutta in the troopship "Adventure," but they did not get beyond that city, as Lord Clyde had broken the neck of the rebellion when they arrived. After, I believe, a short period of garrison duty, they were sent on to Hong Kong. The corps was, however,

if few in number, yet gallantly represented in the campaign, as of all the force engaged none were more distinguished than the naval brigade, commanded by Captain Peel, of H.M.S. "Shannon," who lost his life in his country's cause. The difficulties they overcame in dragging their guns, their conduct at the siege of Lucknow, and throughout the campaign up country, are matters of history. The officers and men of the detachment of marines from the above-named ship, and one or two others, were attached to this brigade, and partook of all its glory.

At the same time as the outbreak of the Indian mutiny, difficulties arose with China, resulting in a declaration of war with the Celestial Empire, and the speedy despatch of troops to take part therein.

In order to complete the expeditionary force, a brigade of Royal Marines, consisting of two battalions of Light infantry, and a battery of Royal Marine Artillery, were ordered to be at once got ready for active service. Colonel Holloway, R.M.A. (afterwards Sir Thomas Holloway, K.C.B.), A.D.C. to the Queen, was appointed brigadier, with Major Travers, brigade major, and Captain Ellis, aide-de-camp. The first battalion was under the command of Colonel Walsh, Lieutenant Conway Travers, adjutant; the second battalion of Colonel Hocker, Lieutenant Maskerry, adjutant. In those days there was no rank of major except by brevet in the marine corps, so senior captains were appointed for that duty. In addition, a battery of Royal Marine Artillery was detailed, commanded by Major

Schomberg (afterwards General Schomberg, C.B., Deputy Adjutant-General of the corps), with Lieutenant Williams, adjutant; Lieutenants Festing (afterwards Sir Chas. Festing, K.C.M.G.) and Crease, as the subalterns. The whole strength of the brigade was about 1,500 of all ranks, with the R.M.A. Three splendid transports were taken up for the voyage. The "Imperador," for the second battalion, to which I belonged; the "Imperatrice" for the first battalion, both ships the property of the Brazilian Steam Navigation Company; and the "Adelaide," a large four-master, for the Royal Marine Artillery, together with the remainder of the Light infantry over and above the number that the two first-named vessels could convey.

The first battalion was formed of men from the Chatham and Woolwich Divisions, the second from Portsmouth and Plymouth. At the latter garrison, where I was at the time stationed, much excitement prevailed, and, like most young fellows, I was delighted at the prospect of seeing active service. Fitting out for a hot climate, and a hasty farewell to many relations and kind friends, kept me pretty busy.

Unfortunately, only two days before our embarkation, I had a nasty accident with a hired horse. I was riding home from the races in company with a couple of other officers. On returning, we found ourselves running it very fine for mess, consequently I trotted too fast down a bye street leading into the main thoroughfare of Plymouth. Just as I got to the latter, a dray turned the corner sharply, and before I could

possibly check the pace of my horse and pull up, the point of the shaft struck him a little behind the left shoulder, and raised a large external contusion. The animal fell very lame, and as I was to sail for China two days after, I was obliged to submit to the arbitration of a local veterinary surgeon, who assessed the damage done, and the loss of time caused to its owner thereby, at £15. So I had to pay and look pleasant. All the same it was hard lines, for with my other incidental expenses it was just at a time most inconvenient. However, the lesson made me ever in after life very careful how I trotted through a street.

On the 10th August, 1857, our battalion paraded in Stonehouse Barracks for embarkation. The concourse of people outside was tremendous, owing considerably to the local interest taken in the marines, who are always permanently stationed at Plymouth, and therefore more than ordinary excitement took place on the departure of so large a force, compared with other troops.

Naturally the men's wives and children thronged the streets, and as the battalion was bound for active service, it was more than probable that many a poor fellow would never in this world meet his family again, and so it too truly proved.

When the gates were thrown open, and the battalion marched out for embarkation at the Victualling Wharf, headed by the band, I shall never forget the sight; one realised what an effect martial music has on strong men,

particularly if accompanying excitement and uncertainty. As we struggled along to the airs of "The girls we left behind us." and "Home, sweet home," it was impossible to prevent the poor women and the men's friends breaking into the ranks, and rushing to walk alongside their husbands and relations, nor indeed did the officers attempt to prevent it. How comforting it is to feel during such a painful scene that

"Changes must fall and friends must part,  
But distance cannot change the heart."

It is with a feeling of pride in my old corps, that on this occasion, and also on a similar one when I embarked for active service with another Battalion, I cannot call to mind a single case of drunkenness on parading in the barrack square or mustering on board the ship we had to sail in, and that shows good discipline and real *esprit de corps*, as well as able management on the part of officers and non-commissioned officers; but in those days what a different stamp the latter were under the long service system, and what a position of respect and authority the old-fashioned mutton chop whiskered colour-sergeant had with his company.

Why on earth should it so often be, that the way the lower classes endeavour to show their greatest affection to soldier and sailor friends is to make them drunk, and only get them into trouble? The dodges that women especially adopt to smuggle liquor about their persons for their friends is often a marvel of inventive genius, which might really make their fortunes if properly applied.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### VOYAGE OUT TO HONG KONG.



THE "Imperador" (commanded by Captain Atkins, a very gentlemanly man, and an excellent sailor), which was to be our home for some months, lay out in the Sound. We were taken on board in steamers. A magnificent ship she was; her fittings were grand; the saloons had mirrors let in all round the sides; and the furniture was upholstered with crimson Utrecht velvet. We embarked in the forenoon, and after a few hours to let the men get their first dinner on board, which had been previously prepared, and shake down in their messes, it was up anchor and off down channel. Life on board ship is now-a-days so well known that I shall not go into details to any great extent. The first experience of rolling into the Bay of Biscay is not, as a rule, actually happy. However, after a short agony period, one generally is able to eat the hind leg off a donkey, and sleep like a top, the music of wind and water having a decidedly somniferous tendency. Whist in the evening and cards of all sorts most fellows enjoy, and to



show, where the former is played regularly by a party of four together, how little is lost or won, I have only to say that in the set with which I took part almost nightly, for the seventy-six days, from Plymouth to Hong Kong (six-penny points and eighteenpence on the rub), not one of our number was out of pocket a five-pound note at the end of the trip.

Theatricals help well to pass the time, and afford much merriment. I remember the first play we put on the stage was the well-known "Bombastes Furioso," so easy to act, yet very amusing.

What a plucky fellow he must have been!

When we crossed the line, of course Father Neptune was ready to receive us, and he introduced himself on board over the bow of the ship, got up as a real old salt. Diplomatically treated, he and his retinue are very jovial, harmless visitors, and if the novice who occupies his domain for the first time is only civil, paying his footing in a bottle of rum or a little coin, the briny autocrat is not exacting; but in some cases, especially where a subject has made himself disagreeable to his shipmates, he has a rough time of it. Such was, unfortunately for him, the case with the purser's steward of the "Imperador." What he had done I never knew, but this was the treatment I saw inflicted on him:—Father Neptune and his crew caught him on the upper deck, where they had placed a huge tubful of salt water. First of all, they stripped him of everything except his unmentionables, and smeared

his body all over with tar and oil. This was scraped off with some pieces of iron hoops, and not very gently either, so he howled pretty considerably. The finishing touch was to place him on the edge of the tub, and suddenly tipple the poor beggar over into the water, where he spluttered about for a time before he could scramble out of it. This man was undoubtedly greatly disliked among the crew. One of our officers determined not to be humbugged, so he locked himself in his cabin with a revolver, and swore he would shoot anyone who attempted to draw him. Certainly he was not a man to be trifled with, and so thought Father Neptune, for, after inspecting the premises, he and his satellites withdrew, evidently thinking discretion was the better part of valour.

The first place we touched at was Madeira, a lovely island, its chief town Funchal, but mixed up with melancholy associations, for how many visitors yearly leave their bones therein, from consumption and diseased lungs, &c.?

Several of my brother officers and myself dined at the hotel, then kept by a retired sergeant of the Royal Artillery and his wife. When the bill was presented, we were truly startled by the many thousand reis which fell to each one's share; most formidable looking on paper, but really only an imaginary Portuguese coin (100 equal to about 4½d.). Our visit was necessarily very short, as our orders were to proceed to our destination with the utmost despatch, so there was only time for a short ride and general look

round, but I don't forget putting a delightful-looking prickly pear into my poor mouth.

Our next stoppage was Ascension, certainly a unique place, garrisoned by marines. Captain H. G. Elliot (now Colonel H. G. Elliot, C.M.G., Inspector-General of Police, Barbadoes) took passage in the "Imperatrice" to assume command of the detachment on the island.

With the exception of one spot, the Green Mountain, it is entirely covered with lava, just like cinders, and is a great place of call for coals by the West Coast of Africa men-of-war, and shipping generally, also for water and turtle; these aldermanic luxuries are caught in large numbers whilst swimming about in the sea, by turning them over on their backs, thus rendering them helpless, after which they are stored in the reservoirs on shore. It is said that these creatures never die till sunset, and certainly one that I saw butchered (a horribly cruel proceeding) in the early morning was not dead when I returned late the same evening. Notwithstanding the many hours during which life appears to be present, I do not believe pain exists in the slightest degree, because after we left Ascension a turtle which had been killed for our use was sent on board in a large tub, cut up into several pieces of a couple of pounds weight, and for about two days muscular action was thoroughly perceptible, yet it is ridiculous to suppose each disconnected unit could really have had feeling. Turtle soup, turtle fins, turtle steaks, &c., &c., were for some time served up

*ad nauseam*. Even now I have little relish for the real and genuine article, infinitely preferring good artificial mock turtle. Goats and flocks of guinea-fowl inhabit the mountain, but a brother officer and myself were very unsuccessful in shooting either. We slept in a hut at the summit.

All around the verdure is beautiful, such a contrast to the aspect elsewhere. Early in the morning (a most lovely one it was) we endeavoured to stalk some game, but they were as wild as hawks, and we failed to get near enough for a shot. Coming back I brought down a magnificent bird, though I could not find out his name. He was between six and seven feet from tip to tip of wing, and had an immense scarlet bag, as tough as leather, hanging down from his throat, about six to eight inches in length. Poor old boy! he tried to make a good fight for his life. As I only broke his wing with small shot he stood up on his legs, and endeavoured to introduce his huge long bill into my flesh, but I hit him hard over the head with the butt end of the gun, stunned him, and put him at once out of his misery. I cut off his pouch and took it on board ship; one of the sailors cured it, and it made a first-rate tobacco pouch.

The island of Ascension is always garrisoned by marines, the detachment generally consisting of one captain, two subalterns, and about 120 men, who are relieved triennially. About thirty-five per cent are artificers, such as engineers, carpenters, bricklayers, &c. The barracks

are built of stone. There were about two or three hundred niggers (liberated slaves) in those days, and some thirty kroomen, the former as idle and worthless, I believe, as the latter were valuable. All the inhabitants of the island are borne on the books of a man-of-war, and a post-captain is governor. The climate is very good, hot, dry, and healthy. It is used as a sanatorium for the West Coast of Africa squadron. There were two hospitals, one in the garrison, and another on Green Mountain. Water was sometimes scarce, in which case the allowance was usually about two gallons a head daily. I believe the island has been more than once used for the purpose of specially watching the transit of Venus.

About this time a little excitement was caused on board by an attempt at a mutiny among some of our crew, with reference to some imaginary grievance; rather a silly thing to try on, as we had over 600 officers and men on board, the crew all told numbering under forty. On a merchant ship, the colonel in command is, *ex-officio*, a magistrate *pro tem.* with arbitrary power, so Captain Atkins appealed to Colonel Hocker to exercise his authority, and inflict summary punishment on a sullen, litigious, half-caste sailor, known to be the ringleader. In a short time our battalion had fallen in by companies on the upper deck; the offender was brought forward in the presence of the crew, and lashed to a wooden grating at the port gangway, where he received fifty lashes with the cat at the hands of two good-sized drum-

mers. I fancy it rather astonished him and his comrades to find themselves amenable to such an unexpected tribunal. The result was conclusive, and a sell for King Darius.

At Ascension one of the most curious sights, at the proper time of the year, which just happened to be during our visit, is "Wide-awake Fair," so called from the beautiful large swallows named "Wide-awakes," or tern. They come regularly about twice in three years, and lay thousands upon thousands of eggs on the bare sand, which are hatched by the sun. So thick are they that it is utterly impossible to take a step without almost every time treading on and destroying some of them or their young ones. Meanwhile the birds, which abound in extraordinary numbers, fly all round, and are so bold that they actually peck at one's face or body in their disgust and rage at seeing the destruction of their produce. So perfectly fearless are they, that with a stick they can be knocked down as fast as possible; but I am glad to say it is not on my conscience having exercised such unnecessary cruelty. When fresh the eggs are very nice eating indeed.

After bidding adieu to the officers at the garrison, we went on board, and started for St. Helena. It is wonderful, notwithstanding the monotony, how quickly life on board ship passes, feeding and sleeping playing a considerable part in it. For a short time before getting into harbour great excitement was caused by money lotteries for the exact minute that the anchor is let go.

Catching a shark is always an event on a voyage; sailors have no great affection for them, and it is considered unlucky if one follows a ship and is not caught. We were fortunate in hooking and securing a very fine specimen of the golden shark, about eleven to twelve feet in length. He had been seen swimming astern and following the ship for some time, and whenever anything eatable was thrown overboard he invariably was on the spot, and could be seen seizing it, turning over on his back while doing so, showing his bright yellow stomach. It was determined to try and catch him, so a four-pound piece of salt pork was put on a long hook, with a bit of chain attached to it, and towed overboard. A good stout rope was then passed through a pulley and made fast to the chain, the end part being laid along the poop ready for the men to clap on and haul him up.

For several hours "Johnny Shark" didn't seem quite sure of what was up, and only swam about smelling the bait; but in the long run the temptation proved too strong, and with a rush like a trout or a salmon he swallowed the pork. An alarm was soon given that he was nobbled, and in a minute a dozen or more willing hands seized the rope, and ran the poor old fellow up to the poop-rail. A handy Jack Tar at once slipped a running bowline over his tail, and he was hoisted on board. As soon as he found himself on deck, and out of his watery element, it was look out, as he lashed the said tail, in his fury, right and left, until a smart sailor with a blow from a hatchet

paralysed its action by dividing the bone completely. Next he was decapitated, and his body cut up into pieces for the different ship's messes. We had a piece for ours, and I tasted it, but it was very coarse. When opened before cooking, the boots or trousers and diamonds which are usually associated with a shark's inside were not in evidence in his case.

I much preferred as a change the nice little flying fish, which occasionally are caught in the rigging or on deck; they are delicious. While bowling along one day with a seven-knot breeze, I saw one of the most curious sights and one of the prettiest possible. The sea, almost as far as the eye could scan, was alive with huge porpoises, who jumped and disported themselves to their entire satisfaction in their briny playground, performing leap-frog over one another clean out of the water. It seemed as if the vessel's sharp bow must cut down any number of these happy creatures, so thick were they right in our course; but not a bit of it. They kept themselves just nicely clear, and out of harm's way.

Another very beautiful sight at night time, as the vessel ploughs along, is to watch the phosphorescence of the sea, created by animalculae, which causes an appearance as if it was on fire. Add to this, while listlessly looking over the ship's side at the above phenomenon, the voices of the sailors singing in the distance on the fore-castle their cheery songs, what a peculiar charm steals gently over one; and in a contemplative



mood, our own littleness and helplessness rise before us, and we realise the goodness and mercy of the Creator to those who go down to the sea in ships and witness His wonders in the great waters. As Longfellow truly says :—

“ Wouldst thou learn the secret of the sea?  
Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery.”

I always used to think divine service on board ship peculiarly beautiful, and in a man-of-war especially so. The bearded Jack Tars in their neat blue or white jumpers, falling in on deck, with caps off and heads bare, the red-coated marines, and the manly voices singing, perhaps, that beautiful and appropriate hymn, “For those in peril on the sea,” accompanied by the band, form a solemn and impressive scene, particularly as one thinks how little there is between all on board and eternity.

Again, on a bad night, when angry billows and winds prevail, and it is necessary in the face of these terrible elements to shorten sail and reef topsails, when the good ship groans and creaks in her labour, and rolls her yardarms into the water, what a noble sight it is at the order “way aloft,” from the officer in command, to see the seamen, perfectly unconscious of fear, spring up the rigging, and “lay out” on the yards and bowsprit, with nothing to stand on but a thin life-line; and oh, how terrible to witness (as more than once I have myself), within the short space of a minute or two after this noble exhibition of obedience and duty, a poor fellow lose his hold, and fall headlong into the yawning abyss below,

often too angry for a boat to be lowered, and even if it could be, almost hopeless of living in it. We may well be proud of our sailors; theirs is a life which combines the heart of a lion with the gentleness of a woman. With such men "Britannia will ever rule the waves," and the commerce of Great Britain be safely carried to and from every port under its universal flag, the Union Jack.

We were twenty-one days in reaching St. Helena, but our stay was necessarily very short, only sufficient to form a party and gallop up to Longchamps, where the great Emperor Napoleon was banished to, and died. Over his tomb grows a weeping willow, from which I plucked a couple of sprigs.

One could not but realise how broken must have been that proud spirit which had led to victory so often the grand armies of France, and had almost brought the world to his feet in abject submission; how like a caged eagle he must have felt in that wretched island, and how much more to the credit of England would it have been if she had taken measures to make his imprisonment more bearable, and appointed a governor who would have shown some sympathy and consideration to him, instead of heaping on him petty annoyances and indignities. On the subject of our old enemy, Napoleon, one feels tempted to say a good deal, for his military glories and his blighted end are never likely to be forgotten in any generation by the nation which produced his only conqueror, Wellington.

Notwithstanding the scourge he was to Europe, one cannot but feel much pity for his sad fate.

The garrison at this time was composed of a local regiment named after it, the "St. Helena Regiment," disbanded a few years ago, and its place supplied by ordinary troops of the line. I should not say a lengthened sojourn there would be enviable, though the number of vessels which touch at the port, both outward and homeward bound, to some extent relieve the monotony.

Coaling finished, the "Imperador" said good-bye, and turned her head towards the Cape of Good Hope.

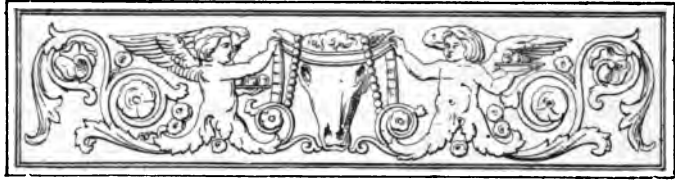
Though no actual storm arose for a few days, we had a tremendous rolling sea astern of us, but were able to keep sufficiently ahead to prevent our ship from being what is termed pooped. This sometimes happens when mountainous billows overtake a vessel sailing too slowly before them, and unless she is battened down it is exceedingly dangerous, as the sea may sweep clean over the upper deck, down the hatchways, and swamp her.

On nearing the Cape, a great number of sea-birds hung around the vessel. A very cruel sport (at least to my mind) is often practised simply for the sake of something to do: it is shooting and fishing for albatrosses, gulls, and Cape pigeons. In the former case, probably only one out of half-a-dozen of these poor birds is shot dead; the rest are only wounded, and fall into the sea, where (strange, inexplicable cruelty of nature!) their comrades at once fall upon them

and pick their eyes out. In the second instance, the huge albatrosses are caught like a fish, with a line and baited hook towed astern. It is horrible to see the wretched bird hauled on board, having swallowed the latter; still it is better than the first sport, as the creature can be at once killed.

One day the look-out man sighted what he thought was a wreck. The ship altered her course a little, and bore up to the object. It proved to be the carcass of a very large dead whale. The size as seen on the horizon was wonderful, but such an object in the far distance is always exceedingly deceptive.





## CHAPTER IX.

### SINGAPORE.



**A**FTER a very favourable voyage, the exact length of which I cannot quite recollect, the "Imperador" cast anchor at Simon's Town, the headquarters and naval depot of Great Britain on the Cape Station and West Coast of Africa. The shore residence of the commodore is here, but there is nothing particularly attractive or interesting to be seen; that being the case, two or three of us hired a trap and drove off to Cape Town, the route being along the seashore some few miles. About half-way a public-house is erected on the sand, with the home-sounding title of "The Gentle Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." To the left, driving along, and running parallel with the sea, are high hills; and Table Mountain, at the rear of Cape Town, overtops all. Wyneburg and Constantia are pretty spots, noted for their wine, and it is quite refreshing, after some weeks at sea, to pass gates and avenues leading to gentlemen's places, as in our

own country. The harbour is a fine one, and was filled with merchant vessels. I was particularly struck with the picturesque representatives of different nations we met in a variety of costumes, and also with the fresh and buxom appearance of the Dutch girls and Africandas (a name given, I understood, to the English born at the Cape), speaking well for the salubrity of the climate, though I believe they fade and age sooner than those of the mother country. We had rather expected to find orders waiting for our battalion to go on to India, but matters had favourably progressed towards quelling the mutiny, so we continued our voyage to China. The next place of stoppage was Singapore, sixty-seven days from England, the fastest passage, we were told, then on record. The only land we had sighted since leaving the Cape was the Island of St. Paul's, a long distance off. Nothing eventful occurred until the "Imperador" anchored off the town, and afterwards moved alongside the coaling wharf. The anchor had been dropped but a very few minutes ere the vessel was surrounded with native boats, manned by Malays, anything but a handsome race, and clad much as our own ancestors were supposed to have been in their war paint. However, that did not much matter to us, whose mouths were watering for the fowls, ducks, fish, and fruit which the native boats had come off from the shore laden with, and a roaring trade they did. Whilst we looked over the ship's side, ravenously devouring our purchases of plantains,

- mangos, bananas, melons, and that most delicious of all fruits, the mangustine, we were immensely entertained by swarms of little naked Malay boys vigorously diving for coins of every description, which we threw overboard. They never seemed to miss their object. We were told sharks abounded in that spot, but they never seem to touch a Malay, though a European would have been grabbed in a minute, had he been rash enough to have tried his luck in the diving line. I had always heard that black fellows enjoyed a perfect immunity from sharks, but it would appear that yellow ones are equally fortunate. Possibly the oil with which the bodies of natives are usually smeared over is not appetising.

As soon as we could get on shore several of our officers, including myself, hired gharries (native carriages), drawn by ponies, the coaling wharf being some distance from the town of Singapore.

We had heard so much of the prevalence of tigers, that as we drove along the road, flanked on each side by jungle, palm-trees, and tropical vegetation, we almost expected to see every minute one of those unpleasant customers rush out of his lair, and jump on our little tat's (pony's) back. However, we came across nothing more than Malay huts, picturesquely built of bamboo and palm leaves, raised on poles, which were very necessary, the land underneath being exceedingly marshy. We drove straight to the "Hotel de l'Esperance,"

kept by an Italian countess (retired), who was supposed for political reasons to have found it convenient to cut her own country. The pleasant *table d'hôte*, and lovely early mornings of the East, were indeed a truly delightful change after so long a voyage.

Having enjoyed a glorious bath, we strolled on to the "Bund," where the *elite* of Singapore, on horseback, in carriages, or on foot, disport themselves. A sort of Rotten Row it is, and very yellow looking are the Europeans, as a rule, for the climate is hot all the year round, with very little variations of the seasons. The Parsees, with their extraordinary long sugar-loafed hats, sloping backwards, seemed to have particularly good turns out; but since then I have lived to see them playing cricket matches in England. What next, I wonder? We visited some very beautiful horticultural gardens, also saw the stores of Wompoa, a celebrated Chinese merchant, who was (like Whiteley) a universal provider, especially for the shipping, and who often gave grand champagne dinners to officers touching at Singapore. We then visited the barracks. The garrison was composed of six companies of the 34th Madras Native Infantry and a couple of batteries of artillery, who asked us to dinner, but time prevented our accepting their hospitality. Our visit was wound up with a cricket match against the Settlement, and a very good licking our battalion gave them. On the whole, I was favourably impressed with Singapore.

Talking of tigers, we heard that they frequently



came into the streets of the town at night, and report said that in and around the Settlement a man a day was walked off with on an average—nearly always a Chinaman. Perhaps they liked fairly white skins; but most probably the reason is that the Celestials are the chief agriculturists, and work in the fields adjoining the jungle.

My cousin, Captain M., who has just returned from a five years' appointment at the Straits Settlements, tells me that even at the present time such fatalities are not altogether uncommon, and that only during the last twelve months a man was killed by a tiger within a mile and a half of Government House.

An adventure not to be desired is to meet a Malay "running amuck," not by any means extraordinary. It arises usually through the fellow becoming mad with drink, and losing all his money gambling. The native weapon is a nasty semi-circular shaped sword, called a "crease." This the wretch seizes in his hand, wildly rushing down the road, cutting and slashing at anyone or anything he meets. On the other hand, I was informed, it was lawful to shoot or kill "ye native" by any means in one's power; not unlikely, I should certainly say, under the circumstances, much on the principle of a mad dog.

Tiger skins are often to be got at Singapore, as the mainland and islands in the straits are pretty well infested with them, and these brutes are frequently to be seen swimming across from one to the other.

An Englishman, who I heard resided in the

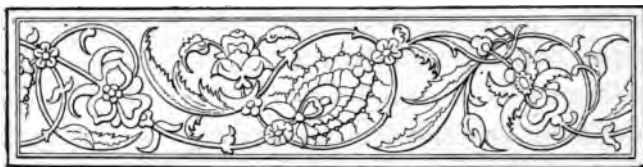
Settlement, took up his quarters during a certain season of the year in the midst of the jungle, and made his home for about a month at a time up a tree, taking provisions, guns, &c., with him, and some tasty delicacies to attract the tigers at night, who were innocent of the fact that a "sweet little cherub sat up aloft" looking out for a pot. When sufficient skins were obtained, he and his plunder were brought back to the Settlements. What cheerful, happy evenings this Nimrod must have spent! I only tell the story, however, as it was told me for a fact; but I believe it really was so in 1857.

There was now no doubt as to our destination being Hong Kong, so off we steamed through the beautiful Straits of Sunda and Banca, with their placid surface, and rank vegetation down to the water's edge; so lovely to look at, yet so deadly to the European. At Angier Head we lay to for about an hour to purchase fruit, fowls, eggs, birds, monkeys, and all those commodities which the jabbering natives bring alongside in their picturesque boats; then onward past Batavia, a Dutch colony in Java, off which lay a transport full of troops waiting to land in this pleasant but unhealthy settlement. I believe, among other European amusements, it sports a nice little opera house. The heat was very oppressive and muggy, as the vessel glided imperceptibly over the smooth surface of the waters. However, flannels and easy chairs on deck, beneath the shade of a large awning, made matters tolerable, especially under the soothing influence

of a Manilla cheroot. In one part of the Straits, we steamed close to the wreck of H.M.S. "Rayleigh," one of the finest frigates in the English navy; her masts only were visible above the water line. A short time previously, on her passage to China as flagship, she struck on a rock, and could not be got off. The naval commander-in-chief of the station, Admiral Sir Harry Keppel, was at the time on board, and, true to his former dashing history, he ordered a royal salute to be fired as the ship sank. I have heard that this gallant officer, when captain of H.M.S. "St. Jean D'Acre" in the Black Sea, volunteered to ram her right through the sunken ships, chains, and booms which the Russians had placed across the mouth of Sebastopol harbour, on which the whole fire of Fort Constantine and the other sea-face batteries could be concentrated. Most probably this might have forced an entrance for the fleet, but it was considered too high a price to pay, and was not sanctioned by the commander-in-chief. Later on Sir Harry, when leading the attack on the Chinese flotilla and forts at Fatshan Creek, had his gig swamped by a round shot; he and his crew were for some time struggling together in the water before being picked up. He has ever been a universal favourite. After seventy-six days, including ten at the different places touched at, the fastest passage made, it was said, up to that time, our long voyage of 16,000 miles came to an end, and we dropped anchor off Hong Kong.

Nothing could exceed the comfort under which it was made, and the friendly feeling which existed between ourselves and the captain and officers of the "Imperador." The agent of the company met the ship on arrival, and informed us that the directors were so pleased with the celerity of the voyage (which was so much in advance of the time specified by the contract) that he was instructed to "cry quits" for all liquor drank by us out of the regular meal hours. This was a very liberal arrangement indeed, and acceptable to the pockets of some of our number—in fact all, more or less.





## CHAPTER X.

CHINA, 1857.



ONG KONG, seen from the harbour, is very picturesquely situated, resting under high hills at the back, and facing the water.

The opposite side is named Kowloom, on the mainland of China. The town is very much shut in, thus accounting for the extreme heat and its character for unhealthiness; the former is usually of a damp, moist nature, causing relaxation and inertia; still, in my opinion, the climatic effects are, as in most hot countries, very greatly aggravated by the way in which Europeans live—a way they would not dream of following in their own country. Indulgence in eating, drinking, either sleeping most of the afternoon, or reckless exposure to the sun in the middle of the day, are follies and liberties which are often accountable for many a white man's grave, and which men would not attempt at home.

The harbour is well landlocked, and always presents an animated and curious-looking scene,

from the numbers of ships of all nations—men-of-war, junks, and sanpans—which find shelter in its bosom. The last are native boats used for getting about on the water, and are generally pulled by women, occasionally paterfamilias helping; such cheery, plump, chaffy little parties as the former are, quite a different sort to the ordinary *terra firma* females, who are usually rather undemonstrative, like their easy-going, opium-loving lords and masters. The whole family live in these boats, and to protect them from the sun and rain, and shelter them at night, each has a circular-shaped awning made of bamboo, which opens and shuts up like a telescope.

The young ladies are always most anxious to get a fare, and vociferously invite the stranger with "chin-chin." "You come my sanpana." "You want je-go Kowloon side, ah?" "Can do cho-chop." Anglice, this means, "How do you do?" "Come into my boat." "Do you want to go over to Kowloon side?" "I take you quickly." This is a fair specimen of pigeon English, an acknowledged but abominable lingo usually used by Europeans in carrying on conversation with the natives, except by the few who take the trouble to learn that difficult language, Chinese, which is chiefly confined to the consular and interpreters' staff of the diplomatic service and missionaries.

As a rule, the male infant has a gourd tied round him like a lifebuoy, so that, should he fall overboard, he happily floats; but this appendage is not attached to the female offspring, as they

are not usually considered worth picking up out of the water. As a matter of fact, a certain proportion of the weaker sex in China are quietly made away with after birth, otherwise this densely-populated country could not maintain its inhabitants; the lower, or coolie class, as it is, being hardly able to support life, owing to the rascality and squeezing everlastingly exercised upon them by the mandarins and upper ranks.

A short walk from Hong Kong lies "Happy Valley," a beautiful spot amongst the hills. Here is the colonial cemetery, alas! so full of sad memories and handsome monuments of poor mortality. Here also, in strange contradistinction, is the racecourse and grand stand, this sport being much patronised by the merchants, or, as they are facetiously termed, "dollar grinders," who are noted for kindness and hospitality. Their houses are luxuriously fitted up, and tables well found.

The names of some of the principal firms, Jardine, Dent, Gib-Livingstone, Antrobus, Sassoon, &c., are prominent among the "merchant princes of the east," another term applied to them in China and India.

Later on I shall relate more fully my experience of Hong Kong, and of the good feeling shown to myself and others on various occasions.

At the time I speak of Sir John Bowring was governor of the colony, and the garrison was composed of the 59th Regiment, a few companies of Madras Native Infantry, detachments of Royal Artillery and Engineers, also some black gun lascars.

After laying a few days at Hong Kong, the "Imperador" received orders to proceed up the Canton river, and anchor off the Bogue and Wang-tung forts, forty miles from Hong Kong, and thirty miles from Canton.

Two companies were landed at a time, and were relieved periodically by others, to give the men a run on shore after our long voyage, and very jolly it was. These works were large, and well placed to command the river; but the English fleet had some short time before our arrival bombarded and taken possession of them.

We got some good snipe shooting during our sojourn here, and had the advantage while on shore of being fed from the transport.

One day whilst my company were bathing, I recollect a poor fellow jumping into the water quite close to me; he never came up again; no doubt he must have hit his head against a rock. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death."

The weather was beautiful during the month of November, in the day time; but the nights were coldish.

Two days after anchoring, our sister transport, the "Imperatrice," joined us after a prosperous passage out, and a little later the "Adelaide" also, when the whole brigade of Royal Marines was concentrated for the next move.

One of our sergeant-instructors of musketry, named Kirk, had a good piece of luck in store for him on arrival at Hong Kong; quite unexpectedly he found himself the possessor of a good fortune of some thousands of pounds, and a



commission in a line regiment in India, which interest at home had procured for him; he was a very superior fellow, and turned out to be what in any previously thought he must be, a gentleman by birth. We were all delighted to welcome him, and put him up at our mess until he took the first steamer for Calcutta.

As well as I recollect, the strength of our brigade was about 96 marine officers and 1,500 men, the largest that has ever previously served together anywhere.

All sorts of stories were rife as to the manner in which the "Braves" (as Chinese soldiers are named) were preparing to dispose of the "barbarians." It was stated, and quite believed by the humbler classes, that 10,000 men were being fed up at Canton on "raw beef and samschu" for the above purpose.

The Canton river is a fine broad stream, and the forts were placed on either side; the front faces very strongly built, and armed with large guns, but the rear (as is the case with all Chinese works) had only a wall crenulated for musketry, John Chinaman naively expressing it, that to attack anywhere but in front is "no proper fightee pigeon."

The junks, both war and trading vessels, look very picturesque sailing up and down; all carry cannon on deck, and are practically nothing but piratical craft. Their high poops, lateen sails, and ornate hulls, with huge rudders, and a gaily painted eye on each side of the bow, make them very striking in appearance, the reason for dis-

playing the latter being, again in John Chinaman's opinion, "suppossee he no got eye, how can see?" The population of both towns and villages on the banks of the Canton river are noted "pilons," or very daring sea robbers.

Another class of vessel at this period began to make its appearance, namely the small 60 and 40 horse-power gunboats, which were specially built in England for the Chinese expedition. These tiny vessels carried one gun, and were each commanded by a naval lieutenant, with a crew of about thirty to forty men. I have no hesitation in saying that every officer and man who volunteered to bring out one of these richly deserved a Victoria Cross. Certainly the danger proved nil, for every one arrived at his destination safely, still that did not alter the fact of considerable pluck in attempting the voyage over a distance of 16,000 miles of ocean. The discomfort on board I have understood was awful, as each gunboat had to be battened down a great part of the time, and a dry suit of clothes and a comfortable meal were conspicuous by their absence. The gunboats proved of invaluable service later on, especially at the taking of Canton, as they were able to get right off the city.

After about a fortnight or three weeks sojourn at Wang Tung, everything having been matured at Hong Kong for the attack on the doomed city, some of the men-of-war and transports, (the "Imperador" amongst the latter) moved higher up the river, and two or three companies occupied Macao Fort.

Information having been received that it was the intention of the enemy to send some fireships on top of us down stream, wooden beams were lashed together in the shape of a triangle, with the points to the front so as to protect the shipping. However, much did not come of it, and I can only recollect one attempt having been made.

Another battalion of Royal Marine Light Infantry, under a first-rate old soldier, Colonel Lemon, which, as I have previously mentioned, had been sent out from home for the Indian mutiny, and had for a time, I believe, been doing duty at Calcutta, joined our force. Naturally they were much disgusted at not going up country, but as there were two campaigns in hand at the same time (and the gallant Lord Clyde and his troops had already broken the neck of the Sepoy rebellion), their services were more required in China.

Our expedition was composed of English and French soldiers, as well as ships and sailors of both nations.

General Charles van Straubenzee (afterwards Sir C. T. van Straubenzee, K.C.B.), a smart officer, and young for the position, was appointed to command the British land forces; Admiral Michael Seymour (afterwards Admiral Sir M. Seymour, G.C.B.) and Admiral C. Regnault de Genouilly, the English and French naval forces.

The plan of operations decided upon was as follows:—First, Honam Island, opposite to Canton, was to be occupied; second, the city to be

bombarded for a certain time; third, the outlying forts to be attacked, and the city to be carried by assault.

Christmas day, 1857, was spent very comfortably on Honam, the ships which were lying in the river helping to supply gastronomical recollections of old England, with a bottle of port to wash all down, and drink the health of those at home, who "were so near and yet so far."

The following extract from an Hong Kong newspaper sets forth in detail the general orders issued by the allied commanders:—

#### GENERAL ORDER.

Before Canton, December 26th, 1857.

The naval and military commanders-in-chief of the allied forces before Canton have agreed to the following order of operations against the city. First, bombardment to commence at daylight on Monday morning, the 28th of December. The ships and vessels named in the note (under letter A), on the signal hereafter indicated being made, will open fire on the south-west angles of the city walls, with a view to breach them, and impede the communication of the Chinese troops along their parapets to the eastward.

The ships and vessels named in the note (under letter B), and the Dutch "Folly," with a similar object, will breach the city walls opposite the Viceroy's residence, the mortars in the Dutch "Folly" likewise shelling the city and Gough's Heights (named after Lord Gough in a former campaign).

The ships and vessels in the note (under letter C) between the Dutch "Folly" and the French "Folly", will open fire on the south-east angle of the new and old city walls, and the walls forming the east side of the city.

These several attacks will commence simultaneously when a white ensign shall be hoisted at the fore of the "Actaeon," and a yellow flag as a corresponding signal at the same time hoisted at the fore of the "Phlegethon."

The "Hornet" and the "Avalanche" will repeat these signals at their fore so long as the flags shall remain flying on the before-mentioned ships.

The bombardment is to be in very slow time, and continued day and night; not to exceed per each gun employed sixty rounds during the first twenty-four hours.

Immediately the bombardment ceases, the landing of the allied forces will take place at the creek in Kupaar (where the British and French flags will be planted) in the following order, commencing at daylight:—

1. Sappers and miners 59th Regiment, Royal Artillery stores and ammunition, &c.
2. The French naval brigade stores, &c.
3. The naval brigade, under the orders of Commodore the Hon C. Elliot.
4. The naval brigade from Canton.
5. Lieutenant-Colonel Lemon's battalion of Royal Marines.
6. Colonel Holloway's brigade of Royal Marines, &c.

The disembarkation of the French forces will

be superintended by Captain Reinaud, flag-captain; the British troops and Royal Marines by Major the Hon. H. Clifford.

The British naval brigade, by Captain W. K. Hall, C.B., flag-captain.

The following will be the disposition of the united forces after landing:—

British naval brigade on the right.

Centre brigade composed of Lieutenant-Colonel Lemon's Royal Marine Provisional Battalion, 59th Regiment, Royal Artillery, and sappers.

French brigade on the left.

Colonel Holloway's brigade of Royal Marines in reserve, with Royal Marine Artillery.

After getting into position the allied forces will remain in line of contiguous column of brigade until further orders for an advance, which will be made to a position for the night, preparatory to active service in the morning.

Sir M. Seymour, rear-admiral, commander-in-chief of Her Britannic Majesty's naval forces.

C. Regnault de Genouilly, rear-admiral, commander-in-chief of His Imperial Majesty's naval forces.

C. F. van Straubenzee, major-general commanding the military forces.

M. C. Seymour, flag-lieutenant.

The naval brigade will be composed as follows:—

Commodore the Hon. G. J. B. Elliot, C.B., to command the brigade.

First division: Captain the Hon. Keith Stuart,

Captain G. S. Hand, Commander G. F. C. Hamilton, Commander F. A. C. Brooker; the "Sybille," 8 officers and 153 men; the "Nankin," 9 officers and 48 men; the "Racehorse," 3 officers and 49 men; the "Elk," 3 officers and 45 men; the "Inflexible," 3 officers and 52 men. Total, 584. The "Sybille's" and "Nankin's" boats' crews to form a company.

Second division: Captain A. C. Key, Commander A. W. L. Hood, Commander J. A. Slight; the "Calcutta," the "Sanspareil," the "Acorn," and the "Macao Fort," 474 men. The "Calcutta's" and "Sanspareil's" boats' crews to form a company.

Third division: Captain Sir R. M'Clure, Knt., Captain Sherrard Osborne, C.B., Captain the Hon. A. A. Cochrane, C.B., Commander W. M. Dowell, Commander Charles Fellowes; the "Esk," 6 officers and 104 men; the "Niger," 4 officers and 65 men; the "Highflyer," 5 officers and 64 men; the "Hornet," 4 officers and 65 men; the "Cruiser," 4 officers and 65 men; the "Furious," 10 officers and 70 men. Total, 446. Grand total, 1,501.

#### GENERAL ORDER.

Headquarters, Honam, December 26, 1857.

1. The troops, under command of Major-General van Straubenzee, C.B., will be formed into brigades as follows:—

First, or Colonel Holloway's brigade: 1st Battalion Royal Marine Light Infantry, 2nd Battalion ditto, under command of Colonel Holloway, aide-de-camp to the Queen, brigade major;

Captain Travers, Royal Marine Light Infantry, and aide-de-camp; Captain Ellis, ditto.

Second, or Colonel Graham's brigade: Royal Engineers and Volunteer Company of Sappers, Royal Artillery, and Royal Marine Artillery, Provisional Battalion Royal Marine Light Infantry, 59th Regiment, 38th Madras Native Infantry, under command of Colonel Graham, 59th Regiment—brigade-major Major Luard, 77th Regiment—aide-de-camp Lieutenant Hacket, 59th Regiment. The whole of the artillery will be placed under the orders of Colonel Dunlop, R.A.; Captain Morrison, 1st Battalion Royal Marine Light Infantry, is appointed provost-marshal.

Great were the diversities of opinion as to whether or not Governor Yeh, the Emperor's chief mandarin at Canton, would show fight. Naturally all thought what hard lines it would be to have come so far only for a ransom and an abject apology. However, it was not so to be, thanks to the ever-existing conceit and self-confidence of the ruling powers of the Celestial Empire. All being now ready, an advance towards Canton was commenced by the occupation of Tiger Fort, very close to the city, and the occupation of Honam Island, directly opposite to it. At the landing on the latter, I well recollect seeing Captain Hood, R.N. (now Baron Hood of Avalon, retired admiral), jump over the bow of his gig, and plant the English ensign on the beach, in true sailor style; however, no resistance was made. My battalion occu-



pied some of the large godowns, or stores, such as are to be seen in the business parts of London. These were full of chests of tea, from the finest description used by the Emperor and his Court to the greatest rubbish that is often shipped to our own country as good enough for the outside barbarians. On this island also were many good residences of the European Canton merchants, so, on the whole, none could complain of our first quarters. All is fair, it is said, in love and war, so it was not long before we smashed open many hundreds of thin tea chests, and drank the flowery Pekoe, irrespective of European or native ownership, *ad nauseam*, becoming perfect connoisseurs in aroma and flavour, almost qualifying for that sensitive profession, a tea-taster's. At that time of my life I certainly could have had no nerves, for one drank enough tea, free of expense, to keep a fellow awake for the rest of his natural existence.

In order to make cosy quarters for ourselves, the officers built up snug little rooms, forming the walls with tea chests. The scent of the contents was so delicious that it happily neutralised the unsavoury smells wafted at times across the river from Canton, and so unmistakably apparent in all Chinese cities.

After a very pleasant sojourn of a few days (Christmas Day, 1857, as I have mentioned, having been spent very jovially), orders were received to prepare to assault the city, upon which we had been for some time gazing, and wondering how the inhabitants felt inside.

The bombardment (after fair warning) was begun by the French and English men-of-war, the batteries of Royal and Royal Marine Artillery, on the 28th of December, 1857. All night the city was girt by a line of flame. The approach of morning was indicated by a suspension of the rocket practice, and by the re-opening of the mortar battery with redoubled energy. As the day broke, the flames sank down, and the sun rose upon perfectly smokeless habitations.

Early on the 29th of December the allied forces landed on the Canton side of the river, and after forming up advanced to the attack of the outlying forts and of the city, as already detailed in general orders, quoted previously.

The only letter remaining of my fortnightly correspondence for over three years from China, is the following, which, without my knowledge, was published in a Dublin newspaper. As it describes my baptism of fire at the taking of the city, I have embodied it here; but it was written under difficulties, and at about eighteen years of age, so imperfections must be excused.

#### THE WAR IN CHINA.

*Extract from "Saunders' Daily Advertiser."*

The following letter, from a very young officer to his mother, may be interesting:—

Canton, January 12th, 1858.

My dear mother,

You will have heard ere this reaches you of the downfall of Canton, and will, no doubt, have read in the newspapers a much better account of it than I can give you. I cannot tell

you the exact loss of life, but it is small, thank goodness, amounting to little more than one hundred killed and wounded. The whole affair only lasted two days, so that you can easily imagine the Chinamen fought but poorly in defence of their city; but then the fire opened on them was tremendous. The troops were all conveyed up the river in gunboats, and landed at the farthest point beyond the city. Our battalion was the last to disembark, so that on coming up to the scene of action we found we were behindhand, as the French, the 59th Regiment, and Colonel Lemon's battalion of marines had taken Lynn's Fort, with only a few men wounded. However, it could not be helped, so we piled arms about a mile from the work, and set about our dinner. It was on this day, the 27th, about three o'clock, that poor Hackett, of the 59th Regiment, was so barbarously murdered by the Chinese, while bearing some despatches from the front. As soon as it was known, two companies were sent out, and scoured every place which could have concealed an enemy. We caught a fellow, evidently one of the murderers, as he was covered with blood, and had in his possession a revolver and two or three other things belonging to poor Hackett. He was immediately run up to a handy tree, and hung. They had left nothing upon the poor fellow's person but his stockings, by which he was identified, as his name was marked upon them. His body was an awful sight. The first battalion was sent up to the front about six o'clock that evening, and took

up a position under Lynn's Fort, the guns of which, as well as some which the Royal Artillery and Royal Marine Artillery had with them, were turned against the town. The Chinese threw a great many rockets, but luckily did little damage with them; they also fired some shot and shell where our battalion lay. You must know that a Chinese rocket is not at all like an English one, although fired in the same way. It is a thick arrow, with a heavy iron barbed head, which causes it to descend with great force; it is said to be poisoned, so that the wound is exceedingly dangerous. They make capital practice with it. I think I may say that it is about their best weapon. You can see these rockets quite plainly; but from their zig-zag flight they are fearfully deceptive. It was with one of these young Thompson, of the naval brigade, was wounded; he is, poor fellow, since dead. We had not any tents with us, so we slept that night and next in the open.

My company, under command of Captain Spratt, first of all escorted reserve ammunition from the landing place to the front, and at eight o'clock the remainder of the second battalion were ordered forward, under Colonel Hocker. When we got there the French and naval brigade had advanced to the attack; we followed. Just after we had passed Lynn's Fort, an order came from the General for the first battalion to draw the Chinese from a very strong position where they were congregated in great numbers behind a wall, with sand bags and straw thrown up in

front of it. They made almost their best stand here, as they held it for nearly two hours. We were in support. Colonel Holloway was for driving them from their position at the point of the bayonet; but the General ordered the first battalion to throw themselves into skirmishing order, and to dislodge them. The Chinese had also a small battery in a copse to the left of this, from which they annoyed us considerably with rockets and shell. There was a splendid cover for skirmishing for about half-a-mile in the vicinity of this wall, so that we were able to take advantage of it, and that accounts for the small loss here. The only wounded were Colonel Holloway, both his orderlies, and Lieutenant Dadson, of ours; the latter, I am sorry to hear, is getting on unfavourably. Eight men were also wounded at this spot, two of them dangerously. There may have been more, but as they were all sent down to Hong Kong, we don't know much about them here. While this was going on the others were not idle. Two companies of our battalion had been detached with scaling ladders, and placed them under cover of the French, the 59th, and provisional battalion. As soon as these were set up, the naval brigade mounted the breach in one place, and Cook's and Black's companies in another; the two latter were first within the walls. It is most extraordinary that the Chinese made so little opposition when the men were scaling the ramparts. They let our people get inside before they offered much resistance. Blake's company met with a

good deal, however; he had a rather hard fight for it, as it was ordered on by itself. He had to force one gate, where he had one man killed and eight wounded. Blake cut down three Chinamen with his own hand, and was complimented by the General for the splendid way he brought his men up, and his gallantry in leading them. I am quite sure he will be mentioned in the despatches, and it generally is supposed he will get the "Legion of Honour." He is about as handsome a fellow and fine a figure as I have ever seen, and has, I believe, the real Galway blood in him. As you may suppose, once having got inside the walls, it was short work with the Chinese. By dusk Canton was ours to all intents and purposes. The men were quartered on the walls. We are now in a large "joss house" or temple filled with gods, with the exception of Colonel Holloway, our brigadier, who resides in the yamun or palace of Governor Yeh. Of course, ere this you will have read of the capture of this ruffian and the Tartar General. I was amongst those present when we bagged them. We took prisoners a lot of Tartar soldiers; they were taken by surprise, and had no arms with them, so we let the poor devils loose. On the same day that we bottled all these swells, the 59th and part of the first battalion seized the Treasury, and got, it is said, an immensity of money. At Governor Yeh's palace we found three small boxes of gold, and all his correspondence with the Emperor. We do not expect to be here long. It is said we shall leave about the 1st of March,

as it would never do to keep troops inside Canton during the hot weather, which commences in April. It is a nasty place, and though of vast extent, much inferior to what I expected.

Dead Chinese were scattered all over the ground, some of them mutilated frightfully by shells. The bombardment for twenty-four hours before the attack must have killed thousands. There was one pond in particular, just close to where the scaling ladders were placed, that was literally one mass of bodies, legs, arms, and heads, and as you may well imagine, it was a most disgusting sight. We also found numbers of Chinese in the surrounding villages when we went on foraging expeditions, who crawled there to die, some of them frightfully cut about by the shot and shell from the ships. I can assure you, although they are such treacherous brutes, yet if you were only to see them, you could not help pitying them, thrust out of house and home, their dwellings knocked down, and the poor creatures in the most awful state of starvation. As we go by, many of them fall down on the ground and hold up their hands, crying out "Chow, chow," which means "Food, food." Besides this, you may see under the ruins of a house perhaps the leg or arm of some unfortunate creature protruding. Certainly, war is an awful thing, and no one can realise it without having seen something of it. I think I have told you all that will interest you. I am very thankful for having come out of this affair safe, and now look to seeing you within a few months. Captain

Bates was killed while superintending the placing of the scaling ladders; and Lord Gifford wounded in the arm. Does it not seem wonderful that after each of us receives the first letter home and out, we shall have a mail once a fortnight, notwithstanding a separation of 16,000 miles?

You remember J. S. at Plymouth? He is all right.

Best love to G.

Ever, dear mother,

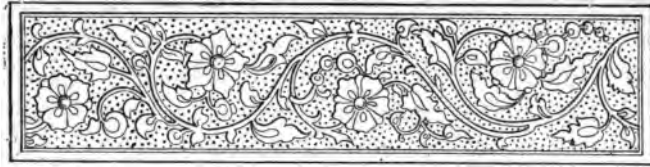
Your affectionate son,

W. H. P.

It is a great source of satisfaction to me to know, that during the three years and a half that I was in China, I only missed writing once fortnightly to my mother, and on that occasion I was down with fever. I can also say the same during two years' service in Japan afterwards.







## CHAPTER XI.

CHINA, 1858.



THE brigade of Royal Marines being attached to the army under General Charles van Straubenzee, a difficulty at first arose about our extra allowance. No authority having been received to place us on the same footing as the rest of the troops, the General did not feel justified in granting this without sanction from home, as he expressed it, truly enough, from the "peculiar nature of our service," and knowing the charming unanimity which exists between the Treasury, the War Office, and the Admiralty, and all the Government departments, when a question of filthy lucre is involved. Of course, as was only to be expected, approval was immediately sent out, and in the long run we had the best of it, being paid a pretty good lump sum for arrears, from the day of arrival at Hong Kong. Here seems a fitting place to explain the jurisdiction which governs the Royal Marine Corps when serving under the Royal Navy at home, or abroad, or with the army. In the first instance it is subject to the "Naval Discipline Act," and to the

orders of the senior naval officer. In the second place, in garrison and in the field, it is, under "The Royal Marine Mutiny Act" and "Army Discipline Act," subject to the orders of the senior army or marine officer.

When a battalion of Royal Marines is serving on shore with the army, it is handed over by sanction of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, or the senior naval officer, to the senior military officer, otherwise great friction would be likely to occur between the military and naval authorities.

The weather was magnificent for the operations described, and I have a happy recollection of the glorious nights my battalion spent in the open before we entered the city, and of short, refreshing snatches of sleep under a convenient wall, with the canopy of heaven above.

Patrol and picquet duties were very hard. On one occasion one of my men made a brilliant shot in the twilight, hitting a "brave" through the arm, who was trying to steal away through the outlying sentries.

The villages round about Canton were full of huge pigs, the principal meat food of the Chinese, and much squealing and grunting went on as our men "chivied" the poor porkers for the purposes of food. Fowls and ducks were also plentiful, and to show how difficult it is to hit one of the latter with a revolver while he is on the move, I may say that I fired all five shots of mine slap into a lot of the latter running about in a farm yard, without touching one; picking up

some convenient stones, however, I soon bagged a couple. It may not be known to all that a fowl "spatchcocked" when warm, immediately after being killed, is usually perfectly tender, but if allowed to get cold it is as tough as possible, unless kept a reasonable time.

The country outside Canton is exceedingly undulating, covered with hillocks and graves, many of them horse-shoe in shape, picturesquely built of coloured marble and stone, often having steps up to the top and at the side places, to hold lighted "joss sticks" to illuminate the spirits of the departed towards the happy land, or light them along whenever they take an evening walk abroad. Great veneration and respect are shown by the Chinese to their dead; they could not understand the Indian sepoy's burning theirs, nor probably would they appreciate our own cremation process. The tombs of mandarins and people of the superior class are often exceedingly handsome structures; sometimes very old people are placed in a cave at the water side, and left there to die without food. I once found an old man in this position on the shore of the Canton river, life flickering painlessly away, and apparently quite reconciled to his fate.

The treasure taken at Canton was supposed to be very considerable, and the R.A. guns, under command of T—ss, were credited with being full of it.

About four years afterwards, when on leave, I unexpectedly received my share of prize money as a youngster, amounting to about thirty pounds.

The town itself was very extensive, both in size and population, besides many thousand inhabitants living in their boats on the river. It was entirely surrounded (as is indeed the case with most Chinese towns) with a high broad wall, wide enough to drive a carriage along in most parts. Ingress and egress were obtained through large gates, guarded by soldiers, and towering overhead was a tall, many-storied pagoda, such as is portrayed on the willow pattern plates.

On a certain day, shortly after taking possession of our "joss house," or temple, the idea struck me to show my innate abilities as a chef. Having tumbled upon a find of dried plums, in a deserted house, and a bag of coarse-looking grain, I got some biscuit from the quarter-master's store, ground it into dust to resemble flour, and minced up a piece of pig's lard very fine. Having mixed these ingredients well up together, I put the lot into a clean cloth, which was well greased inside, and tied it up tight. Having always understood that boiling a long time was the great point for a plum pudding, I gave mine five hours in a camp kettle. When produced for the consumption of my two brother officers and myself, it was voted excellent, following a course of roast Chinese pig and porter (the latter being issued instead of rum to the troops). Our meal was a nice change from the late rations of salt beef and pork. Not many days after this feed a funny episode occurred.

Naturally everyone had a hungry eye for loot, so all possible holes and corners were carefully

ransacked; our "joss house" did not escape, and officers as well as men turned every place inside out, even to smashing the idols, which often contain "si see silver" intestines. One morning a bevy of smiling Buddhist priests put in an appearance in the courtyard, accompanied by a staff officer, with a written permit to search for property. Evidently it was not their first introduction to the premises, for fancy our disgust when these worthies, who had mounted upon a ladder, touched a spring in the ceiling that caused a trap door to open, whereupon the holy man handed down some magnificently embroidered vestments, which would have delighted the heart of a High Church parson; as well as sundry ornaments and a good supply of silver money. This was a cruel sell to us, and our feelings may be imagined when the fellows gathered up the plunder, and, with smiling countenances, copious "chin-chins" and salutations, walked off with the lot. However, two of my brother officers and myself had our revenge very soon after. A renegade Chinaman kindly gave us the tip (dollar "cumshaw" in view) where there were three very good ponies to be found, so as everybody wanted to mount themselves cheaply in an enemy's country, and, as Paddy says, "small blame to them," one morning about two o'clock we sallied out with revolvers and rope halters. Soon discovering the animals in a lonely yard, with a small wall round it, we mounted them and rode off, placing them in a convenient spot for a few days. I believe a complaint was lodged, but at

all events it died away, and we heard no more about it; we were, however, only just in time, as very shortly after an order was issued by the General commanding entailing very severe consequences on any persons found looting. My pony was certainly the largest animal in the garrison, and about the best I ever had in China. I named him "Bucephalus," and when I left for the north of China, I turned him over to the decidedly stout brigade-major of the Native Infantry Brigade, a veritable Tichborne, weighing at least seventeen or eighteen stone; consequently difficult to mount. Canton was now placed under the government of allied commissioners. Our brigadier, Colonel Holloway, 'A.D.C., was appointed lieutenant-governor, with Mr. Harry Parkes, H.M.'s consul (afterwards Sir Harry Parkes, K.C.B.), and a French officer as assistant commissioners.

The state in which we found the poor prisoners confined in the filthy gaols was truly dreadful. Terrible tortures had been inflicted on many of them, too horrible to describe here. Some remains of Europeans, in the shape of blood-stained decayed clothes, were discovered; sad, indeed, to think of. A great many were "Taepings" or rebels in rebellion against the Emperor. It was stated that the Chinese governor of Canton, Yeh, a high mandarin, had in one year cut off the heads of a hundred and seventy thousand. How thankful must the poor creatures who remained in his hands have been for their release. This inhuman monster was luckily captured, as before described, by a detachment

which accompanied Consul Parkes, to whom his appearance was well known, otherwise he would have escaped. He was caught getting out of the window in a common coolie's dress, a bloated specimen of humanity, weighing about twenty stone. Subsequently he was conveyed to Fort William, Calcutta, where he soon after died. When taking passage there on board H.M.S. "Magicienne," he had the very cool effrontery to express himself "highly pleased to have such an opportunity of seeing an English man-of-war." When first we occupied the city, a considerable number of the lower class, having nowhere to go, remained behind from the general skedaddle which took place among the upper ranks of society. Anything to exceed the awful sight of the low opium dens, into which these coolies were huddled together, to drown fear and hunger, cannot be imagined. At any time squalor, abject misery, and frightful dissipation, mark the features of the infatuated victims of this cursed habit, whilst passing through an atmosphere of perfect elysium into the depths of the horrors of Hades. No one who has not looked into one of these earthly hells has any idea of the human misery and vice depicted therein. For a long time the Chinese troops outside Canton nightly favoured us inside the city, particularly on the heights, with showers of jingall bullets, stink pots (the nature of which can be imagined), and rockets. A sample of these latter one night came slap through the roof of an old house in which a brother officer and myself were sleeping on the

floor, close alongside each other, sticking its barbed headed shaft right into the ground about a foot from each of our heads, reminding us of "Jael" rather uncomfortably. Jingalls are very much like long, heavy Irish blunderbusses, and are carried on the shoulders of a couple of men with a tripod to rest them upon; while taking aim they are easily shifted about, and form a species of light field artillery, throwing a heavy ball, being fired off by a piece of lighted joss stick. This latter is composed of cow dung, dried and made into sticks, from a considerable thickness to less than the circumference of a lead pencil; the smell is very nice indeed. It is used also for firing matchlocks, which are the chief weapon of the Chinese infantry soldier, though they use to some extent European arms besides. It also serves for religious purposes in the temples and for household arrangements, such as lighting the everlasting pipes. It ignites easily, and burns very slowly indeed.

As I have previously said, for several months, almost nightly, the remark was common, "Well, it's near time for the fireworks to begin," and generally about twelve o'clock, and at intervals throughout the night, lively volleys of rockets were let fly.

In the month of May, though the heat in the day time was beginning to be dreadful, the early mornings and nights were very bearable, consequently it was rather good sport to take a rifle and have a pot shot from the city walls whenever a flash was seen to come from in the



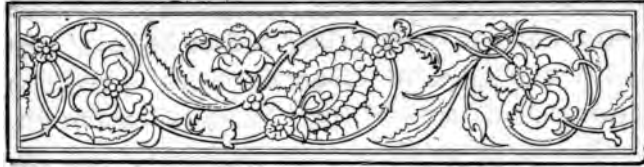
open, hoping to drop a Celestial, which sometimes did happen. Multitudes of these fellows hanging about obliged the garrison to be on the alert, as it only then consisted of three battalions of marines, the 59th Regiment, Royal Artillery, and Royal Engineers.

Patrolling on a dark night, with a high wind blowing, is rather ticklish work, as sentries have orders to shoot pretty sharp when on active service. One night I was on outlying picquet, and hearing a shot, I took an escort and went out to see the cause. On looking in the direction pointed out by the sentry, we discovered a poor old China woman, who had been evidently (decent old soul) prowling about to pick up bits of stick, bones, or anything she could find. She was quite dead, shot clean through the body. On another occasion one of our men, marching with a patrol across the Tartar Parade Ground, next to the officer in command, was shot dead through the heart by a sentry, who challenged, and receiving no reply, fired; the patrol could not have heard him, owing to the high wind blowing at the time in the same direction as they were going. Our first battalion was quartered in the heart of the city, at the Commissioner's Yamun; the headquarters of my battalion, and the 59th Regiment, on the heights, where hut barracks had been erected in a very commanding situation; detachments were also stationed in different positions at the city gates and elsewhere.

It was most amusing shortly after we entered Canton (when a great exodus of the better class

of inhabitants took place), to stop the palanquins containing the swell ladies, and make them pay toll in the shape of submitting their charms to the impudent gaze of the "Fauqui," or foreign devils. Many of them were gorgeously got up, with paint, cosmetics, and handsome gold and tortoiseshell hairpins. Some of the middle-class females rode out on the backs of serving women, none of any position being able to walk on account of their tiny feet, contracted from infancy to about a couple of inches in length, a sign of "quality," as are the finger nails of their noble lords, which are allowed to grow four or five inches long, as testimony to the fact that they do no manual labour.





## CHAPTER XII.

CHINA, 1858.



AFTER a few months in Canton, a brigade of Indian troops joined the garrison, the 70th Native Infantry under Colonel Kennedy, and the 65th Infantry under Colonel Burney, all belonging to the Bengal Presidency. Brigadier Caufield commanded the whole force. It was said that the high-class Hindoos nearly starved themselves on the voyage from Calcutta, their cause permitting them to eat so few articles of food at sea. The number of camp followers, male and female, accompanying them, I think, nearly equalled the effective strength of the regiments.

The Sepoys were a tall, well set-up set of men, but failed terribly in the legs, all their "calves having gone to grass." As a rule, the officers were exceedingly popular, and many were good at sports of every description. In those days their promotion was very different to what it is now, since the organisation of the Indian Staff Corps. Then the field officers were usually old for their standing; after fifteen years a subaltern was styled brevet captain, having to do both captain's

and subaltern's duty; no great boon after that length of service. The native women had generally fine lithe figures and well-cut profiles, their universal adornment being thick silver bangles on arms and feet; handed down, I believe, often as family heirlooms. The Chinese hated the black devils, as they called the Sepoys, and were always on the look-out to assassinate them, opportunities frequently offering through their habit of straying about singly in the open.

One evening I had a curious experience of that curse of India, "caste," which had, it has been said, so much to do with the origin of the mutiny. Walking along the city wall by myself, near the lines of the 70th B.N.I., I came across four or five fine-looking Hindoo Sepoys, sitting round a caldron containing a stew of kid, their favourite dish. Quite innocently, I stopped and said a word or two in Hindustanee, they having first risen most respectfully, and saluted me in soldierly fashion. After walking away about fifty yards, I happened to look back, and saw one of their number deliberately throw the whole potful clean over the city wall into the ditch outside. This, I was afterwards informed by one of their officers, was because I had "polluted" the food by simply looking at it.

Our old friends, the 59th Regiment, who had been with us from the commencement of the expedition, left the garrison for the Cape of Good Hope, after the exceptionally long period of nine years in China, leaving buried in Happy Valley, Hong Kong, a number of comrades about

equal to the full strength of two regiments. This unusually long tour of duty in such an unhealthy climate arose from the force of circumstances, owing to the Indian mutiny and China war going on at the same time, rendering it impossible to relieve the regiment earlier. As an intermediate and gradual change, they were, before facing our English climate, sent to the Cape, where on my passage home I had the pleasure of again meeting them. From poor Joy (now dead, I grieve to say) I learnt the Irish comic songs which many fellows will remember in connection with my humble musical talents; a cheerier friend, a better rider or cricketer, is not often met with. He had a good deal to do with the starting of our first race meeting at Canton, which afterwards afforded such good sport and amusement, the training and early morning gallops being quite in true Newmarket style.

Towards the latter part of 1858 my company and two of the 65th Native Infantry were moved to a small Chinese soldiers' barracks, named by us the "lower magazine"; Chambers and Firth, 65th B.N.I., commanded the native infantry, and Major Symonds, of my corps, the whole post.

Our "scratch" mess consisted of eight. The Indian officers were waited on by native servants, styled "kitmutgars," and ours by China boys; the latter are universally employed in the settlements to wait at European tables; they are most docile and attentive, and as far as my experience went, honest and clean looking.

From hearing so much Hindustanee spoken, I

began to understand a good deal, especially one sentence when the weather was very hot, "Hi-therou puckerou, geldi-jow brandy pawny lou."

In the mornings I generally had a most refreshing bath, from a "mussuch," or "dressed pig-skin," filled with cold water, which an Indian "beesty wallah" discharged over my head and body with splendid force. At the magazine post I had one most charming pet, a dear little monkey. I clothed him in a red coat, with brass buttons, forage cap, and trousers with red stripes. He followed me like a dog, and if one of that species came near, he hopped up nimbly on my shoulders. Having had several pet monkeys in my time, I desire to testify to their honest and true affection for their masters, and if that quality justifies the Darwinian theory of the origin of man, certainly my Jacko supported his title to a first cousinship. One of our officers, whose name, "Public Spirited Smith," was familiar in the garrison as household words, and who on leaving Canton was presented with a splendid silver claret jug (value 600 dollars), started a racquet court and a couple of American bowling alleys. The former was always a joke against those good fellows, the Royal Engineers. They got the walls up half way, but, apparently, left the rainy season out of the question; down came the torrents, and down fell the walls. Afterwards the Chinese built us one of the finest courts I ever saw. I was always very fond of the game, and together with a few others played every afternoon, instead of taking siestas, so

productive of enlarged livers, obesity, and getting broad-shouldered round the waist. Our ponies were generally brought to the racquet court, and after a few good rubbers and a refreshing wash, we rode down to the landing place before mess, where the great fun was chaffing the natty little Sanpan girls in their boats, and enjoying a look at the cool river. Sometimes the ladies pretended to be highly insulted, and retaliated thus in pigeon English: "What for you talky my so fashion; you got no shame facey; you mouthy too much largy; all the same small pagee," alluding to a very stout officer in the garrison. A large theatre was also built, and gave much occupation and enjoyment. There were some capital actors; Pooley, of the apothecary's department, made about the very best female character I have ever seen a man attempt.

One great thing about the climate of China is, the winter permits of outdoor sports with impunity. In October, 1858, I have a note of garrison foot races and games held at Canton, the officers' 150 yards race being won by a brother officer, Frank Parry; Fisher, R.E., second; and Kingsley, 67th, third. The prize was a handsome silver cup.

Having no packs of hounds, paper chases on ponies proved a capital substitute. The meets were duly chronicled and well attended.

Chinese ponies are capital jumpers, but John Chinaman used to open his eyes, and ejaculate "hi-yah," when he saw the barbarians cracking across country like maniacs over all obstacles.

One day I killed a fox just like our own species, but a little darker in colour; seeing two black eyes (which I thought were a wolf's) peering through a dense bush, I fired, and shot the animal in the centre of the forehead. I never came across another.

Tremendous conflagrations often took place in Canton, the houses being chiefly built of wood; but a fairly good organisation for extinguishing them existed amongst the Chinese.

The police, too, were in evidence at night time, as each fellow carries a lighted lantern at the end of a stick, and calls out from time to time something like a town crier, consequently every means of letting bad characters know they are about prevails; but at night there is not much stir or crime going on, the inhabitants having usually turned in under the influence of opium, samshu, or hard work. For police purposes, I believe, every town is divided into departments of about fifty yards square, and the streets are exceedingly narrow. Numbers of poor creatures afflicted with leprosy pass unheeded along them, but I never heard of a European catching it, although they frequently almost rubbed against one in walking. Ophthalmia is also a very prevalent disease, and it is common to meet strings of sufferers therefrom in a line holding on to each other's back, and begging for charity. Curio street was a great lounge; but anyone who thinks he is going to get a bargain out of John Chinaman must get up early in the morning.

One night a great explosion occurred at a



pagoda, in which some officers and men of ours were stationed, and the force blew one or two fellows clean out of bed. It was caused by a "powder bag," a unique Chinese invention; another that had not exploded was found with a lighted joss stick fixed in it, luckily before mischief happened.

In August the glass was 96 in the shade. As the winter months came round our garrison sportsmen, whose name was legion, did a good deal of shooting, chiefly snipe, which abound all round the banks of the river, and in marshy places, the solitary or painted kind were fine birds, almost as large as woodcock. Outside Canton, on the undulating ground, and among the thousands of hillocks and tumuli, numbers of this variety were often put up, and always singly. It was very ludicrous to see the Frenchmen out for "la chasse"; their chief aim seemed to be to stalk a lark sitting on a twig, and not waste their ammunition on the snipe. One old priest, in long gown and big brimmed hat, was a most persistent poacher after "cocky-olly-birds"; but since those days I have seen some excellent partridge shots among French gentlemen.

A Chinese comprador (provision dealer) belonging to our mess, who prided himself on his grand knowledge of English, informed Napier, the senior subaltern of my company, and a keen sportsman, that he knew where "No. 1 snip could catchy" (be got), so one fine morning early six of us started off in palanquins with two

bearers each, and our guns. After about five miles trot the comprador called out "Man, man" (stop). The chairs were at once dropped by the perspiring coolies, and we saw a grove of trees close to us, with a high wall all round. Flapping about like rooks in a rookery were hundreds of storks. To these he pointed with great exultation, putting his finger on his lip and saying, "Look see number one snip in tree." Evidently he thought that as they had longer bills, and were so much larger, they belonged to a superior genus of snipe.

Napier was in a towering rage, and seized the poor Celestial by his tail, wrapping it round his own wrist, the usual European method of administering "fum-fum" (punches) into the Celestial ribs. Some Buddhist priests came on the scene, and I don't suppose they formed a high opinion of the foreign devils' manner of treatment.

Storks are sacred birds in China, and are generally represented in all their ordinary paintings on screens, &c., as the dragon specially appertains to everything imperial.

Occasionally we got a few woodcock, and a good many quail; but snipe and doves were the chief sport. There is a very nice tiny bird which inhabits the paddy fields in great numbers, called "Ricebird," very delicious, but too small to shoot; one roasted whole forms a mouthful; they are about the size of a humming bird, and some fifty of them make a dish greatly favoured by Europeans. The Chinese very cleverly catch them with nets in large numbers.

What astonished the natives most, in comparison, no doubt, with their own upper classes, was that we should take the trouble to walk long distances to shoot birds, when we could buy them without any such unnecessary trouble. There is a very nasty, fierce brute, a denizen of the marshes; his head and huge horns are most formidable looking, especially when sticking out of the water. It is called the "Water Buffalo," and is used by the natives for drawing their heavy, springless tumbril carts, and for general agricultural purposes. To their masters they are tractable enough, but to have one of them in pursuit behind, splashing through the muck, is a sound not easily forgotten by Europeans, their peculiar aversion.

The General, Sir Charles van Straubenzee, was a first-rate drill, and I have seen few men who could knock a brigade about in a small space more effectively. The native infantry usually took post next to us, and manoeuvred very fairly; but, as a rule, kept up a good deal of jabber.

Occasionally a pic-nic came off at Propinquas Gardens, which were very prettily laid out. Our ladies only numbered four, but all who knew them will allow they were charming representatives of our countrywomen, and no one who has not experienced it can know the pleasure which the presence of even only two or three gives among such surroundings as existed at Canton. One, the wife of a subaltern commanding the rifle company of the 65th Bengal Native

Infantry, died during the occupation of the city, which caused sincere sorrow throughout the garrison. It seemed so specially sad for a young Englishwoman to be buried 16,000 miles from her own land. How life is made up of pain and pleasure! Turning to the latter, I know of nothing which creates good fellowship so much as cricket does. Having in Canton, at the time of which I speak, a large force, we put together a strong team from the officers of the different corps, and besides the inter-regimental matches we had periodical ones, "home and out," against the civilians and garrison of Hong Kong, usually going down the river to the latter place in a gunboat. Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of both, as our poor heads occasionally testified. Among the latter I must specially name Antrobus, the demon bowler, as good a fellow as he was big. The last occasion that I joined in a match we all went in the "Plover," 60 horse-power, commanded by poor Rayson, whose head was afterwards taken off by a round shot at the attack on the Taku Forts, in 1859; poor fellow, he was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and indeed nothing could exceed the general kindness and hospitality displayed on all occasions by the commanders of the gunboats. Both at Hong Kong and Shanghai the merchants went in heavily for racing, and as an example of the expense gone into by some of their houses in order to have good blood, horses were occasionally imported from England, notably Buxton and

another Derby favourite, one of which cost, I believe, £8,000, besides its passage out; so it was indeed a case of "hang the expense."

I fear the taste was sometimes attended with anything but good results to young fellows coming from a three-legged stool in the City, to the luxuries and temptations of Eastern life. An officer in China, well known for his horsey and sporting tendencies, and a first-rate steeplechase rider, had every reason to speak well of the ladies. Some years after his regiment returned home, and as Tommy Atkins terms it, it "lay" at Aldershot, some bailiffs came down to the camp to arrest him for debt, but they got a warm reception. The soldiers' wives turned out in force, first pretty nearly extinguishing them under the pump, and finally ejecting them out of the regimental lines, quicker than they came in.

On one occasion at Hong Kong a great treat was in store for the cricketers in the shape of a Ball, at which there were twenty-five ladies and one hundred and ten gentlemen. I only knew of one case of an English gentleman marrying a Chinese lady; but an officer well known to me did, and resided for some years afterwards in China. A better wife and mother never existed; she soon learnt European manners and customs, and when they eventually came to England, no lady in the county where her father-in-law lived was more liked and respected.



### CHAPTER XIII.

CHINA, 1858 AND 1859.



THE genial subject of sports and pastimes has made me go too far ahead of my story, so I must hark back to the summer of 1858, and describe some expeditions made against the Chinese commander-in-chief, General Wang, and his army, to show that the barbarians were not asleep.

The neighbourhood round about was swarming with "Braves," who, as I have previously said, by their usual fusilade of fireworks and rockets were very much in evidence, at night-time especially. Their headquarter camp was some few miles off, at the White Cloud Mountains. One very lovely night a curious spectacle was to be observed from the city walls, truly characteristic of the Celestial empire. A considerable army came on to attack us, and as in many places the country was hilly, the path or track by which they advanced was cut into steps, showing that discretion was considered the better part of valour. Nearly every soldier carried a lighted lantern, on the principle of, I presume, taking

care of number one, and "no light how can see?" They kept, however, at a respectful distance, and a few well-directed rockets and shell from the city walls astonished their weak nerves, and soon doused their glims. It certainly was a novel, picturesque sight indeed, and would have been highly appreciated at Cremorne or Vauxhall Gardens. In return for this little bit of cool impertinence, it was determined to break up their camp, and though the heat was tremendous, an allied force marched out on the 3rd of June to the White Cloud Mountains, and an unfortunate business it was, several valuable lives being lost without any tangible result. Four hundred of the Royal Marines, some Royal Artillery under Captain Twiss, the 70th Bengal Native Infantry, proportionate details of Royal Engineers, transport service, with coolies and stretchers, carried by Indian camp followers, and the Chinese Coolie Corps, besides a French contingent and English Naval Brigade, landed especially for the occasion, composed the expedition. There being no roads over the low lands, the troops had to march chiefly along the narrow paths which divided the paddy fields, so the length of the line may be imagined. The heat was awful, and many were struck down with sunstroke; several died on the spot. A sort of desultory skirmish was kept up. The surgeon of our battalion, poor Turnbull, was unfortunately captured by some "Braves," while hurrying to attend wounded men; his head was at once cut off, and it was found afterwards at a village

near. He was a most kind, good fellow, and his sad fate was deeply regretted. Colonel Travers, R.M.L.I., A.A.G., was hit with a ball, fortunately pretty well spent, so he was not much hurt. Another of our officers, Langham Rokeby (a Fellow of the Royal Geographical and other learned societies; afterwards, I believe, dying in one of the scientific expeditions to Africa) got a disagreeable wound in that part of the body which rendered it uncomfortable to sit down; the bullet was extracted on the spot, and he was soon about again. Several men were wounded, and having to be carried on stretchers, with the addition of the sunstroke cases, they formed a long line of casualties. As the force advanced the Chinese retired, and with all the country pretty well behind them, we could not follow too far, so had to execute a similar movement towards our own rear, the enemy in turn following us, and keeping up a dropping fire.

From the appearance presented, the inhabitants of Canton not unreasonably believed we had been, as Jonathan says, "pretty well chawed up," and this idea was freely ventilated, a notice being posted up, of which the following is a translation, of the Chinese account of the expedition, and freely circulated among all the towns and villages throughout the entire empire. I need hardly say the whole from beginning to end was a tissue of falsehoods.

TRUE COPY OF CHINESE REPORT AND PLACARD.

"We send you the exact and true account of the fight on the 22nd day of this present moon



against our enemy the barbarians. On the morning of the 21st the English barbarians, together with the French, went out of the town of Canton, about 3,000 in number, and marched towards the White Cloud Mountains, where they encamped on the brow of the hill at Chung-Yuenling.

"On the morning of the 22nd 600 soldiers joined the first, coming from the mountains of Kong-Yuen (probably Magazine Hill) and from the little north gate. From the Tartar General's yamun then came 400 soldiers and 48 pieces of artillery; they were directed towards the north-east. On the river side were landed at Liptah 850 foot soldiers, who marched to Gintong. On approaching Young-Shytaom they met with our Braves, the first gun of alarm having been fired on our side. The horse of the doctor of the foreign soldiers got frightened, and bolting, fell into a ditch. Our Braves killed the rider, and cut off his head. This party of foreign devils were severely defeated. Another party going to Gunkong was engaged in a fight with the braves of San and Sanon, when the braves of Yong suddenly appearing, took them in flank, and killed an officer. As for the soldiers of these devils, lots were killed after a few hours' fighting; this party was also defeated. In the evening they returned to Yi-Ski-Kang, and took up their quarters in the Eastern College of Peace. The same night the braves of Sanon and Tong-Kong wanted to go and carry them off, but having some of their men wounded, they finally left off their design. On the morning of the

23rd Parkes (the English consul) got in the troops again by the north-east gate. The soldiers were covered with mud, in disorder, and fatigued. At nine o'clock they were seen to bring in 32 killed by the small east gate, and 23 by the great east gate. At three o'clock eight more were seen to be brought in, four more at 9 p.m. At Siptah they brought in 32 dead on board ship. As to the wounded, there were lots of them.

"On the night of the 23rd Parkes conducted more troops to Hong-Shi-Wong to seek for dead. The same evening some of our troops fired rockets into the town; the enemy replied by four cannon shot, which fell to the right and left of the village of San-Sin. Among the barbarians killed the French have great numbers, the English only few.

"The foreign soldiers carried three days' provisions; each man had his gun, 10 lb. of ammunition in balls and powder, a sword, a camp bed, a water bottle, and flannel change of clothes. With such a load, and so great heat, and a march of several miles, they could of course only be conquered. As for ourselves, we had eight killed, of whom three are braves of San, three of Yong, and two of Young-Kong."

About this time there was a common report that an Englishman was being carted round the country, and exhibited in a cage like a wild beast. I fear that it was only too true, as from time to time Europeans did unfortunately fall into the hands of the Chinese. Poor fellows! It

is terrible to picture what suffering, insults, and refined cruelty Easterns of all nationalities delight to inflict.

It will be relevant here, perhaps, to say a word or two about Chinese soldiers. Little difference exists between their dress and that worn by the lower classes; a loose blouse, baggy pajamas (trousers), wooden-soled shoes, and sometimes tight gaiters. A round patch of lighter colour in the centre of the back of the first named garment, with native characters painted thereon, denotes the province the regiment belongs to, as well as a variety of banners. The officers, usually mandarins of various grades of rank, are often mounted, and are designated by the colour of the button on the top of their hats, and by a bunch of peacock's tail feathers, with the eyes conspicuous at the ends. Behind field works the men fight well and stubbornly; but in the open against European troops, from want of thorough discipline and modern weapons, they are, of course, severely handicapped. My experience of the mandarins is, that the more exalted in rank, the faster they retire to the rear. Their best troops are undoubtedly the Manchus or Tartars from the north, though the Canton coolies, who mostly formed our military train, behaved magnificently at the assault on the Peiko Forts, 1860, as will be mentioned later on; also those that composed the ever-victorious army, under General Gordon, of immortal memory.

In August, 1885, another expedition was des-

patched from Canton, including representatives of all arms, joined by a naval brigade from H.M.S. "Nankin." This force had to proceed by water to attack a walled town called Nantow. So far as in pretty well destroying the place, it was successful, but it indeed verified sadly the old adage, "save me from my friends; I'll defend myself from my enemies," for three English officers met their deaths, two most untowardly. Poor Lambert, a captain of the Royal Engineers, quite a young man, and esteemed by all, was accidentally shot, I think, by a sailor, whilst rushing up the scaling ladders, as was poor Danvers, a lieutenant of the 70th Bengal Native Infantry, by the carelessness of a gun lascar, while discharging his carbine on the beach. Captain Madden, R.N., a great favourite, was also mortally wounded. All this was the more unfortunate, because the legitimate casualties were trifling. At the time this happened I was down with fever, the only illness I had during nearly four years in China, including four hot seasons. It began with very severe fever and ague; for about a week I alternated between a Turkish bath and awful fits of cold shivers, which developed into a bad fever. Strange to say, I never had a return of the attack until twenty-five years afterwards at Boulogne, arising from foul sanitary arrangements at the hotel—a rather unusual thing after once having had the first named ailment badly.

It was a severe illness, and I was unconscious for some days; but under Providence and a good

constitution, and the care and attention of Astley Cooper, one of our assistant surgeons, as well as the good nursing of my excellent soldier-servant, J. O'Brien, and my China boy, A Sing, I soon picked up again. The latter was about sixteen years of age; his chief duties were waiting at mess; a most faithful lad he was, and his anxiety to come to England with me was quite touching; but I felt the responsibility of bringing him away from his own country would be too great.

The moist heat in midsummer, following on the rainy season, is very trying in China; but the climate has one great advantage over India and some other hot countries, that the winter is bracing, and sets people up well for the next warm weather.

The chief diseases that fatally attacked the men were epidemics of cholera and dysentery, and they told very severely on our brigade.

The remains of our three battalions which originally came from England in 1857 were eventually merged into one in 1860. Our four colonels, and any number of officers and men, were invalided (one, however, of the former for wounds); indeed, had it not been for the facility afforded us of going home at once when struck down by disease, our losses by death must have been far heavier than they were.

At one time a good deal of gambling went on in the garrison; like many other things it seemed to have a run, and then slackened. At first I was drawn into it slightly, "loo" being

the principal game. On one particular night there was a specially heavy "loo" in the pool, and this seemed suddenly to strike me forcibly. I felt I did not want to win such amounts from others, neither could I afford to lose them myself. The next day I made a resolution never to play "loo" again; that was in 1858, and I am glad to say that from that time to this I have never played any games of cards other than whist or *ecarte*, though often tempted to do so. It was a mere matter of determination, and I had sufficient strength of mind to stick to it, though never a too-strait-laced individual. It is a very grand thing for young fellows who have the pluck to say no. It is but a little word, yet how much misery it is capable of saving men from in this world.

Another expedition was sent out from Canton in February, 1859, about 1,000 strong, to take a walled town named Fiwon, but it was a short affair (though the force was away five days), as it was quite surrounded and commanded by hills within easy range for rifles, to say nothing of artillery.

On the occasion of a similar expedition against another place called Telaach, a particularly amusing incident took place on the return march, at least to everyone but the individual actually concerned. In many of the paddy fields a corner is often reserved as a reservoir to store liquid manure in, usually designated "pooh-pooh," with which the land is top-dressed. When the surface becomes caked and crusted from the sun, it bears

an almost exact resemblance to the remainder of the land, and this accounted for the misfortune to my young brother officer. Being desirous of taking a short cut, he boldly stepped off the embankment, and immediately sank into the awful stuff, nearly up to his shoulders. The difficulty was what to do with him, but some inventive genius suggested his being rolled up in the curtain of a tent; so after divesting him of his outside garments, he was carried by coolies in the rear of the line of march in a doolie. Ever afterwards the title of "Sir Charles Pooh Pooh, knight of that ilk," stuck to him.

The commonest dogs in China are something like collies, and are called "chow-chows." Their tongues are a dark violet colour; when young they are eaten, and I have seen one baked at a Chinese dinner, looking for all the world like one of our own delicious sucking pigs, glazed all over.





## CHAPTER XIV.

CHINA, 1858 AND 1859.



Y company, about this time, changed quarters to Pekwhy's Yamun, in the heart of the city. It was a fair specimen of a high-class mandarin's residence; large entrance gates in front, ornamented with gaudily-painted dragons and the usual kind of inscriptions in grandiloquent language, leading into an extensive courtyard. The structure consists of numerous rooms, not only for the mandarin's personal establishment, male and female, but for the accommodation of a small army of ragamuffin retainers and officials, who bask in the sunshine of the great man, and squeeze the lower classes to a dreadful extent. At the back of the house there were pretty ornamental grounds, with a pond full of coarse fish, the principal article of food, and an ornamental island. Whilst stationed here I had frequent occasion to go up to our headquarters on the heights, in my sedan chair, carried by a couple of strong bearers, whom I hired at a few dollars a moon, or month. The shortest way of



reaching my destination was up about two hundred stone steps, at the top of which was a joss house or temple, and our mess establishment close to it. One day my fellows had got up about half way, when without any warning they suddenly dropped the chair, and hooked it down the steps as fast as their legs could carry them. From that day to this I never set an eye on them. Evidently they considered mine too tough a job for the money. These chair coolies go along at a very quick, slinging trot, singing out in unison with their steps, "Hae-ho-ha-ho, hae-ho-ha-ho." This acts as a band does in marching for keeping time, and also clears the road in front.

Among my brother officers was one simply mad about guns and revolvers. The large hall of the yamun, where he and several others were quartered, was divided by partitions of thin matchboarding into little rooms or cabins, and those whose fate it was to be located on either side of him were in perpetual dread of their lives, as the incessant cocking and snapping of locks was enough to try the strongest nerves. No doubt most fellows know Whistler's shop in the Strand, London. Why it was I never heard, but he had the most utter hatred of the name, and contempt for all his manufacture in the way of firearms. To mention Whistler was like holding a red rag to a bull, and consequently it was not unfrequently paraded before him, in order to "get a rise out of him," as we say. One night it was determined to draw out our friend, so in casual conversation a remark was made which

he could hear, that there was to be a pigeon match at the topmost summit of the heights at six o'clock next morning. Seeing it was a moral certainty this fire-eating enthusiast would put in an appearance, every one was on the *qui vive*. It happened that it turned out a terribly wet morning, but sure enough the victim was, notwithstanding, spotted setting off with a couple of guns, carried by his China boy. I need hardly say when he got to the place named there was no one there, and the whole thing was a hoax. Imagine his rage when he returned home, nearly drowned, and was received with derisive laughter.

In the course of duty as adjutant I have had to be present at severe floggings of both soldiers and sailors, but never did I see such punishment as was meted out to a wretched Chinaman, who had been found selling "samshu" (a most vile spirit, made from rice) to our men. The strictest orders had been issued against it, and this fellow well deserved what he got, as he was one of several who had a special permit and pass to enter our lines to sell anything but liquor. The provost-marshal, Captain Usher, of my battalion, just the man for the billet, ordered him fifty lashes. His flogging staff consisted of two very fine young men, boatswain's mates, belonging to H.M.S. "Hornet," attached to the army for castigatory purposes. One of them, Angel (what a misnomer under the circumstances), was left-handed, the other right-handed, so that each dozen was inflicted crosswise. The

effect was terrible. Some of the culprit's countrymen were present, and I don't think any of them afterwards similarly risked their backs. When the ordeal was over, the poor Celestial's tail was cut off, the worst punishment, in a social point of view, that can be, as it is what happens in the case of men convicted as "laliloons" or rōbbers.

A still more dreadful scene I witnessed at another time, but one, indeed, thoroughly deserved also, and ordered by the Emperor himself, with the sanction of the Allied Commissioners. As I have before stated, the population living alongside the rivers are almost one and all pirates, noted for cruel atrocities. In this case the nineteen Chinamen who were executed had, in collusion with the captain and crew of a Portuguese merchant ship (many of which dealt largely in a slave trade as bad as ever was practised in Africa), invited some of the inhabitants of a village to come on board and take a look round the vessel. Having enticed them below, the hatches were immediately battened down, the anchor got up at once, and off to sea they went with their live cargo; all will allow a most abominable and cold-blooded proceeding. On the morning of the execution, just after our old Plymouth friends, the 67th Regiment, had landed at Canton, in October, 1859, we asked them to breakfast with us; several of their officers, as well as our own and others, went down to the execution ground to see the sentence carried out. Certainly our hearts were hardened by the rascality

the wretches had been guilty of to their own flesh and blood. The first to arrive there were the two executioners, tall, strong young men, about three or four and twenty. Their swords were long, clumsy, heavy, and sharp; they let us take them in our hands and inspect them; evidently the fellows were nervous. In a few minutes the head of the procession entered the yard, which had a very high wall all round it. First came a few soldiers with all sorts of weapons, then the prisoners and various officers with flags, followed by mandarins of different grades and buttons in sedan chairs, with two bearers each. Lastly, the chief magistrate, a high native official, with four bearers. In front of him were carried placards, on which was published the crime for which the prisoners were to suffer, and the Emperor's order and sentence; a few more soldiers brought up the rear. There was no confusion whatever, and all quietly took their allotted positions. I ought to have mentioned that the nineteen culprits were each seated in a sort of round basket, suspended from a pole, and carried in the usual way between the shoulders of two coolies, their wrists alone being fastened with a cord behind their backs. An official, probably clerk to the justices, read out the sentence. The poor wretches on arrival had been tilted out of the baskets, and were set up in a kneeling position in two ranks, ten in the first, and nine in the second, at a half face to the left. An executioner stood at the head of each line, and at a given signal both com-

menced. Not a single flinch was visible, though the feelings of each man at seeing the head immediately in front of him coming off, and his own fate so close, without hope of reprieve, must have been terrible. Certainly nothing could have been easier than their decapitation, excepting for the preliminary part of it, for each head went off like a tulip. When the execution was over, the procession moved away in as systematic and orderly a manner as on its arrival. It is a universal feature among Orientals how callous they seem to death, and yet in some ways what cowards they are. I was informed that it is customary on such occasions to drug the prisoners with opium and samshu; but certainly in this instance there was no appearance of insensibility to what was taking place, though I have no doubt some must have been administered.

After a short residence at Pekwhy's jamun, my company was moved to quarters on the heights, and for a few days I inhabited a room close to the mess, during which time two little occurrences took place, which I must relate. One night, towards early morning, I was for a long time kept awake by the horrible crowing of cocks near at hand; this, in addition to that curse of China, mosquitoes, was more than human nature could endure, so in an awful rage I turned out, seized my sword, which in those days was pretty sharp, and descending, found the noise arose from a shed by the officers' kitchen. Looking in, I saw my enemies, and as each proud cockerel craned his neck, and swelled out his

throat in the act of welcoming the early morn, down came my "skimiter" upon him, and down he came on the floor, saving the cook the trouble of getting him ready for "curry at tiffin." A few days after I happened to be passing this very same place, when I saw a coolie attached to the cooking department squatted on the ground, with a broad, self-satisfied grin on his countenance, and beside him two circular-shaped wicker baskets, with a hole at the top just large enough to put one's hand into. In one were a couple of dozen quail, untouched, in the other a dozen more plucked alive, and the rascal was quietly enjoying the fun of seeing the wretched little birds jumping about without any feathers. I at once caught him by the tail and gave him a good punching, roaring at him to this effect, "Laliloon" (villain), "too muchy pilon" (robber); "Englishman no likee that fashion;" "man, man" (stop, stop), to which he remonstrated, "Hi-yah, what for? Too muchy bobbery, no can do; too muchy fum, fum."

Speaking of quail, what pugnacious little birds they are; the cocks will fight till one or the other is killed, and it is no unusual sight in cold weather to see well-to-do Chinamen in the street with a coat having fur collar and cuffs, and a bird in each hand, for the double purpose of pitting one against another for a stake and also of keeping their own hands warm.

John Chinaman's method of winter clothing is curious, to say the least of it. At the beginning of the severe weather he piles on his body all the clothes he possesses, never changing or

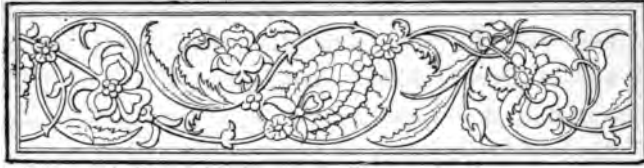
removing them during the cold season. As the warm weather advances, he gradually divests himself of one garment at a time, till he has reduced his kit to the required amount of coolness.

A regular Chinese dinner is an elaborate affair, and I once had the opportunity of dining at a very good specimen of one. It took place on board a large flower boat, at the Shameen, Canton. At one end of the table was a young chow-chow dog roasted whole, a piece of pork cut into small pieces—favourite dishes with all classes; the latter almost the only meat used as a rule—soup made of sharks' fins, and from a kind of swallow's nest, the birds lining the inside with a glutinous substance emitted from their bills, and esteemed a great delicacy. Numerous small dishes and cups were strewn about, containing plovers' eggs, pickled raw fish, lentils, dried fruit, and delicious sweeties, with an abundance of beautifully boiled rice. It is wonderful how they shovel the latter into their mouths, and promiscuously pick out of the multitudinous saucers, tit-bits, as fancy takes them, with their chop-sticks, something like two wooden knitting needles. Tea and samshu composed the drinkables, and though it is rare to see John Chinaman really drunk, yet flushed faces and extra cheerfulness denoted that the latter spirit had a magic effect. Their pipes, which few do not make use of, are very small in the bowl, about the size of a diminutive marble. A few whiffs soon expend the fine light-coloured tobacco, but like the tea cups they are everlastingly being filled. On this occasion

we adjourned to another large boat, where a "sing song piegon" and theatricals took place, quite a dumb show and *pose plastique* performance, accompanied by four or five young ladies with musical instruments, and hair ornately dressed, rejoicing in long gilt pins, their faces and lips gaudily painted and rouged vermilion colour. Speaking of dinners, few cooks can beat the Chinese, who are taught European fashion at Hong Kong. Nearly all the merchants' houses and military messes employ them.

In the East, curry, moist and dry, forms a course of itself, and in the season frogs so cooked always form a dish at every European table. They are much larger than English ones, and like the whitest chicken. Of all the strange institutions for the British officer to go in for was a "Symposium," which about half-a-dozen fellows of various corps started in a pretty little Chinese house on the heights, for the purpose of opium smoking. The two leading spirits in this insane idea were an R.A. and one of my brother officers. The interior of the room set apart for this practice was filled with the most luxurious easy chairs that could be procured. It is a fact that the usual infatuation seized these disciples of this insidious habit, and they used to get thoroughly under its "beatitudinising" influence. A very happy thing it was, consequent on the breaking up of the old Canton garrison, that the whole affair was effectively disposed of; but I know the injurious effects lasted with some for a considerable time. Outsiders christened this establishment "The Agapemone," or "Abode of Love."





## CHAPTER XV.

CHINA, 1858 AND 1859.



THE most important matter I have not yet mentioned, though of paramount interest, to the poor British subaltern especially. During our service in China both officers and men received Indian pay and allowances; that meant a considerable increase to the ordinary foreign service pay and allowances of the army. Having, therefore, a few superfluous dollars, I sent home a large camphor-wood box of curios by a sailing ship as presents to relations and friends far away. I also took a trip to Macao with three brother officers. It is a Portuguese settlement, not far distant by steamer from Hong Kong, and is famous as the birthplace and final resting-place of the poet Camoens. Its appearance quite brought back to my mind the old days at Lisbon, so "Portuguese" did everything look. A sort of Chinese Monte Carlo existed there. The gaming tables are generally kept by Chinamen, who never lose a chance in any place they reside in of rolling up the dollars. Civilians and officers from Hong Kong frequently change the scene

by going there for a trip, and have a try to break the bank; not, however, always so easily effected.

An amusing episode occurred at Hong Kong during a certain part of the period I was in China, though prudence leads me not to say exactly when. An officer of high naval rank, who, *ex officio*, had capital quarters on board a hulk in the harbour, wrote home for a young lady to whom he was engaged, to come out and marry him. I ought to say that he himself was "not very old, and not very young." All was satisfactorily arranged, the lady being expected by the mail steamer on a certain day. The Bishop of Hong Kong was to perform the ceremony at the cathedral. True to time, the good ship dropped anchor, and the happy bridegroom (that was to be) repaired in hot haste on board; but, "tell it not in Gath," poor fellow! an awful disappointment awaited him, when he learned his inamorata had married a military officer (gay Lothario!) on arrival at Singapore, who had come out on board the same steamer with her. The "happy pair" had given everyone the slip, and gone straight away to Calcutta. Ladies, would you believe it? Alas for your sex! it is only too true.

About the latter end of 1859 rumours began to float about that a large naval expedition was likely to be sent up north to Talianwan Bay, for the purpose of attacking the Taku Forts, at the mouth of the Peiho river. When this was mentioned to John Chinaman in the course of conversation, he usually knowingly and smilingly

remarked on the impossibility of success in his curt fashion, "No can do."

The "Bufs," or 3rd Foot, arrived at Canton some time after the 67th, and shortly afterwards "The Royals" (1st) and 99th Regiments.

The brigade of Royal Marines which, as I have before stated, was composed of three battalions in 1857, had suffered so severely up to 1860, as eventually to dwindle down into one battalion, owing to deaths and invaliding, together with the loss of about 100 officers and men detached to garrison Vancouver's Island, under Captain Bazalgette, Lieutenants Lascelles Blake, St. John, Sparshot, and Henry, all capital fellows, the latter the life and soul of every fun and merriment. For several years this charming station was conjointly occupied (and most harmoniously) by English and American marines. My friend and brother officer, Colonel W. Delacombe, was a long time in command, with full military and civil power placed in his hands. He and his family, as well as the men composing his detachment, deeply regretted the island being eventually handed over to the United States Government, after the question of possession was settled on arbitration by the late German Emperor, William I. It was, I make no doubt, a just decision, but England and my old corps lost a lovely and exceptionally salubrious station. At the time I speak of, Colonel Hocker and Colonel Walsh, who came out originally in command of our 1st and 2nd battalions, had been invalided home, so Colonel Lemon, of the old provisional battalion of

marines, was appointed to the former; and Major Symonds to temporary command of the latter. A strong body of volunteers came on to China from regiments in India, a large proportion being very undersized men, nicknamed "dumplings," fifty of whom elected to join our corps, much to our discomfiture, for they looked perfectly ridiculous in the ranks of the marines; still, there they were, and we had to make the best of them. Originally they belonged to a European light cavalry regiment, which had been specially raised for the Indian mutiny. Funny people might think that they believed ours was a mounted corps. However, a good many of them were attached to my company, and I must say they behaved well, on the whole, as small fellows often do. I brought a great many of them home with the detachment under my command, so had every opportunity of judging. On arrival they were discharged. Apropos of size, so far as my experience goes, the tallest men break down, as a rule, much quicker than the shorter ones in a bad climate; but, as I think I have said elsewhere, indiscretion in drink, and unnecessary exposure to the sun, claim more victims than anything else.

Eventually, owing to the double-faced conduct and procrastination of the Emperor at Peking and his advisers, an expedition under Admiral Sir James Hope, K.C.B., Naval Commander-in-Chief in China and the East Indies, was concentrated in the gulf of Pechili, comprising about 400 officers, non-commissioned officers, and men from

the Royal Marine battalion at Canton; nearly the same number from the various men-of-war detachments; half a company of Royal Engineers under Major Fisher, C.B., with Lieutenants Longley and Maitland; a small portion of the Royal Marine Artillery Battery, under Lieutenants Williams and Tuson. The whole military force was commanded by Colonel Thomas Lemon, C.B., Royal Marine Light Infantry; a most excellent officer, strict, but justice itself.

On the 25th of June, 1859, Admiral Sir James Hope attacked the Peiho Forts, a landing having been reported practicable; though Colonel Lemon expressed himself totally against the attempt from the river face. Having done this he said no more; but, like a loyal and gallant old soldier as he was, obeyed, and personally suffered in the action, the result proving terrible, besides the disgrace of a thorough repulse. The assault was unfortunately attempted from the water side, after a bombardment from the ships and gunboats. The batteries on both banks of the river were very formidable; the parapets and cavaliers bristling with cannon. A very effective dodge had been pretty generally adopted by the enemy. After the guns were fired and run in, they immediately let down heavy rope "mantlets" as screens over the embrasures, to protect the gunners whilst reloading, and before running out again. This was a system instituted, I have heard, by the Russians at Sebastopol, from whom doubtless the Chinese took the idea; in fact it has been stated that Europeans were

seen to help the Tartar soldiers in serving their batteries. As a matter of fact, there are always an unscrupulous lot of filibusters and adventurers to be found in most nations, ready to take part against their own flesh and blood for filthy lucre. Formidable abattis and sharp-pointed bamboo stakes surrounded the works, as well as wide-flooded ditches, and to reach the walls an advance after landing had to be undertaken in the face of a concentrated storm of shot and shell, over an expanse of soft-yielding mud, into which the attacking party sank deeply, some never to appear again. Three gunboats were sent to the bottom on the spot; a round-shot from the forts taking off the head of Lieutenant Jayson, commander of the "Plover."

I have some good photographs of the forts, taken by Signor Beato, who, with Mr. Worgman, correspondent of the "Illustrated London News," was present, and indeed kept the British public *au courant* of all that took place during the whole Chinese expedition.

Throughout the entire operations of the 25th June, 1859, out of less than 400 that represented our battalion from Canton—as well as a detachment of Royal Marine Artillery—two officers, Lieutenants Inglis and Wolridge, with thirteen rank and file, were killed, while fifteen of the latter were missing, many having been lost in the mud; fifteen officers and 142 men were wounded. Major Richard Parke commanded the 1st Battalion Royal Marines at the attack, and when Colonel Lemon, the brigadier, was placed

*hors de combat*, through a severe wound, he brought the brigade out of action, and eventually received two steps of brevet and the C.B. Of the Royal Engineers, two officers and some sappers were wounded. The Rev. Mr. Huleat, chaplain to the forces, accompanied the attacking force, and was very severely wounded. I think in his earlier years he had been an officer in the army before taking Holy Orders, and on this occasion his military instincts and spirit came to the front. I never knew a clergyman who could hold the attention of soldiers as he did, and he was respected and esteemed by all the garrison at Canton. After this sad catastrophe, it was a case of "living to fight another day." So the admiral returned to Hong Kong, and the military part of the expedition to Canton.

On Christmas day, 1859, all the officers of the Royal Marines dined together at the headquarters mess on the heights, and I recollect a most successful race meeting taking place, one of my ponies winning an event.

Shortly afterwards we gave a big dinner to our much-esteemed brigadier, Colonel Sir Thomas Holloway, K.C.B., A.D.C., returning to England on the absorption of our brigade into a single battalion.

It had been the old story at the Peiho of making too light of an enemy, and not one (behind strong fortifications) to be by any means despised. It is on my mind, as I write, that the senior naval officer of the American navy present in the Gulf of Pecheli (though his nation did not join

us in the attack on the forts), received some of our wounded on board for treatment, making use of a remark which should be indelibly engrafted on the memory of every Englishman, "blood is thicker than water." May such ever be the feeling of consanguinity between both countries.

When the Royal Marine battalion proceeded to the north of China, in 1860, Colonels Gascoigne, C.B., and March, C.B., were sent out from England to take the place of our two former commanding officers, invalided home; and our late brigade major, Colonel Travers (afterwards Deputy Adjutant-General and Inspector-General of the Corps), who had for some years been serving as A.A.G. on the staff of Sir C. T. van Straubenzee, at Canton, also joined us, giving up his staff appointment to go north on active service with his old corps; fine fellow that he always was, a general favourite, a true friend, a grand soldier.







## CHAPTER XVI.

CHINA, 1860.



**A**BOUT this time Lord Elgin was appointed British plenipotentiary, aided by his brother, the Hon. W. Bruce. Baron le Gross held the same office for France. General Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B. an old 9th Lancer commanding officer, who had seen good service in the Indian mutiny, was nominated commander-in-chief of the army; his cousin, Admiral Sir James Hope, a very great favourite with navy and army, and a highly distinguished officer, held the same post for the former service; while General de Montauban, afterwards Count de Palikao, commanded the French. I am sorry to record the regrettable, but only too well-known fact, that every possible difficulty was put forward by the latter, and the tact and firmness of Sir Hope Grant on all occasions was most praiseworthy.

Troops from India began to pour into China very fast, and the Emperor's representatives sold the foreign devils a large tract of land at Kowloon, on the mainland. As regards its sale, no doubt it was a case of Hobson's choice, as

if Sir Hope Grant and Lord Elgin had not got possession of it by fair means, they would probably have seized it *nolens volens* for the exigencies of the service. Soon it became alive with huts and tents, and presented an animated appearance to what it did a short time previously.

The following details composed the English part of the expedition:—(Cavalry) 1st Dragoon Guards, Probyn's Horse (now Sir Dighton Probyn, equerry to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales), Fane's Horse (both Seikhs), five batteries of Royal Artillery, five companies Royal Engineers, three companies military train; (infantry) The Royals, 2nd Queen's Royals, The Buffs, 60th Rifles, 31st, 44th, 67th, and 99th Regiments, with a battalion of Royal Marine Light Infantry, and several regiments of Punjaub Infantry. The 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers were sent to take our place at Canton, and were thus cut out of the northern campaign, much to their disgust.

They were a very fine regiment; but I believe Hibernian blood got them into trouble with a French infantry battalion, when their respective transports were coaling at Singapore. Parties from each vessel were allowed leave for a little run on shore, and fraternised together at first amicably enough.

The 87th (which, perhaps, everyone does not know) have on their buttons the same double-headed eagle that French soldiers wear on theirs. One of the latter remarking this, asked how it arose, when an impulsive and not too judicious Irishman blundered out that it was

granted them "for the thrashing we gave your fellows at Talavera," which was perfectly true. It was not likely that French nature could swallow this, so unfortunately friendship quickly changed into a row, much to the advantage of the 87th. Probably expediency rendered it prudent to station the former regiment where no collision could well take place.

As well as I recollect, the Royal Marines were the first battalion ordered to proceed north from Canton, which was allowed by all branches of the service to have been about the happiest garrison that anyone had ever been stationed in; all pulled together, and no jealousy existed between the regiments composing it. Our battalion was broken up, the right wing proceeding to Chusan, under Colonel Travers (afterwards Inspector-General of the Corps), who resigned his appointment as Assistant Adjutant-General on General Sir C. T. van Straubenzee's staff to join his old corps on active service. The left wing (to which my company belonged) was ordered to Shanghai, as the Taepings, or rebels, were threatening the settlement. Colonel March, who had been severely wounded through the jaw at the battle of Inkerman, and had only just arrived from England, was in command. We embarked in an old sailing ship, the "Octavia" (No. 15 transport), so it took us about a month to get to our destination. Anything to equal the cockroaches and rats that swarmed within her cannot be imagined; the former, when we entered our cabins with a light to go to bed,

held steeplechases along the walls and floor in hundreds. Captain Dale, the skipper, a jolly stout old salt, gave a dollar to any of our men who brought aft a gallon of solid cockroaches. Another excitement, after getting comfortably into bed, was when the lively rats commenced running over our bunks. I never shall forget the cold icy feeling of their little pads as they walked across one's face. The ship had been placed in dry dock, and well smoked, at Calcutta, without apparent effect, and it was said nothing would extinguish these lively creatures but going into wet dock when the ship got home.

On the passage up to Shanghai I witnessed a rough and ready, but, very necessary and effective, bit of discipline exercised upon a mutinous and litigious sailor. He and another fellow walked aft to make some frivolous complaint to Captain Dale, who was on the poop at the time talking to me. As soon as the ringleader had got to the top of the ladder, the skipper fetched him a sharp blow between the eyes, which carried them both, one on top of the other, down to the quarter-deck quicker than they came up. It was "short, sharp, and decisive," but had the desired effect of making them retrace their steps. How necessary it must be for merchant officers, dealing with strange crews, to have a revolver always on their person, as they frequently do not muster half-a-dozen in number, and are much at the mercy of a motley crew of many nationalities, amounting probably to thirty or forty. Entering the great river Yang-See-

Kiang, we soon dropped anchor off Shanghai. Colonel Gascoigne arrived on 16th May, 1860, and took command, establishing outposts and a line of defence from the stone bridge (on the piers of which rebels' heads were freely suspended) by the grand stand on the race course, to the Ningpo Joss House, round the walls at the city gates. The Commander-in-Chief, with Sir Robert Napier and staff, arrived on the 16th of June, and was perfectly satisfied with our colonel's dispositions. On the 21st July he, together with two companies of ours, and Napier, one of our subalterns (appointed extra A.D.C. to his uncle, commanding the second division; afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala), embarked for the Peiho, to assume command of the Royal Marine Battalion at the front, leaving Colonel March, senior officer at Shanghai, with about 300 marines (artillery and light infantry) and about a similar number of French, under Lieut.-Colonel Favre.

Our headquarters at Shanghai were in a large and comfortable European-built house; the men in godowns or stores; a compound in front, and an entrance gate. The settlement is well laid out; the merchants' houses finer, I think, than at Hong Kong; and a broad "bund" runs along the front face parallel with the river. There was a capital racecourse and grand stand, a racquet court, and comfortable clubhouse. The native settlement is quite distinct from the European, and is under charge of the "Toutai" or governor, a high mandarin. The French Jesuits had an

ecclesiastical establishment within the walls, comprising a large cathedral (Ton-ka-doo) and good schools for Chinese children. Naturally the inhabitants took more to the forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion, being very much in its style after their own fashion.

Many of these missionaries were charming, gentlemanly, and accomplished men of high family. There could be no mistake about their genuineness, for the vow they took in the first instance, I understood, meant, in these days, perfect expatriation for life, never again to return to their own country. Very different was it with ours and the Americans, who were so closely tied to the settlements by their wives and children, that they could hardly be free agents. However, this is different now, as China is much open to missionary labour. The Jesuits first thoroughly mastered the language, grew "pig-tails," and adopted regular Chinese costume, so they often proceeded to inland places, where representatives of other persuasions dare not set foot.

During the short time I was at Shanghai, two of their number were murdered by the Taepings or rebels. They differed from other Chinese by not wearing "tails," and letting their hair grow all over their heads. We had a few small skirmishes with them beyond the racecourse, and at some very advanced posts they occasionally were in evidence; but, as a rule, kept well out of the way.

The civilians had a good volunteer corps, and, I think, Henry Dent was the captain; if so, I

am sure the right man was in the right place, for he was good at most things.

Shortly after our arrival the 101st Regiment of French infantry touched at Shanghai, on their way up north.

One afternoon we were all at tiffin, about twenty officers altogether of various branches of the service, when in walked two smart little soldiers, with the usual moustache and imperial *a l'Empereur*, worsted epaulettes, and red peg-top trousers; each had two medals on his breast; one of them impudently took a step to the front, and addressed us in the following harangue, at the same time slapping his right hand against his left breast and decorations, "Me Solforino, Magenta, Francee bono; Engleese no bono Redan; Francee bono Malakoff"! alluding, of course, to our repulse in the Crimea. Our colonel signalled to me to have them quietly removed, as they were slightly intoxicated. I called the sergeant and two of the guard from the entrance gate, and the little Frenchmen made their *conge* faster than their *entree*.

During my service with the French I have ever found a good deal of jealousy existed on their side, but far less among the naval than the military men.

Good pheasant shooting is to be got by going up the river in "hong boats," so as to be away for some time. Towards Woosung, on the marshy land, snipe are plentiful, and in hard weather all sorts of wild fowl abound; altogether my opinion

was that Shanghai is the best station in China, and far healthier and cooler than Hong Kong at all times.

The Loodianah regiment of Seikhs, commanded by Colonel Hough, took our place when we embarked for the Peiho, and afterwards the 44th Regiment was added to the garrison. Brigadier Jephson, of the 2nd Queen's Royals, took over the command of the garrison from our colonel. A young officer of the same regiment, Kelly, was A.D.C., and I well recollect making a big mistake, swapping with him, in the hurry of leaving, a capital small-bore double gun I was very fond of, for a large bore, with which I found I never could hit a haystack. Moral: never do anything in a hurry!

The forts were taken when we arrived north. They had, this time, been attacked from the rear. Petang was first occupied, after, as usual, much opposition from General de Montauban. Happily, Lord Elgin, the Queen's representative, General Sir Hope Grant, and Admiral Sir James Hope were not to be trifled with, so on the 21st of August, 1860, the artillery and gunboats opened fire, the French rather ungraciously co-operating. After some skirmishing with large bodies of Tartar cavalry, an attack was made on the great North Peiho Fort, resulting in its capture and the submission of all the other formidable works on both sides of the river. The assaulting party was composed of the 44th and 67th Regiments; the Royal Marine Battalion, one wing of which, under Lieutenant-Colonel Travers,



carried pontoons and scaling ladders. The French and English Artillery covered the advance. The Tartar soldiery served their batteries admirably; but the Armstrong guns, used then in action for almost, I think, the first time, were too much for them.

The first to place the English colours on the breach was Ensign Chaplin, 67th Regiment, and for his gallantry and dash on this occasion he was decorated with the Victoria Cross. I believe Lieutenant Pritchard, of the Royal Engineers, was the first Englishman in, and Captain Prynne, Royal Marines, second. He shot the head mandarin with his revolver. The gunboats made brilliant practice, and much contributed to the success. Twenty-one officers were wounded, twenty-two rank and file killed, besides 179 wounded; the total casualties amounting to 201. I must not omit to specially notice the bravery of the men of the Chinese coolie corps, who carried the scaling ladders for English and French, swimming the ditch under a heavy fire, and hoisting them on their shoulders when it was discovered they were some rungs too short to reach the top of the walls; a plucky proceeding, thus enabling the assaulting party to mount the parapet and enter the works. In the performance of this duty they had several killed and wounded, and their bravery was the more creditable, as they carried no regular weapons; but, notwithstanding, followed the lead of their English officers most loyally and unhesitatingly.



## CHAPTER XVII.

CHINA, 1860.



THE English and French plenipotentiaries having determined to advance on Peking, Tientsin, distant therefrom about thirty-four miles by land and sixty by river, was occupied; also Tong-ku, by the Royal Marines and a battery of artillery. Depots were established, and communications kept open, while the army pushed on towards the capital. It will be within the recollection of most regiments that the marines were noted for the supply of draught bitter beer, which by good mess management they were enabled to keep going, and which was so appreciated by their less fortunate and thirsty comrades on the march up. Several actions were fought *en route*, but no very serious opposition was offered by the Chinese. General Prince Sang-ko-lin-sin, with clouds of Tartar cavalry, mounted on useful ponies, endeavoured to surround the allied force. On one occasion a British regiment fired a volley right into them, but, to the surprise of all, not a saddle seemed to be emptied. It was quite marvellous.

A dreadful catastrophe happened on the 8th of October, in the capture by Tartar cavalry of Mr. Harry Parkes, C.B., consul; Mr. Bowlby, "Times" correspondent; Mr. Loch, private secretary to Lord Elgin; Mr. de Norman, attache to the Legation; Captain Brabazon, R.A.; and Lieutenant Anderson, of Fane's Horse, with about twenty Seikh sowars; two or three troopers of the 1st Dragoon Guards, and some French. Eventually all these were given up, except poor Anderson, Bowlby, de Norman, Brabazon, and a few others, who all died a violent death, or succumbed to torture. Had it not been for the unflinching courage of Mr. Parkes, and his perfect knowledge of the language, all would have certainly shared the same fate. Captain Brabazon's father, after the war was over, spent a year, I believe, in China, endeavouring to get some trace of his son, but, sad to say, ineffectually.

I will here insert an account, by a war correspondent with the army, detailing circumstantially and graphically this sad event:—

"On the 17th of September the force under Major-General Sir John Mitchell, consisting of Brigadier Pattell's cavalry brigade, viz.: the King's Dragoon Guards, Probyn's and Fane's Irregular Horse, with Stirling's half-battery, R.A., two field batteries under Captain Desborough; Brigadier Sutton's and Reeve's brigades, viz.: 2nd Queen's, 15th Punjaubs, Royal Marines, and 99th Regiment, with detachments of Royal Engineers and military train, marched from Hoo-se-woo at daylight, Sir Hope Grant accom-

panying it. Lord Elgin remained at Hoo-se-woo. One French regiment (the 2nd Chasseurs de Vincennes) and one field battery followed. We had scarcely moved two miles along the road when the enemy's pickets were observed, which, at our approach, leisurely retired to a large camp, distant about a mile. While halted, to enable the column to form up, a flag of truce was brought us by a few mounted men, which was soon followed by a mandarin in a green chair, and wearing the pink button and peacock's feathers of a first-class official, who was recognised as the former Hoppo at Canton, and late commissioner sent to Tientsin to negotiate with our ambassador. While he was making the usual Chinese excuses, Mr. Loch arrived—and here I should mention that this gentleman, who is Lord Elgin's private secretary, with Mr. Parkes, C.B., Mr. Bowlby, the 'Times' correspondent, and Mr. de Norman, attache to the Legation at Shanghai, had preceded the army for the purpose of arranging matters for the reception of the embassy at Tung-chow, where they, with their escort, Lieutenant Anderson and twenty men of Fane's Seikh Horse, slept on the night of the 16th. Everything having been satisfactorily settled, Mr. Parkes and Mr. Loch started to rejoin the army, the others remaining in the city, when, after riding some miles on the main road, they came upon an immense Tartar force, who, while treating them civilly, told them in a very decided tone that our army could advance no further. Mr. Parkes, finding remonstrance

useless, retraced his steps to Tung-Chow, to protest to the authorities against the violation of the agreement into which they had entered on the previous evening. Mr. Loch sought the Commander-in-Chief, to whom he reported the state of affairs, and by whom he was requested to rejoin Mr. Parkes, and to warn him, with the gentlemen above named, to return at once; Captain Brabazon, R.A., accompanying him. The mandarin left, after impudently assuring Sir Hope Grant that the Tartar cavalry, whom he now saw assembled in hundreds, were merely collecting the supplies which we required. Meanwhile, the troops were formed up in contiguous close column of corps, and awaited during three hours the return of the party from Tung-Chow. While enjoying the shade of a clump of trees some five hundred yards from camp, in which the Tartar troops were now busily stirring, I was suddenly startled by hearing a volley of gingalls, and a round from numerous guns, along their entrenchment; a few horsemen enveloped in a cloud of dust galloped up. These proved to be Colonel Walker, A.Q.M.G. of Cavalry, Assistant Commissary-General Thomson, and two dragoons, who had proceeded in advance, for the purpose of obtaining supplies for the army, and who, while returning through the camp, observed a French officer, who was employed in a similar duty, savagely assaulted, and defending himself. In attempting his rescue the Colonel was wounded; Mr. Thomson received a severe thrust from a lance; and

one orderly several sword cuts, and they were reluctantly obliged to retire under a heavy fire, which had the effect of showing, at all events, that every preparation for hostilities had been made by the enemy, and that the recent diplomacy at Tientsin was only a cunning attempt on their part to gain time to throw up entrenchments, and to prevent our nearer approach to the imperial city. There being no signs of the return of Mr. Parkes and his companions, Sir Hope Grant made arrangements for the immediate advance of the allied forces. The disposition of the troops was as follows:—The French on the right, with Fane's Horse; Desborough's and Barry's batteries, supported by a squadron of K.D. Guards and 15th Punjaubs in the centre; the 2nd Queen's, with the cavalry and Stirling's battery, on the left; the remaining regiments in reserve.

“The enemy at once opened a heavy fire, and showed their position to be behind an entrenchment several miles in length, crossing the high road, which was defended by a battery of sixteen guns, their left thrown forward, and resting upon a village in the grove of trees; their right extended as far as the eye could reach over the millet fields, the crop of which had been recently cut some two feet from the ground, forming a disagreeable impediment to the troops, especially the cavalry. After a sharp engagement, which lasted two hours, the enemy, who could not stand against the fire of our artillery, gradually advancing to within five hundred yards, gave way, and spirited charges were made by

our cavalry; Fane's Horse on the right pursued them through the village. The K.D. Guards and Probyn's Horse on the left drove them several miles, and were only obliged to desist on finding themselves at a considerable distance from the main column. During this charge several hand-to-hand encounters occurred. Captain Usher, Royal Marines, was unhorsed, and would have been cut down had not Captain Green, D.A.G., ridden to the rescue, and with one cut severed the neck of the Tartar at whose mercy the gallant provost-marshal lay. The Seikhs, headed by their officers, did great execution. One old sowar was heard describing the Chinese army as so many 'morgees' (Anglice, fowls), very difficult to overtake, and entirely harmless when caught. Following up the enemy, the 15th Punjaubs and 99th Regiment entered the walled city of Chin-kia-wang, beyond which several camps were seen, which were evacuated as we approached, and we encamped for the night. It was estimated that the force opposed to us numbered 30,000; the allied troops were under 3,500 men. The next day 77 guns were collected and destroyed. Many of them were mounted on carriages drawn by mules, the first rude imitation of our field artillery known in Chinese warfare. A large store of tea, estimated to be worth several hundred thousand pounds sterling, was also found. Though coarse and compressed into brick-shaped parcels, it is far superior to the coarser article supplied as part of the ration to the British soldier. Mr. Wade, Chinese secretary, with a small escort, rode to

Tung-Chow, to inquire the fate of Mr. Parkes and his unfortunate party. He was not allowed to enter the gate, but was referred to the commandant of a large camp a short distance off, on approaching which, letter in hand, and preceded by a flag of truce, he was met by some Tartars, who deliberately fired their gingalls, and obliged him to retire. He, however, succeeded in delivering his despatch at another place; but could obtain no information with regard to the missing party, beyond the report of some villagers that six foreigners had been seen travelling in a cart towards Peking, and our minds were considerably relieved on ascertaining that their lives had not yet been sacrificed. Since the 21st the army has remained encamped on the canal, two miles from Tung-chow, and distant from Peking some seven miles. Reconnaissances go out daily, and approach the walls of the capital. The Tartars occupy an entrenched camp on the N.E. of the city, and we expect to move forward in a few days. The 60th Rifles, 67th Regiment, and 8th Punjaubs, have joined the force, and also two batteries of siege artillery. The weather is pleasant; the nights cold, and the days generally cloudy, without rain. One day last week the thermometer in the sun stood at 120 deg.; at night it sank to 60 deg. Occasionally, when the wind blows from the westward, the dust rises in clouds, and is even more disagreeable than the well-known Australian 'brickfielder.' The army is tolerably healthy. The commissariat arrangements excellent. Better rations of beef and



mutton brought in from the neighbourhood, with fresh bread, were never issued even in a garrison; and abundance of forage, vegetables, and fruit is easily obtained from the villages. The country from Taku to Tung Chow is a level plain, on which wheat is cultivated first, and a crop of millet succeeds. That gallant officer, Captain Osborn, is misinformed as to the road from Tientsin, the paved way only beginning at Tung Chow. Beyond Pekin we see magnificent mountains, the nearest range being estimated at 8,000 feet, and behind it abrupt peaks rising in all directions denote far greater elevation. The perambulator has measured 72 miles from Tientsin to this camp. The Tartar force, according to returns found in their tents, amounted to 80,000, and to judge from the numerous encampments vacated by them, that number is easily accounted for. One standard flying over a tent denoted a regiment from the extreme N.W. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros have arrived here, and constant communications are made by them to the Imperial authorities, in reference to the prisoners, who are reported to be doing well, but kept in close confinement near the Emperor's palace. Four are stated to be wounded.

“The palace in Pekin would have been destroyed when the fate of the prisoners was ascertained, had not the General given his promise to protect it, provided the city gate was surrendered on the 13th, when the letter demanding it was sent. It was not known that any of them had been barbarously murdered. That sad truth was discovered before the above-named day; but Sir

Hope Grant, feeling committed to his promise, spared the city. The deceased were not all brought into camp until the 16th.

"Several letters and papers bearing upon the present condition of affairs were found in the palace. Amongst them a letter from General San-ko-lin-sin, recommending the Emperor to leave the capital, and go on a hunting tour to Zehol, in Tartary, beyond the great wall, according to the ancient usage of his ancestors. Upon this the Emperor remarks, that in case the preparations for his sudden departure should alarm the people, he will make them appear as if he were taking the head of his army against the barbarians, and then proceed to Tartary instead. In another he says, he has made such arrangements for attacking the barbarians, should they advance from Hoo-se-woo to Tung-chow, that his army will encircle and entirely annihilate them, and he begs the Emperor to feel confidence in his success.

"The policy of San-ko-lin-sin was evident. He persuades the Emperor to quit the capital and proceed to Tartary; he feels confident of being able to conquer the barbarians; and the throne, to which he aspires, would then be an easy acquisition. I expect to obtain copies of these documents, and shall forward them to you. They put beyond doubt the fact of the treachery practised at Chan-kia-wan on the 18th having been, deeply laid, with the sanction of the Court, the duplicity of Kwei-liang at Tien-tsin being part of it."



## CHAPTER XVIII.

CHINA, 1860.



THE Summer Palace and gardens of his Celestial Majesty are at Haiteen (Yuen-min-Yuen).

Before attempting to describe the beauties of this lovely neighbourhood, it will be necessary to say a few words on the capture of the palace by the French, and how it happened that the French were on the spot before the English troops. I will therefore quote briefly an account of the day (6th October) by an officer in the cavalry brigade, though I really believe there was a good deal of a "lucky fluke" in tumbling on top of it:—"At early morn the army started from the brick-kilns, where it had halted the day previous, and proceeded onwards, keeping the right of the N.E. angle of Pekin. The French were advancing on the left; at eleven a halt was called, while the line of operations was discussed. According to report the enemy were encamped in front of the Tin-shing gate on the north face of Pekin. It had been determined that the French and English should

advance together, the one keeping the left hand, the other the right, and in this order attack the enemy's camp; while the British cavalry, under the orders of Brigadier Pattel, commanding, should find their way to some open spot on the broad road, leading north from the gate, in order to cut off the enemy's retreat northwards. The cavalry brigade then left the rest of the column, and worked in a N.W. direction, until they found the road on which they were ordered to take their position. The skirmishers reported large bodies of Tartars moving to the north, and two squadrons of Probyn's Horse were sent after them; but the Chinese got the hint, and made off too fast. A few shots were then heard, and the Brigadier moved towards the town. When arrived at the Peh-ting temple they met the French, who were making anxious inquiries after the British infantry, and saying that as Sir Hope Grant had appointed the rendezvous at the Summer Palace, they would make for that place. The Brigadier, thinking that the rest of the British army had gone on, gave orders to march for the Summer Palace. When arrived at the villages surrounding Haiteen, further inquiries were made after the army, when the natives replied that they had seen no one pass in their neighbourhood. Brigadier Pattel then went to meet the French, who were first advancing, and offered to co-operate with them. The French General said he was going to attack the palace at once, and begged that the cavalry might keep the right, to cut off the retreat of

the Tartars. It was getting dark when the brigade arrived at the walls of the garden, and the first thing to be done was to find a place to encamp in, so the horses' heads were turned out of the village again, to the left, to seek an open piece of ground. Meanwhile the French advanced to the chief entrance, forced open the gate, and had a small skirmish with the eunuchs, who defended the place, killing two, and wounding several others. Two French officers were wounded. Next morning the French officers entered the palace with several of their men, and looted right and left. A few good things were placed on one side to be divided between the sovereigns of Great Britain and France. After the French had enjoyed the whole day's looting, many of them thereby making their fortunes, the General gave permission to the British officers to bring away as much as they liked on the 8th, and a commission was nominated to do so, and sell it for the benefit of the army. Many of the officers found large pieces of gold, worth hundreds of pounds, and as a great deal of dissatisfaction was so caused, the General called in all plunder, and had everything sold by public auction, in which arrangement General de Montaubon, to his praise and honour be it said, concurred. The value in kind was assessed at about £18,000; but it only realised in actual money £9,000. The loot comprised jade stone (so valuable in Chinese eyes), gold, silver, bronzes, embroidery, crape, silk, furs, &c. Two-thirds of the money so produced was given to the soldiery;

one-third to the officers; subalterns, £35; captains, £50; field officers, £80, &c. Captain Roderick Dhu, R.N., was supposed to have been specially fortunate in the plunder line, having entered with the French. The General, Sir Hope Grant, himself gave up his share, and in return the officers made him a present of a handsome gold claret-jug of Chinese manufacture, intrinsic value £128, which constituted a portion of the loot. After the French had annexed all they could bring away, they went about with large sticks, breaking to pieces the remaining curiosities, which were of rather bulky size, and then, as a finale to their work of mischief before leaving, they set the private residence of the Emperor on fire, and suffered it to burn to ashes."

"On entering the palace of Yuen-min-Yuen, you advance through portals, and enter a large paved courtyard; in front of you stands the grand reception-hall, a large Chinese building, well adorned exteriorly with paint and gilding, and netted under with fretted eaves to keep the birds off. You enter its central door, and find yourself on a smooth marble floor, in front of the Emperor's ebony throne. The carving on this throne is quite a work of art. The floor of the throne was carpeted with a light red cloth, and three low series of steps led up to it, of which the central series was the widest, being intended for kow-towing on before the Emperor. The left side of the room was covered with one extensive picture, representing the grounds of the Summer

Palace. Side tables were covered with books and articles of vertu. On the right of this building were houses after houses, well furnished with silks, curios, and luxuries of all kinds, most of them having gardens in front. These were the houses of the retainers. Behind the grand hall was rockery work, and in rear of that again a large pond, so that a pebbled path, leading over a bridge, and taking a semi-circular sweep of half the water, had to be traversed before you visited the next hall.

"The distance was about five hundred yards. This hall was smaller, and not got up with such care. A yellow sedan chair and one mountain chair stood close to the throne. On the right and left there were small rooms adjoining, with images of Buddha. Behind stood another reception hall, and in rear of that again a third; and on the left the Emperor's private rooms, beautifully got up, with tables strewn with all manner of precious articles, many of which were English or French. The rearmost room was the Emperor's bedroom, communicating with the room in front by a door covered with a blind. A large niche in the wall, curtained over, and covered with silk mattresses, served for the bed, and a sloping platform enabled his Majesty to mount into it. A small silk handkerchief was under the royal pillow, and pipes and other Chinese luxuries were standing on tables hard by. The Empress's two rooms were on the extreme left, and these past, you came again on pebbled paths carrying you past lakes, into

grottoes, through summer houses, under magnificent trees, until you quite lost yourself in bewilderment. "The Round and Brilliant Garden" is the signification of the Chinese name applied to these grounds; but they are more like an extensive park walled round and abounding in all that is most lovely of the Chinese picturesque. Its construction and the accumulation of the precious property it contained must have been the work of centuries.

"Yesterday evening the Royal Marines and a party of French troops took possession of the city gate at Tung-chow. Some of the soldiers of the place, armed with matchlocks and spears, were walking about the suburbs near to the quarters of the marines, upon which Colonel Travers ordered a party to take their arms in and disperse them."

It was these gardens and lovely spots that the first division started to destroy on the 18th of October. The barbarous treatment shown by the mandarins to the unfortunate victims that they had trapped at Tung-chow demanded some retaliation, and as a portent of what they might expect unless they succumbed, it was determined to burn and destroy the Emperor's pleasure grounds. The party started at 8.30 a.m., and not many hours had elapsed before the rising columns of smoke betokened the commencement of the work of destruction.

The view of the country below from the hill-top in the Wang-show-yuen was most perfect; you looked down on a series of handsome



temples, a large lake with a temple standing in its bosom, having a marble bridge of arches stretching from it to the shore; the open country south, with its groups of villages and trees, a tier of hills on the right, and Peking away in the distance.

The 19th October was the great day of destruction; black masses of smoke rose continually from the gardens, giving the appearance of a fearful thunderstorm impending. Unfortunately the houses of the surrounding villages were not spared in the general destruction, and thousands of unhappy subjects had to suffer for the sins of their rulers.

The General gave orders to spare the monument as a work of art; all other public buildings in the neighbourhood were destroyed. The Tartars in the different banner villages appeared greatly alarmed, thinking their turn might come next. They turned out in great numbers with warm tea and cakes to regale the soldiers on their return from the hill gardens.

Before sunset of the second day every place had been fired, and the soldiers were marched back to camp at Sih-shing gate, passing the Summer Palace on their way back; flames and smouldering ruins barred the passage every way; the daring flames curling into grotesque festoons and wreaths, as it twined in its last embrace the grand portal of the palace, while the black column of smoke that moved straightwards to heaven from the already roof-fallen reception-hall formed a fine deep background to

this living picture of active red flame that hissed and crackled, as if glorying in the destruction it spread around. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

This "Hall of Ceremonies" is a common-looking chamber, entirely open in front, with large closed doors at the back, on which the usual pictures of warriors, &c., are posted. From the ceiling in front there were some tawdry silk hangings; the floor was partly covered with mats and pieces of carpet, and the whole scene was considerably inferior to a stage of a second-rate sing-song in the south.

An attempt on the part of M. Beato to take a photograph of the scene at the moment of signing, failed in consequence of the light being unfavourable. It was amusing, however, to lookers on, to see the quiescent attitude of the party for about sixty seconds, whilst the camera was supposed to be receiving the impression, each individual evidently thinking his last hour had come. On returning, the troops were formed in bodies at short intervals from the palace to the gate.





## CHAPTER XIX.

CHINA, 1860.

### SIGNING OF THE TREATY.



LORD HOPE GRANT occupied a chair on Lord Elgin's left. A table, covered with tawdry embroidered cloth, stood before each. At and behind a row of similar tables running from the back to the front, staff and other officers and visitors sat or stood to witness the ceremony, and on the opposite side the princes of the council and mandarins, of various buttons and feathers, took up a similar position. Between the two stood the attaches of the embassy. Interpreters and others engaged in the ceremony at a table whereon papers, despatch boxes, &c., were placed. The examination of credentials and other papers occupied about half-an-hour; and at a quarter to two o'clock the signatures of the high contracting parties were attached to the documents. Kung produced the Emperor's signature in vermillion, with the seal of the Empire attached, on yellow paper, authorising him to

sign the convention. Lord Elgin then sent a message through the interpreters to Prince Kung, expressing his hope that the treaty now concluded would be lasting; to which the Tartar replied in true Asiatic words, "He hoped it would last a thousand years; that affairs had been badly managed hitherto; but that now he had undertaken the control of them, he believed no misunderstandings would arise." On retiring, as Lord Elgin walked towards his sedan chair, Kung should have been at his side; but he lagged behind a little, and his lordship had to wait until he stepped forward. Throughout the ceremony the prince's expression was one of undisturbed sulkiness; he appeared to reply with churlishness to all that was said to him. He had on a purple damask silk long coat. The button on his hat was covered with red silk, like the tassel which hung from it. Lord Elgin was in ambassador's uniform. He assumed a cold and distant air, and doubtless felt the utmost disgust at having to treat with the minister of a false-hearted and perfidious master. A salute of twenty-one guns from the battery of Royal Artillery on the wall at the An-tin gate announced that peace was established. It had been intimated that the usual refreshments on such occasions would not be partaken of, therefore none were offered except the cup of tea which is customary at all times.

Reports of intended treachery at the last moment were communicated through the Catholic priests. They were not believed; but precautions

were taken against them by having a large force within the city, instead of an escort merely, as was first intended.

The ladies of the Emperor's household evidently went in for pet dogs, for several small black-and-white Japanese pugs, with the stereotyped snub noses and deep dents between the eyes, were found about, two of which, I have heard, Colonel Dunne, commanding 99th Regiment, brought home, and presented to Her Majesty the Queen.

Proclamations had been issued stating that Pekin would be reduced to ashes unless certain gates were given up; one was then immediately handed over. At the same time the bodies of six Englishmen and two Frenchmen were brought in in coffins. A solemn funeral service in memory of the poor fellows was held at the Russian cemetery, at which Lord Elgin, General Ignatieff, Sir Hope Grant, General de Montaubon, and their staffs attended. It seems only right before closing this chapter, to introduce a short account of the coolie corps, which, under English officers, rendered such loyal and efficient service to the army. So far as I recollect, it was first raised after the proved inefficiency of the Lascar military train, on the occupation of Canton, in 1857. These latter were nothing like as strong as the ordinary Chinese labouring man, nor as well able to stand the winter cold, neither could they, or even any European, lift or walk away with the loads which the short, stiff, strong-limbed native coolies made nothing of. In hot weather their uniform was "Nature's garb," with

a cloth round their waists, and a large plaited conical bamboo straw hat on their heads, their tails being twisted up into a knot at the back. They carried no arms except a large bamboo pole, and some stout rope; the former, when loaded, rested on the shoulders of two men, to which was slung whatever had to be carried. In a row these poles were awkward weapons, as the spindleshanks of the Indian sepoys found to their cost on more than one occasion.

Major Temple, 12th Madras Native Infantry, commanded this corps; Major H. Evans, Royal Marines, was second in command; and about twelve subalterns of various regiments were in charge of companies, averaging about 170 men each.

Of the Royal Marines, my old friend, F. Parry (now a Government Inspector of Constabulary), from whose notes I have chiefly written the account of this corps, Andrew Douglas Smith, McHeriot, and one or two others were attached to it.

On proceeding to the north for the advance on Peking, this force was largely increased, as the English mounted military train proved a dead failure for transport service.

I think it reached a total strength of 5,000 natives, with about 500 English soldiers to supervise and look after them. The first detachment of the coolie corps that left Hong Kong had a rough experience of ship life, for H.M.'s troopship "Assistance" was wrecked two days after starting (30th May, 1860), and some of the coolies

were drowned, as they would persist in jumping overboard with their dollars tied round their waists.

Embarking again in the transport "*Malabar*," they reached Ta-li-en-wan Bay safely, and did grand work in landing troops and stores.

Among my friend's notes, written on the march to Pekin, I find the description of a rather adventurous ride, which he performed by himself in the execution of his duty, taking "two" horses to carry him. He says:—"I have had to ride to Whosiwoo, 46 miles. Temple wanted a despatch taken to order down a transport. I told him I would go. He offered me an escort of Indian cavalry, but I declined. Left early next morning on my big grey horse, leading Tournament, Temple's pony, with blankets packed on his back. Rode about twenty miles; had breakfast with two officers of the 21st Madras at a detachment on the way. Had to pass several long villages. After having got through one, I changed horses, to give the grey a rest; but found girths too long for pony; tried them all the same, and got on pretty well till we came to two roads. I thought the one on the left was the right one, but the old grey differed, and took the other; with his hard old mouth (which was always like iron) he pulled my saddle right round, so off I came. I just had time to pull up and change saddles and blankets from one horse to another, finding Tournament with the saddle and long girths unsuitable, when I turned round and saw a strong force of natives running out, armed with

billhooks and other field implements, bent on making short work of me, as I thought. I fancy the blankets they saw on the horse were what they were after. As soon as I was on the grey again I could not resist the temptation of turning round, pulling a long nose, termed "snooks," at my friends, and jogging as fast as I could on the road selected by the grey, which turned out to be the right one. I got to Whosiwoo (46 miles) in six hours and a half from Tientsin, and found P. S. Smith and many others all well.

"Rode a paper hunt next day, and the following day rode back to Tientsin with Pooley mounted on Tournament. We took the precaution to ride through the village quicker than I did coming."

Terms of peace having been dictated and signed at Pekin, everything was accomplished for which the allied expedition had been undertaken. The cold was becoming severe, and the river about to be frozen over. The Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Hope Grant, was anxious to get the whole force embarked for their various destinations.

On the 12th of November, 1860, Desborough's half-battery of artillery, Probyn's Horse, Royal Marine Battalion, and 99th Regiment, the whole under command of Colonel Gascoigne, R.M.L.I., marched for Tientsin, arriving on the 14th; many of the shops being very good, and well provided with embroidery, furs, and curios.

Lord Elgin went into the city of Pekin to reside on the 27th, and was to remain some time.



The battalion of Royal Marines was ordered to proceed to England in H.M.'s troopship "Adventure," commanded by Captain Hire, R.N.

The officers and men of the brigade of Royal Marine Light Infantry and the battery of Royal Marine Artillery erected at Hong Kong a handsome monument to the memory of their comrades who fell in the execution of their duty, during their service of nearly four years in China. Suitable inscriptions cover the four sides, two of which are as follows:—

SERVICES OF THE BRIGADE.

"The capture and occupation of Canton, 1857, White Cloud, Namton, and Shek; Tsing Expeditions, Taku Forts, June, 1859; defence of Shanghai, 1860; campaign on the Peiho, 1860, including action at Sinho; attack and occupation of Tonchu; assault and capture of the Taku Forts; advance on Tientsin; march on Peking, with the actions of Chan-kia-wan and Pa-li-chian; occupation of Tung-chow.

LOSS IN ALL RANKS.

"Three officers, two staff sergeants, thirteen corporals, and 214 gunners and privates.

WOUNDED.

"27 officers, 16 sergeants, 20 corporals, 4 buglers, and 155 gunners and privates.

The transport not being large enough to embark the whole battalion, a couple of detachments were detailed to go home in men-of-war, and as the choice was given to me, I elected to take passage in the paddle-wheel steamer "Sampson" (a very comfortable class of vessel), in

charge of about sixty men, preferring an independent command, and having no watch to keep, a duty that subalterns have to perform with troops on a voyage, but by no means enviable on cold nights at sea. Captain Hand, C.B., a thoroughly kind and highly-respected officer, commanded H.M.S. "Sampson," and I found the wardroom officers all that could be desired as messmates and friends. A large comfortable cabin was knocked up on the orlop deck, embodying two great essentials, light and air; this I shared all the way home with a first-rate fellow, an accomplished Swedish officer, Lieutenant Count Palander, who was temporarily attached to the British navy to gain experience. He afterwards rose to high rank in his own service, and, I believe, became an aide-de-camp to the King of Sweden.

After embarking in the "Sampson," I spent a few days on board a paddle-wheel man-of-war steamer, commanded by a very distinguished officer, now Admiral Sir E. C——, who has since risen to the highest position in H.M.'s service. He was the only post-captain I ever met who dined with the officers of the wardroom daily. And I have often thought, even if carried no farther than that, it would be a good thing if more of his rank would do likewise, and thus establish the good feeling which usually exists between the colonel and officers of a regiment, without lowering his dignity in the slightest degree. I have ever since watched with interest this officer's continuously brilliant career.

In contradistinction to the above gallant gentleman, I am sorry to record the uncalled for and domineering behaviour of an officer of precisely the same rank and position, who was serving in China at the same time. Owing to anticipated disturbances at a large town containing a great many European inhabitants, a detachment of three officers from our battalion at Canton, and about eighty men, were sent on board the vessel he commanded to protect the settlement, if necessary. No sooner had this injudicious officer got them under his orders than he commanded them to shave off their beards, which in common with the rest of the troops they had grown for nearly three years. This was the more abominable, as the company was only detached temporarily, with the intention, as eventually happened, of returning to their own battalion, where their shorn appearance naturally rendered them marked men among the remainder of their comrades for a considerable time, and spoiled the uniformity generally existing, as well as the veteran appearance which fine beards give to soldiers. It was a paltry and quite unnecessary exercise of temporary power, tending to create friction and ill-feeling between the navy and marines, a most unfortunate result indeed, seldom occurring in the present day.

Quail were very plentiful around Ta-li-an-wan Bay, and we got some good and pretty shooting while there.

The "Sampson" remained several days at Hong

Kong before sailing for home, giving us an opportunity of bidding adieu to many old friends at the club and garrison.

My four hot seasons in China did not seem to have taken much out of me in the way of flesh, for though only twenty-two years of age, I weighed twelve stone thirteen pounds in a racing scale. Captain H., of the 87th Royal Fusiliers, weighed at the same time with me. I never saw a man with such splendid muscular development. He was noted in India as being able to throw the best native wrestlers.

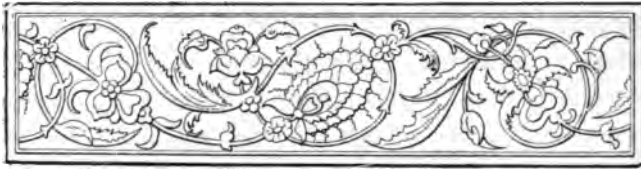
As a souvenir of Hong Kong, I had a handsome gold curb watch chain made by a Chinese workman out of sovereigns mixed with alloy of some kind or other. No Cheapside manufacturer, even Sir John Bennett himself, could have turned out a more serviceable or better-looking article, as over thirty years has proved.

Alas! it is indeed sad, looking back on the years that have passed, to note how many of the "old brigade," juniors as well as seniors, have gone to their long rest. Among the latter, the youngest looking, happiest boy among us all, poor "Billy Armstrong," who met a soldier's end during the Franco-Prussian war while fighting at Havre on the side of the French, whose cause he so gallantly championed.

The mighty gates and walls of Pekin are indeed worth seeing, probably nothing being equal to them since those of the great Babylon of old. The gateways are enormous buildings, with four tiers of embrasures or ports. Some of the streets are

wide, and the houses usually low, as is generally the case in Chinese towns, many of their fronts being richly ornamented with carvings and gilding. This was the Tartars' portion of the city of Peking, which is joined by the Chinese part, said to be as large again, the entire circumference being from twenty-one to twenty-four miles. There are numerous parks and gardens, in which joss houses (temples) abound. The general method of keeping the populace in order is by the free use of whips, plied by police officials, and humbly submitted to.





## CHAPTER XX.

VOYAGE HOME IN H.M.S. "SAMPSON," 1861.



AS the ship stopped at precisely the same places going home as the troopship "Imperator" had done coming out with our battalion to China in 1857, I have nothing now to say of the voyage, except that our speed was very different from that of the other vessel.

For a man-of-war, I do not think any class equalled the "paddle-wheel flappers" in accommodation and steadiness. They had great beam, and in a sea-way the paddle-boxes helped very considerably to break the rolling.

I had the pleasure of the society of an officer of my own corps on board, belonging to the R.M.A., commanding the ship's detachment.

On arrival at Portsmouth my men and I were at once disembarked, and sent by rail to Woolwich, without being kept to strip the ship on paying off. I think kind old Captain Hand had something to do with this.

Within twenty-four hours of my arrival at headquarters, I was off on four months' leave to Ireland. Like one's "first love," I think the first return from a longish spell of foreign service can never be equalled for happiness. The round of family visits, with the old faces, and others,

changed as years have gone by, must ever seem delightful. Among many happy outings was a picnic to Killarney, and a jolly party we were, half going up the beautiful lakes in boats, while the remainder rode through the "Gap of Dunloe" on ponies, each party changing places on the return journey to dinner at the Lake Hotel, after which a dance came off. It so happened that Judges M. and K. were staying there for the Assizes; the former was furious at the row we made all night, while the latter was as jocular and as happy-minded over it as possible. The poor landlord had a pretty bad time of it, between his fear of offending H.M.'s judges on one side, and a person of the position of the lady who owned "Ballyceedy," and gave the entertainment, on the other.

Can anything be seen more beautiful on a fine summer's evening than the grassy slopes of Muckross, bending downward to the water's edge, with majestic red deer browsing on the hill side, or cooling their lips in the placid lake; while the abbey proudly rears its head over all the lovely scene? I have heard that the late owner, so aristocratic in manner and appearance, was offered a peerage but declined it. Having had the pleasure of Colonel H.'s acquaintance, I can well imagine his feelings that no "mushroom" title could be compared with the old and honoured name of "Herbert of Muckross." In no country that I know of is pedigree and blood thought more of than in Ireland; the sobriquet applied to the upper classes, "poor and proud," being very often true.

Alas! how many kind Irish friends and relations have, since the time I speak of, joined the great majority; but their memory still remains, and in my life will never be forgotten.

One day I was playing in a cricket match in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, for the Viceregal Club, when, after finishing my innings, an old gentleman, with a kindly clean-shaven face, took a seat near me on a chair placed by his valet. He at once conversed, and asked me who I was and where I came from. On hearing I had just returned, after nearly four years in China during the late war, he seemed interested, and eventually told me to call at the Castle and I should receive an invitation for a Ball soon coming off. On asking who this charming old gentleman was, I learnt, to my astonishment, he was Lord Carlisle, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. As I luckily had uniform with me on leave, I wrote my name in the book, and attended a levee, also a Ball. No one was more dearly loved in Dublin as Viceroy than he was; he used to say he was the "ugliest man in England with the two handsomest sisters"; the former was not the case, except in his own estimation. His kindness was invariable. I have never forgotten it in my own case as a perfect stranger. Some years afterwards I was present on a similar occasion at the Castle, and shall always recollect the impression which the *distingue* appearance of the Duke of Abercorn and his handsome family presented on passing down the ballroom.





## CHAPTER XXI.

### WOOLWICH.



UR Woolwich Barracks were modern, and therefore possessed all possible requirements, even to a Turkish bath, a delightful resort on one of the good old English dull, muggy afternoons, combining Eastern luxury with a good cigar and a well-made cup of coffee, calculated to put one in a good temper for the rest of the day.

Woolwich is a very important military station, as most people know, embracing in its area the Royal Arsenal, the headquarters of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, the Woolwich Division of Royal Marines (unfortunately now no more). These barracks were sold to the War Office on a temporary reduction of the corps, through one of those periodical ebullitions of economy which break faith with everyone. Such cases are not uncommon, and considerably tend to damage the various branches of H.M.S. in which they occur.

The Royal Military Academy for Cadets, the Royal Dockyard, the Royal Albert Hospital, and

a fine Common (barring the dust) for drill of all descriptions are among the public Government establishments and property at Woolwich, while a great desideratum is its proximity and easy access to London, where everybody and everything is to be seen and done. Occasionally after a dance in town we used to drive down to barracks via Blackheath, obtaining a hansom for the lowest fare by putting ourselves up to auction on the stand in the Haymarket, and engaging the cabby who was willing to do the job cheapest. At other times I have gone to Smithfield and Covent Garden markets before catching the first train, where the daily consumption going on in "Modern Babylon" is prominently brought to notice; watching the never-ending strings of carts and vans conveying meat, vegetables and fruit is a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten.

To my mind, a review of the batteries of Royal Horse Artillery on Woolwich Common, together with the ordinary field batteries, is one of the finest military spectacles I know of. The whole turn-out, as a rule, is perfect, and the manner in which the former especially take their horses and lighter guns over difficult ground and obstacles is astonishing. Of course the handsomer uniform of the R.H.A. rather puts the others in the shade.

During the many occasions on which I have taken part in field days and reviews in garrisons before H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, I don't think I ever heard him give such a "dressing

down" to any regiment as I once did to the Royal Horse Artillery, under that smart soldier and fine horseman, Colonel D'A——, showing that none are always perfect, not even this magnificent arm of the service.

At another field day great offence was given by the R.H. Artillery to the "Military Train," though it was only meant for a joke, and not a bad one either. The latter did not sport music of their own, so generally the band of the former played them past the saluting base. This time, however, they struck up the well-known air, "Wait for the wagon," which was not appreciated, though certainly appropriate. The M.T. of that day were rather touchy about their cavalry position, as during the Indian mutiny necessity had obliged their employment as such, and it was much against the grain to have to revert to their legitimate transport and commissariat duties when the campaign was over.

The messroom of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich is, perhaps, the finest and largest in the service. An allowance is granted to the establishment by Government towards entertaining the numerous notabilities who frequently come down from London to visit the Arsenal and witness large reviews on the Common.

Everyone should visit the Arsenal, though in the days when "Seeley's Pigs" formed the chief pavement, the poor "subs" and "Tommy Atkins," whose duty it was to "go the rounds" and "plant reliefs" when on guard, were not to be envied. It may be from thence that the popular saying

arose, "how's your poor feet?" when visitors had to go through the trying ordeal of walking round sightseeing. Gradually, I believe, these small squares of metal were removed, and utilised in making plates for iron-clad ships and batteries. How marvellously the inventive genius of man, for both protection and destruction, is exemplified in this wonderful establishment; from guns costing £50 or more for every shot they fire, to the tiniest revolver cartridge. What astonishing mechanism "Nasmyth's Hammer" demonstrates, as it descends and flattens out enormous blocks of iron into regular pancakes, with a stroke of one hundred tons weight; yet it can be so regulated that an egg placed beneath shall have its shell but slightly cracked.

About the time I am speaking of, 1862, half-a-dozen of my brother officers, myself included, were made Freemasons, and entered the brotherhood of the "Universal Lodge, No. 212." Many charming fellows, chiefly barristers and leading city men, belonged to it; among them was George Augustus Sala, and a nephew of Dibdin, who sang in grand style all his uncle's sea songs.

The banquets were held at the Freemasons' Tavern, and I must say I always considered the most entertaining part of the ceremony—"tell it not in Gath!"—was when we proceeded from "labour to refreshment."

If it were only for the charities and splendid orphanages supported by Freemasonry, it ought to be highly esteemed as one of the most useful institutions existing, as well as for the fraternal

and moral principles it inculcates. A very amusing scene took place one evening in connection with a mutual friend of ours, a man of mature years, who had been proposed and seconded for initiation. On entering the waiting-room he appeared to be in a terrible state of mind about the "poker business" and the "dim obscurities of the coming ordeal," piteously begging to be let off, as his "mother strongly objected to secret societies." Of course the awful consequences attendant on retraction, and the probability of never being heard of again by either mother, wife, or family, together with the savage appearance of the "tyler" standing at the door, with a drawn sword in his hand, influenced his mind, and in desperation he allowed himself to be led like a sheep to the slaughter into the Hall of Ceremony, eventually, to his surprise, re-appearing from the proceedings inside "sound" in wind and limb, and, let us hope, a better and a wiser man. Afterwards he proved himself to be an attentive and useful master of the craft, which, I fear, I never was, though I have belonged to several lodges in my time.

Once only during my period of service was I "on the mat," and that was at the Brigade Office, before the General commanding the garrison. One day, cantering over the Common, I descried some wooden hurdles in front of me, put up to prevent people walking on a bare spot parallel to the footpath. I could not resist the temptation of putting my horse at them, and cleared the line, except one, the top of which he struck

and damaged. An energetic military policeman observed this performance, and reported it to the Brigade-Major. The General was very nice about it; but, of course, said he was obliged to protect Her Majesty's stores from "sporting young subalterns."

I think it was about 1862 also that the Naval and Military Club, Cambridge House, Piccadilly, was started. Several of my brother officers at Woolwich, as well as myself, joined it. It is now one of the very best service clubs in London. I should always recommend any young fellows who can afford it to join a good club; in such a huge place as London it is pleasant to know one has a "home of one's own," and is not obliged to frequent dining saloons and restaurants for purposes of rest and refreshment, but is in a position to enjoy congenial and gentlemanly society, with a great amount of luxury, at a moderate rate.

I left this club some years afterwards to join the "Junior United Service," chiefly because a larger number of my own contemporaries belonged to it; and I thought it wiser to belong to an establishment which was the property of the members, rather than one saddled with an annual rental of some thousands of pounds. Being on the subject of clubs, puts me in mind of one or two rather amusing episodes in connection with such institutions. At the Worcester County Club, of which, when on leave, I was occasionally an honorary member, a noble lord came into the room one day, and sat down to

write a letter; finding the necessary requisites were in very bad order, he dashed off a remark to this effect in the "Complaint Book": "Wretched pens; execrable ink.—L." Not long afterwards another noble lord took a seat at the same table for a similar purpose, and casting his eye on the aforesaid sentence, facetiously entered underneath it: "A bad workman always complains of his tools.—D." Both were well known in Worcestershire, and to each other. On another occasion I met an officer of a regiment, whom I had not seen for some time, in Regent Street, whereupon he invited me to walk down to "his club," and have a sherry and bitters. On arriving at 3, Pall Mall East, a porter in the hall asked my friend if he was a member of the place. "Oh yes," he replied; "but I have not been in town for some months. I have been a member of '—— Club' for nearly a year." "I beg your pardon, sir," said the porter; "but this house is now occupied by the 'Eton and Harrow,' while their premises are being done up. The club you name, sir, has been 'burst up' some time."

Imagine my friend's disgust; but it was one of the "proprietary" kind, which are not meant to last longer than the year for which the first subscriptions are paid in, need I say, to the pockets of those who start these "mushroom establishments." However, in this case we inverted the order of things, and I took my friend to my club, where we discussed the sherry and bitters instead.

In 1862 I passed my examination for Adjutant

before the Inspector-General of the corps, Sir Anthony Stransham, K.C.B., and was fortunate enough to secure a first-class extra certificate. These appointments are much sought after in the marines, being fairly well paid, and making certain of five years at home. There were two adjutants to each division, one for "field" and the other for "office" duties; usually there are from one to two thousand men at each headquarters. The hardest working adjutant as a brother officer I ever came across was Mitchell (now Sir C. B. H. Mitchell, K.C.M.G., Governor of Natal), who held that post during part of my time at Woolwich, and to whom I am much indebted for the trouble he took in my military instruction. Such a man, with a good sergeant-major, goes far to make a smart regiment.

On the 10th of March, 1863, the entry of the Prince and Princess of Wales into London took place, and a strong battalion of my corps, with which I was present, lined the streets, together with other troops. Our position was with the right, resting close up to Temple Bar (now removed), and in marching to take it up we strictly carried out the privilege granted of old to the Royal Marines within the precincts of the City, viz., to have "colours flying, bayonets fixed, and band playing." The loyalty of the populace must have convinced foreigners of the love of English men and women for their Royal House; to no one was this extended more fully than to H.R.H. Princess Mary of Cambridge, who was always a favourite with the British public.



What an annual event to many people in this country is the Derby, from Royalty and "four-in-hands" down to the costermonger and his donkey; but by none is it more looked forward to than by members of H.M.S., as the clubs, Regent Street, and the Row can bear witness to. Of all ways of "going down" to the meeting give me a smart hansom cab, a boon companion, and a guinea hamper from Fortnum and Mason's. One year, I can't remember which, but it was either Caractacus's or Hermit's, I drew the winner in a lottery, and as he was at the time a rank outsider, I was offered half-a-crown for my chance the night before the race. Luckily I stuck to the remote possibility of winning, and owing to thirty-one false starts by Tambour Major, a French horse, who finally had to be removed from the course, the favourites and other competitors so lost their tempers that they were nowhere, and my despised animal, starting at thirty to one against him, unexpectedly came in first, happily landing me the first prize. Naturally tremendous excitement prevailed as the "field" rounded Tattenham Corner, and in the middle of it, while the usual cry arose "so and so wins," a clever thief, watching his opportunity, when a hand could not be stretched out, or a voice heard amid the din, seized a valuable watch and chain which a friend alongside me was wearing at the time and wrenched it clean off, cleverly slipping down beneath the footboard of the stand we were on and bolting away with his plunder. One of the prettiest sights I have ever seen on

the course, though not the pleasantest, was one year when the race was run in a heavy snow-storm, and as far as the eye could wander one vast sea of white umbrellas formed a perfect ceiling above the heads of the multitude assembled on the Heath Downs.

What rough treatment a wretched "welsher" does get! I witnessed on one occasion, not far from the back of "Tod Heatley's" hospitable stand, a case where the mob fairly stripped the individual, and ran him like a deer across the "open"; with gentlemen of his class the British public has not over much sympathy. Another year the Chinese Ambassador was present in State, and seemed highly delighted with the "barbarian sports." In "Punch" an amusing letter was published at the time, supposed to be written to Peking by one of the native attaches of their embassy, stating it was a "grand chin chin joss day when the foreigners did reverence to their great god Darbee"; so like John Chinaman! In those good old days a *recherche* dinner at the club and a finish at Cremorne Gardens was the usual programme.

For the Oxford and Cambridge boat race I never cared very much; but the fact was really that one year I saw such a grand finish, that it ever after spoiled me for these events.

I was at Mortlake, straight opposite the winning post, and amid uproarious excitement Oxford won by a "nose" only. Many times since I have been present at the race, but never saw anything approaching the occasion I speak of.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### R.M. BATTALIONS FOR JAPAN.



WHILE I was on leave in Ireland, I quite unexpectedly received official notice that I was appointed adjutant to a battalion of Royal Marines, ordered to proceed on active service to Japan, in consequence of difficulties which had arisen with that then little known but interesting country. Having heard such glowing accounts of it in China, I was delighted to have the chance of seeing it, and taking part in any little "brush" that might turn up. After over three years spent at Woolwich, the "exchequer" too was beginning to look somewhat exhausted, and an opportunity of replenishing it was desirable, though I am thankful, however, to be able to say that throughout my service I was careful not actually to "overrun the constable." Everything, therefore, in connection with the appointment presented itself very favourably to me, the only objection being a four months' voyage; but having got over this twice before in my life successfully, I did not give much thought to that part of the matter. How different to the first welcome

home is the feeling of saying "good-bye" when going on foreign service; the most heedless cannot help giving a passing thought to the dim future, and all its possible contingencies. However, youthful spirits and a good heart soon stifle such thoughts, while the knowledge of duty to be performed is ever inspiring to both soldier and sailor, whose motto should be, *quo fas et gloria ducunt*.

The battalion of Royal Marines for service in Japan consisted of eight companies, two from each of the four divisions. Colonel W. G. Suther, C.B. (since awarded a General's "good service" pension of £200 a year), was selected for commanding officer; with Lieutenant-Colonels P. C. Penrose and C. W. Adair as assistant field officers; one captain and two subalterns to each company; Lieut.-Col. J. A. Stewart (now one of the "gentlemen-at-arms," and secretary Royal Cambridge Asylum), paymaster; Lieutenant Hill, musketry instructor; Lieutenant Barker, quartermaster; and myself adjutant; one surgeon (Ord), two assistant surgeons (Robertson and Egles). Total, 700 of all ranks. It was to embark at Plymouth in H.M.S. "Conqueror," a fine line-of-battle ship, with her main deck guns taken out to make room for troops. Captain Luard, C.B., was appointed to command her.

On the morning the detachment left Woolwich, our esteemed commandant, Colonel Mitchell, and his wife, kindly entertained the officers at a very early breakfast at his house; after which, headed by the band of the division, we proceeded to the

dockyard station, surrounded by a large crowd. On arrival in London, we marched across to Paddington, via Regent Street. I could not help thinking which of us would see again that old familiar spot! There were many adieux at the station, and then off for Plymouth, stopping for a short time *en route* at the fashionable city of Bath, where several representatives of the fair sex were waiting on the platform to wish good-bye to some of their old friends and acquaintances.

Arriving at the west country metropolis, the men were quartered at Milbay Barracks; the officers billeted at the Royal Hotel. It was pleasant meeting many old friends at Stonehouse Barracks whom I had not seen for years, and we had several happy evenings at mess together. Our stay was longer than anticipated, owing to some little delay in the "Conqueror" coming round from Portsmouth. I fear I must plead guilty of assisting one of our number in a practical joke at the hotel. One evening we knew it would be left nearly empty, as almost everyone staying there was going to a special theatrical performance at the Theatre Royal. Our inventive genius therefore thought it would be a good joke to make "apple-pie beds" for some of the company, many of whom happened to be waiting passage to Australia. Accordingly, when all was quiet, we popped into half-a-dozen of the best bedrooms, and in the absence of the occupants, undiscovered, carried out our dire purpose. Next morning we were evidently, by

the prevailing scowls, all looked upon as so many ruffians of the first water, considering many of the beds had to be remade—amid anything but good wishes for the perpetrators of the joke—for it is not pleasant to find, on jumping in between the sheets, that one's feet are prevented from reaching the bottom. However, I hope we have been forgiven ere this.

'After being inspected by General Sir Anthony Stransham, K.C.B., on the 19th December, 1863, we embarked at the Victualling Yard. Our officers and the naval men settled down exceedingly well together. Ship life must, of course, be monotonous, and one of regular routine; still, a decently-balanced mind, determined to see everything in a cheerful light, soon reconciles itself to it. To make a long story short, our gallant ship, after ploughing her course over 16,000 miles of salt water, anchored safely at Hong Kong. Everything to me looked just the same as when I had left it for home three years or more previously.





## CHAPTER XXIII.

### JAPAN.



APPLY our orders were to proceed at once to Japan, and soon we were gazing at the settlement of Yokohama from the beautiful bay which fronts the picturesque island on which it stands, backed in the distance by snow-capped Fusiama. A large piece of land had been prepared for our camp on a high bluff, now, I understand, quite covered with pretty villa residences.

As we were the first body of troops to be stationed in Japan, we may to some extent consider ourselves "pioneers of civilisation." The landing was witnessed with great curiosity, and as we marched up to our future camp, headed by the drum and fife band, a large crowd of Europeans and Japs, including many dear little musmees (girls), accompanied us, many of them afterwards to become good friends of the "danzans" (masters).

I shall not forget on reaching the plateau on top of the hill how, at the order "front form companies," the "column" sank up to its knees in the soft soil, which had lately been turned up

and "top-dressed" with liquid manure, very obnoxious to the senses, but most prolific for agricultural purposes. However, we were only too pleased to find ourselves disembarked at the end of a long voyage, and on *terra firma* of any description. The tents were smartly pitched, and all soon settled down to make the best of matters. We had a few large double Indian tents for mess, commanding officer's and hospital use; but all the rest were ordinary bell tents, with eleven men in each. Unfortunately the rainy season commenced soon after our arrival, and as we were situated it was very trying indeed. At early morning a thick and damp miasma rose off the ground, resembling a dense London fog, and sickness began to show itself. It took the shape of smallpox, a disease very prevalent in Japan. Several of the men died, but only one officer was attacked, and he recovered. The situation of the camp was splendid, overlooking the European settlement and the native town and bay of Kanagawa; while farther along the sea coast, about thirty miles off, lay Yeddo, the capital of Japan, but shut out from view by an intervening promontory. The surrounding country was picturesque, undulating, and fertile; beautiful woods dotted about, interspersed with fields of wheat, millet, rye, and rice. So prolific is the land, owing much to the extensive use of "night soil," that three crops, I have understood, are usually raised in a season.

Our old brother officer, "Public Spirited Smith," of Chinese fame, was in command of the legation



mounted guard, which was composed of a detachment of Royal Marines specially sent out from England some time previously to our arrival to act as escort to Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Minister in Japan. Before that it had been formed from the military train, under Captain Aplin. Very pleasant little "At homes" took place at the Embassy, and the honours were admirably performed by her ladyship. There was a fair sprinkling of ladies in the settlement; but only three unmarried at this time. They were soon, however, considerably increased by the arrival of several from Shanghai, where an outbreak of cholera had taken place, and by the disembarkation of the second battalion of the 20th Regiment, two or three of whose officers brought their wives with them to Yokohama. It was commanded by Colonel Browne; Colonel Cobbe and Major Baldwin being the regimental majors. Afterwards the garrison was still further augmented by two companies of the 67th Regiment, under an old friend, Captain Crane; a detachment of the Beloochees (Seikhs), under Captain Fairbrother; also Royal Engineers, under Colonel Wray; and Royal Artillery, under Lieutenant Wood. The camp of the Royal Marine Battalion was on one side of a deep ravine, while on the opposite the 20th Regiment and remainder of the troops were quartered. This space made not only an excellent drill ground, but race course, cricket ground, and place for holding the regimental games, foot and pony races.

As would be expected, European articles of every description were very dear. Mutton and cheese about 3s. 6d. a pound; a pair of white kid gloves, two dollars, or 9s. 3d. English money. Luckily all ranks received good pay, in addition to which there was field and staff allowance, and a certain sum daily "in lieu of rations." As Adjutant I got 23s. 6d. a day, and to this amount must be added about one-third more arising out of the "itzaboo exchange." This arrangement only affected the officers and men of Her Majesty's services, military, naval, and diplomatic, and was not extended to civilians. The Japanese Government were greater gainers than anyone else by the system, as their Treasury melted down the dollars which they got from us in exchange for "itzaboos," mixing alloy with the silver, and coining double the number of "adulterated boos" for circulation throughout the country, we on our part receiving a great many more itzaboos from them than the dollars were valued at when paid to us. It was very gratifying, and at the same time amusing, to see the respective paymasters wending their way up the steep winding road to the camps on the first of each month attended by orderlies, carrying bags full of exchanged money. Happily this lasted our time; but not long after, some over-conscientious busy-bodies suddenly woke up to the idea that the system was "demoralising," "infra dig.," and "unfair." Either the second battalion of the 9th Regiment, which eventually, I believe, took our place, or the 10th, which followed them,

were the last to benefit by it; and another battalion of marines, who were sent out to Yokohama, under Colonel Richards, some years afterwards, found pecuniary matters very different to our time.

At the period I am speaking of, and previously, a regular feudal system existed in Nipon, similar to that which in days gone by appertained to Great Britain.

The "Daimios" or nobles were as powerful as our barons of old, many of them having at command thousands of retainers, "two-sworded men," called "samaurai," a very proud military class, with as much swagger as Lifeguards men, and holding a leading position among their countrymen. These fellows were most hostile to the "tojins" or foreigners, and several assassinations were committed from time to time. Very recently poor Richardson, a Yokohama merchant, was massacred near Kanagawa, by the retainers of a "daimio," travelling with his retinue to Yeddo along the high road; the French Consul had been similarly murdered by "yaconins" but a short time previously in the capital itself. When passing these men, it was no uncommon thing to see them scowl and lay their hands on the hilt of their weapons; the only thing that prevented their drawing them was the knowledge that we had usually a revolver handy. The native princes kept their country in a state of internecine strife; in fact, it was more than the Government could do to keep them in order.

These "samaurai" were generally excellent

fencers, and practised a great deal in the evenings outside their guardhouses with long single-sticks, made of split bamboos fastened closely together, which made a considerable noise when they came in contact with each other. The head was protected by an iron-barred visor; the body by a sort of coat made of bamboo, and the hands by long padded gauntlets.

When fencing they let into one another with a will, grasping the stick with both hands. I believe the most difficult thing to guard was a sharp thrust at the neck, delivered at the extent of the arm very suddenly.

Sometimes a petty officer of the men-of-war had a go-in with a naval single-stick, and found the Japs scientific opponents.

One of the most powerful of this "daimio" class, Prince Chosiu, whose territory commanded the entrance to the inland sea, erected batteries of considerable strength along the shore to prevent all ship traffic, and had fired on the vessels of different nations. An allied expedition, composed of English, French, Dutch, and American representative forces, was therefore ordered to assemble in the inland sea to punish him for his insults.

Our battalion was directed to embark in H.M.S. "Conqueror," to take part in the expedition. We were sorry our friends of the 20th Regiment were not included in the force; but it was practically a naval one.

On the 29th October, 1864, we marched out of camp, and went on board, previously having

been photographed by Signor Beato, who accompanied the expedition, together with Mr. Worgman, correspondent of the "Illustrated London News," both so well known to all who were in the China war of 1857 to 1860.

The following details set forth what took place, and the conduct and result of the operations, under direction of Admiral Sir Augustus Kuper, K.C.B., whose flag was hoisted on board H.M.S. "Euryalus":—

#### SUMMARY OF PROCEEDINGS.

In May, 1864, the representatives of the Treaty Powers in Japan—Great Britain, France, United States, The Netherlands—arrived at the conclusion that the Japanese Government were desirous of expelling foreigners, and closing their forts against trade, thus the Treaty Powers were reduced to one of three courses—to accept the actual position, to withdraw altogether from Japan, or to maintain Treaty Rights in their integrity by force of arms. In August, 1864, the combined squadron left Yokohama, consisting of nine British ships and a battalion of Royal Marines, three French, four Dutch, and one American ship. On the 5th of September the batteries were attacked by the combined squadrons. On the 6th of September two battalions of Royal Marines, a naval brigade, 350 French, and 200 Dutch, landed and took possession of the batteries and a stockade barrack building.

On the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th September, large working parties destroyed the batteries, and embarked the guns, 62 of various sizes, belong-

ing to the Prince Chosiu, which had been placed there to prevent foreign vessels from passing through the inland sea.

On the 16th of September the Prince of Chosiu agreed, 1st, that all ships should henceforth freely navigate the Straits, should be treated in a friendly manner, and should be allowed to coal and provision; 2, that the batteriesshould not be repaired or rearmed, and that no new ones should be built; 3, that a ransom should be paid for the town of Simonoseki, which had been spared, although he fired on the ships, and therefore might have been destroyed. The Prince further engaged to pay the whole expense of the expedition.

On the 6th of October the Japanese Ministers agreed that their Government would unconditionally undertake the engagements of the Prince of Chosiu, as to the payment of all indemnities. A convention was signed on the 22nd of October, 1864, by the Treaty Powers. The total for indemnities for acts precedent to the expedition, in firing on the ships and flags of three of the Treaty Powers, France, United States, and the Netherlands, was calculated to be under 500,000 dollars, leaving 2,500,000 for division to cover the ransom for the town of Simonoseki and the expenses of the expedition undertaken by the allied squadrons, the Government of the Tycoon being held responsible for any damage resulting to the interests of the Treaty Powers, as well as to the expenses occasioned by the expedition.

Earl Russell conveyed to Sir Rutherford Alcock,

Her Majesty's Minister in Japan, the entire approval of his proceedings on the part of Her Majesty's Government.

Notwithstanding the large ransom, 3,000,000 dollars, paid by Prince Chosiu for stopping the intended destruction of Simonoseki, the force engaged never received a single penny or any decoration. Though a small affair from a warlike point of view, yet in its importance and number of casualties, it was certainly equal to many of the little tribal fights in India and elsewhere, for which medals and bars have been freely awarded.

The town of Simonoseki was very picturesquely situated at the entrance of the inland sea, which is about 300 miles in length, and most fortunate was it for us, that after the operations the "Conqueror" retraced her steps, in order to land our battalion again at Yokohama, right through its glorious scenery and expanse of water, from one end to the other. For the attack the allied fleet rendezvoused and anchored in the Straits, on the side nearest to Simonoseki. The surrounding hills were very high, and clothed with verdure almost down to the water's edge. Along the shore were several redoubts, with heavy guns mounted, and later on masked batteries hidden among the thick foliage of the trees half way up the hillsides disclosed themselves on opening fire.

The bombardment commenced on the 5th September, 1864, with the fire of the combined fleet, which was formed into two lines, the larger ships

lying outside those of lighter draught, which were closer in shore, and nearer the enemy's works. H.M.S. "Conqueror," our floating barrack *pro tem.*, was anchored some distance beyond all the other vessels, and well out of range of the Japanese fire. I have never seen a more soul-stirring sight than when H.M.'s corvette "Perseus," commanded by Captain Kingston, a well-liked and gallant officer, passed close under our stern, cleared for action. The guns' crews fallen in at their proper stations on the upper deck, sponges, rammers, and trigger-lines in hand, heads, necks, and feet bare, clothed only in flannel shirts and trousers, looked a workman-like lot, as they were, fit for anything. This ship and a Dutch corvette led the inshore squadron. Most people imagined the Japanese would not show fight; but almost simultaneously with the first shot from the flagship their batteries returned the fire. It was a beautiful sight to see the flashes and puffs of smoke darting forth from the wooded sides of the hills, and very well indeed for a time were their guns served; many of the allied vessels were hulled, and several men were killed and wounded; but Armstrong's and Krupp's, of heavy naval calibre, belching a hail of shot, shell, and rockets, were too effective, so by degrees the enemy's fire slackened, and eventually ceased. Our gallant old ship was not going to be left out in the cold, so the Armstrong pivot gun, manned by Lieutenant Lye and gunners of the Royal Marine Artillery, fired over the heads of all at long range, and made some excellent shell practice. It was easy to see



through the glasses that the works were much knocked about, so the order was given for the landing next morning, 6th of September, to destroy the batteries, spike the guns, and occupy the town of Simonoseki.

The British landing force was under command of Colonel Suther, and consisted of our battalion (Colonel P. C. Penrose), another battalion of Royal Marines from the fleet, Colonel C. W. Adair, Major Wolrige, brigade-major, a naval brigade under Captain Alexander, R.N., flag-captain, also a Dutch battalion of sailors and marines. The landing was covered by the guns of the ships and by men-of-war boats with howitzers in the bows. Captain Luard, H.M.S. "Conqueror," was in command of the latter, and performed the duty of beach master. The enemy had evidently had enough through the bombardment, so the attacking force disembarked without opposition, and formed on the shore. Skirmishers and flanking parties were thrown out, and an advance was made along the line of deserted batteries towards the town, which was found evacuated, so we halted outside, as it was understood Prince Chosiu had informed Sir Augustus Kuper and the foreign representatives that a large ransom would be forthcoming to spare Simonoseki.

While the men were dining, three of my brother officers and myself took a hurried expedition into a few of the streets; empty and forlorn indeed was the appearance of everything, not a human being to be seen. Suddenly we spied, about one hundred yards ahead of us, sitting down in the

entrance to a shop, a Japanese yacconin; his back was towards us, and he seemed wrapped in contemplation, with his head resting on his right hand. He did not for a moment or two observe our approach; but looking round suddenly, caught sight of us, hesitated a second, then jumped out into the centre of the street with his sword in his hand. We continued to walk straight towards him, and being four in number, with revolvers in our hands, I suppose he thought it was useless to make a rush at us, so he quietly retraced his steps, and dropped down on his old seat again, not attempting to run away. I acted as spokesman, and said cheerily "ohio?" (how do you do?), with some other monosyllabic words (my knowledge of the language being very limited), whereupon he smiled and answered something. He was a particularly fine young man, of about three or four-and-twenty, and the sword he had in his hand was the largest and most primitive-looking I have ever seen. He offered no objection to my taking it from him, and I have it still.

Further on we entered a house; it was two-storeyed, and in an upstairs room were five or six young women, who, under the circumstances, behaved very bravely, neither screaming nor fainting. By the few complimentary words we addressed to them in a kindly manner let us hope we gave them a good impression of what Englishmen are like; but it would be difficult to beat their own countrymen in politeness and courtesy.

A more desolate-looking place than Simonoseki

can hardly be imagined; very different, no doubt, from its everyday aspect. It looked a clean, well-built town. As we retired towards the fall of the evening to the spot from which we had started in the morning, all thoughts of a skirmish had quite subsided, so our astonishment can be imagined when our brigade and the British naval brigade were unexpectedly fired into when passing across the foot of a ravine, densely wooded on either side with a marshy valley in the centre. Colonel Suther gave the order to throw out skirmishers and attack. After taking advantage of all possible cover in our advance, a large, well-built stockade opened straight in front of us, with two field pieces at the entrance, which evidently had commenced the game. The marines took the right, and the naval brigade the left attack; shot and arrows whizzed about pretty freely, and a few of our fellows began to drop. Almost the first person I saw wounded was Colonel Adair; he had been struck by a spent ball, which only knocked the breath out of him *pro tem*. A few men remained behind with him, and he was able to proceed forward again in a few minutes. I don't know how often I did not fall down myself while endeavouring to make my way too quickly through thick cover and brushwood towards the stockade. This was built of very strong wooden stakes, having barrack buildings inside and a large entrance gate in front. However, eventually I found myself, with many others, over the obstruction, after a terrific scramble;

while the yacconins had an easy exit from the rear of the work by rushing out into the wood which clothed the hill directly behind it. The sailors, as usual, poured in with impetuosity. A good many Japanese lay dead; but they had managed to carry most of their wounded away with them. Several were clad in armour, and I have now a couple of complete suits taken off two defunct men, one chain and the other plate. After setting fire to the barracks, and laying a train to ignite the magazine (which went up grandly when we were some little way off), we retired unmolested to the beach, and the whole force re-embarked, under the supervision of Captain Luard, R.N. It was a pity the gallant Dutchmen were out of it, but they appeared to have taken a different route to ourselves; the whole affair only took a very few minutes, but was sharp while it lasted, and had it not been for the grand cover, which we made the most of, the casualties would have been considerably greater.

We had two officers severely wounded, Captain Nevinson de Courcy and Lieutenant Inglis, together with some men killed and wounded. The naval brigade had other casualties also. The wounded were taken off on board a paddle-wheeled steamer, where I myself repaired to render any assistance in my power, and also to give information as to their state to our colonel, who, after reporting proceedings to Sir Augustus Kuper, and receiving further orders, had returned on board the "Conqueror."

On the morning of the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th

of September, covering and working parties were landed for the purpose of spiking the guns in the batteries, blowing up the magazines, and bringing on board several brass field pieces, two of which were handed over to our battalion, the object being to leave everything as useless as possible for Prince Chosiu and his followers. Thus the ultimate object of the expedition was accomplished, affording a severe but salutary lesson to the Japanese nation generally.

Only one sad duty now remained before leaving this lovely spot, and that was to pay our last tribute of respect to those poor fellows whose lives had ended in their country's service on the far-off shore of the inland sea, and whose comrades rejoice to know it would be impossible to wish for, or find, a more beautiful and peaceful spot to rest in. I quite believe our men's graves will never be disturbed, for no nation has a greater reverence for the dead than the Japanese, and I have a high opinion of their honour and civilised ideas.

The operations in which we had taken part are described in Hart's Army List of 1872 as follows:—"The Royal Marine Battalion was present at the bombardment of the batteries of the Straits of Simonoseki, the entrance of the inland sea of Japan, and at the assault, capture, and destruction of the five batteries, stockade, magazines, and barracks, and during the operations of the 5th to the 8th of September, 1864."



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### JAPAN.



FEW days later H.M.S. "Conqueror" got up steam, and much to our delight began her return voyage to Yokohama through the inland sea, the scenery of which reminded me much of the Lakes of Killarney and Glengariff, or the Scottish Lakes, having many lovely islands "with verdure clad." On either side the hills gently sloped to the water's edge, and here and there appeared the neatest and most picturesque native cottages, with gabled roofs of perfect thatch or parti-coloured tiles, and frequently verandas covered with creepers surrounding them, all situated in the prettiest well-timbered spots; the "ocha" or "tea" houses being always in the most fascinating of all.

At times the more pretentious habitation of some native gentleman or the castle of a powerful "Daimio" came in view, built on the slope of a hill, and protected by a redoubt along the water's edge, mounting from half-a-dozen to a dozen large guns, with soldiers' barracks inside,

commanding the approach. Surely no nation has been more highly favoured by nature than the happy inhabitants of this beauteous land.

The inland sea had been only imperfectly surveyed when the "Conqueror" passed along, so it was a considerable responsibility which our captain undertook in taking a large two-decker through it under such conditions. More lovely weather than we had for the passage could not have been possible, and I think none can forget the scenery as it opened out to the naked eye, or in the distance through glasses. While gliding smoothly along, perhaps five or six knots an hour, the ship was suddenly brought up, all standing by, grounding on a bank, or in shallow water. Near to where this happened was a battery such as I have described, and from somewhere close under protection of its guns glided out noiselessly a paddle steamer, considerably smaller than a "penny Thames boat," flying the Japanese flag and carrying some cannon on the upper deck; smoothly she came along, and when a few yards from the "Conqueror" (truly a case of giant and dwarf) a boat was manned, lowered, and pulled alongside. Our companion ladder was let down, and a couple of two-sworded Japanese officers tumbled up on deck, bowing most politely, full of smiles, and showing no surprise or fear whatever of a foreign man-of-war. The captain, commander, and several officers received them cordially; the pilot, who was on board, interpreting as well as his limited knowledge of English permitted. It appeared that they had seen us

get aground, and at once put off to ascertain if they could render any assistance. However, it was not required, nor do I suppose their pigmy vessel could have much helped the leviathan, so these true gentlemen, for such their demeanour proved they were, retired with renewed bows, and returned to their own craft, on the deck of which stood several other two-sworded officers. As soon as their boat was made fast astern, her paddle-wheels began to move, her flag was dipped several times in the most correct style, and she departed to her old position under the shadow of the shore battery. Very shortly afterwards the "Conqueror's" engines moved slowly ahead, and much to our satisfaction she glided gently into deep water; probably the tide had risen sufficiently to float her off the soft bank. As no harm was done in any way, no one was sorry for the opportunity of making acquaintance with the little Japanese man-of-war and her well-mannered crew.

We steamed all the way from Simonoseki, so it was only a few days before we anchored in the Bay of Yokohama. Our battalion, on landing, marched up to the old ground on the heights overlooking the town and sea; but instead of going under canvas again, we were housed in excellent huts, built during our absence under the supervision of Major Wray and Lieutenant Bond, R.E. The officers' quarters, in most instances, had verandas outside, and a broad street ran down the centre of the men's lines, which was used for private parades. Our mess hut was a



large, comfortable structure, and close to it was a picturesquely-built summer house for smoking purposes, which commanded a grand view all round. It was ornamented with shrubs and creepers artistically planted by one of our subalterns, who afterwards retired from the service, and is now in Holy Orders.

After the rainy season was over, the valley between our camp and the hill where the second battalion of the 20th Regiment, with detachments of the 67th, Royal Engineers, Royal Artillery, and beloochees (Seikhs) were stationed, became like a macadamised road. Yet it made an excellent cricket pitch, and never did pleasanter matches take place than those between ourselves, or against the navy or civilians. Here also were held the race meetings, there being plenty of jockeys. Japanese ponies, with a little training, gallop and jump famously. Young Japanese swells sometimes compete in a native race, riding with their knees nearly up to their mouths.

The main road to our camp was steep, but another by a zig-zag path led past the pretty little cemetery, full of evergreen shrubs and flowers, where those of the garrison of Yokohama who died or lost their lives rest in peace till the last trumpet shall sound. Among the many charming tastes of the Japanese is a great fondness for plants and flowers; their landscape gardening is beautiful, as well as their extraordinary skill in dwarfing. Forest trees, such as oaks, beeches, and elms, are grown in pots from about a foot to two feet high, with miniature

acorns and nuts in profusion on the branches. What would not people in England give to be able to cultivate these in the same way, and utilise them for table decorations?

A very nice club had been established in the settlement by our old brother officer, "Public Spirited Smith." It was composed of over 300 members, officers and civilians. He managed the cuisine himself, kept the accounts, and with his usual indefatigable spirit, superintended everything. There were reading and billiard rooms, with two tables, an American bowling alley, and a fives court. What a grand thing in a garrison such a good fellow is! Eventually Smith left the marines, and settled in Japan, where he died, deeply regretted.

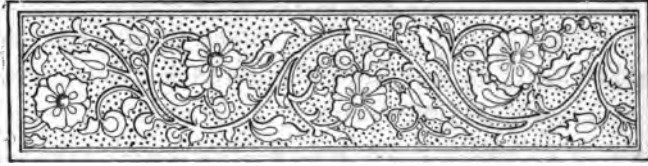
Japanese ponies are generally good, useful animals, and of a fair size, about thirteen to fourteen hands. An average price was about 120 itzaboos, or £10. Sometimes we had pleasant riding parties, in which the ladies in Yokohama joined; but by treaty we were not supposed to go further than ten miles into the country.

The climate of Japan is so perfect that in the summer months cricket was played and outdoor exercise of every description taken in the midday, quite free from thoughts of sunstroke. It was as superior to that of China as its inhabitants are to those of the Celestial Empire. During our winter there, we had five or six days' skating on some flooded paddy fields—first-rate ice, and the pleasing knowledge that there was not twenty feet of water underneath.

Hunting for curios was an interesting employment; there was one particular street specially taken up with shops of that kind, a visit to which invariably tended to make dollars and itzaboos fly. However, what articles were purchased at this period were undoubtedly of native purity, and very different to the present rubbish manufactured and specially cooked up for the European market, pretty looking though many of these latter must be allowed to be for the price.

Japanese bronzes are very superior to Chinese, also the ivory carvings; and the dealers were more pleasant to do business with than the general run of those of the same class in Canton and China.





## CHAPTER XXV.

### JAPAN.



THE inhabitants of Nipon take much more active exercise than their neighbours over the water, both riding and walking. The military class, which ranks very high, and the young Japanese swells much patronise the former; while "jing-harries" and "norimons" (chairs and palanquins) were not nearly so commonly used as in China. Of course it is Hobson's choice with the poor deformed-footed ladies of the latter country; whilst the smart, active little women of Japan are happily, as regards their understandings, just as Providence made them and meant them to be.

Both men and women are usually energetic, which is natural in what may be termed a military nation. They are fond of sports of various kinds, and especially wrestling.

The professionals are immense men, usually exceedingly fat, yet at the same time active and powerful. During their struggles they are almost stripped of clothing, except an elaborate broad belt round their waists; all the time they bellow

out like bulls, and frequently smack their bodies sharply with their hands. Most people now-a-days have seen or read about the jugglers, top-spinners, fan performers, and conjurers of these clever people, and few nations have more rational enjoyment than they have, in which, happily, women and children, as well as the "lords of the creation," have quite as recognised a part as in our own country. Theatricals they are fond of, and a peculiar native dance, called the "Jong-kee-noo," is rather startling. At Yokohama I have seen representations of this at a Government establishment, called the "Gang-kee-row." The latter is performed entirely by girls, and is really a game of forfeits. A charge is made for the troupe according to its strength. Frequently parties were got up to witness this dance, either at mess or at some civilian dinner party. I will shortly describe one of these entertainments, which we gave to Admiral Sir Vincent King and the officers of his flagship.

The whole party assembled in a large room at the "Gang-kee-row," at the entrance to which were boxes where the money was taken. In the centre was a pond of water with a little miniature island, and water-fowl swimming about. Broad staircases led to the various rooms above and two corridors running all round, from the balustrade of which persons could lean over and look on the water.

Having sat down tailor or Jap fashion on the floor, cigars, b. and s's, etc., which had been sent down from the mess, were freely discussed amid

great fun, no one enjoying it more than the gallant Admiral himself and his flag-captain. Presently there entered about a dozen musmees (girls), each with a musical instrument like a small banjo, who squatted on a raised dais, and formed the orchestra; following them about twenty girls appeared, with a little more colour in their costumes than usual. The music struck up, and the young ladies attitudinised, pirouetted, and danced with considerable vivacity; some of them were very pretty, and all graceful. In company with the instruments, singing and dancing went on at the same time; the former composed of apparently a single sentence over and over again, winding up at intervals with "yah, yah, yah," jerked sharply out, at the expiration of which the dancers threw off a garment, till at last the greater part of their clothing was conspicuous by its absence, and the one who retained the most was the winner. It was a lively-spirited scene, and the officers of the flag-ship as well as ourselves much enjoyed it.

In almost every street there is a bath-house perfectly open to the public, where pater, mater-familias, together with the children, their uncles, their cousins, and their aunts, freely disport themselves, and wash each other with warm water; such splashing and merriment goes on, to watch which gives one a new idea of life. Cleanliness is indeed an acknowledged duty, as well as a pleasure, with this happy-minded people. Kicking, wife-beating, and such-like brutish civilised habits find no place in their family

circles. Some strait-laced people may exclaim at the dancing and bathing exhibitions; but with the Japs themselves no improper thought enters their minds; it is simply the custom of generations. "Let those who live in glass houses never throw stones." *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Amongst the softer sex of Nipon hair dressing is an elaborate operation, and a lady's maid requires good training. The toilette is extremely intricate; but when done properly lasts several days, with an occasional touch-up. Cosmetics, perfumes, and pretty ornamental combs are made much use of, the latter keeping the musmees' coal black hair tidy and in good order. What nice natty little women they are! Nothing seems to ruffle their affability.

In the streets no bad odours assail the senses; so different from their neighbours, the imperturbable and "scentless" Chinese. The nearest approach to their neatness and system that I have ever seen lies with the Dutch. It is indeed a great pity that the Japanese nation is not placed nearer to European associations, for in enterprise, polish, and civilisation, few on the continent of Europe can beat them in anything, except size. As a rule, both in town and country the houses are built of wood; in their construction nails are rarely used, everything being dovetailed in. The rooms are separated with sliding partitions, sometimes, I should fancy, rather awkward! Fires are naturally both frequent and extensive; but a very good system of brigades for extinguishing them exists, and in many of

the streets escapes, with an alarm bell at the top ready for use, are placed. One night from our camp on the bluff we overlooked a tremendous conflagration; about 500 houses were burnt. The only possible way of preventing the spread was by totally pulling down a circle of habitations round the blazing parts.

I have alluded to the generally enchanting spots where those excellent institutions of the country, the tea houses, are situated, scattered about among wooded valleys and hills, and by the side of rippling streams. Before entering, it would horrify the neat, obliging, pretty little ocha (tea) waitresses if shoes were not slipped off and left outside, so that not a speck might be seen on the smooth, clean matting. Noiselessly they flit about, handing to the visitors seated on the floor tiny cups of tea, and sweets, fruits, &c., in lacquer ware saucers, with the usual addenda of pipes and tobacco, each containing only sufficient for half-a-dozen whiffs. Male and female equally enjoy the fragrant weed, which is of a very mild description. How different these girls, as well as all spinsters in Japan, look, with their good complexions and generally fine, even white teeth, to the horrid appearance of the poor married women, condemned by national custom (perhaps rather cutely) to have these same teeth blackened like indigo, and their eyebrows shaved off, thus transforming the prettiest girl into a perfect fright when she enters the matrimonial state, yet undoubtedly preventing them from receiving too much outside attention afterwards.



The courtesy of both sexes is most marked; on meeting one another indoors or outdoors each party stops face to face, placing both hands on their thighs, and bending their bodies downwards till they nearly touch their knees, the head descending at the same time in gradationary lowness, according either to rank or intimacy, and remaining a longer or shorter time in this position according to the social grade of the individual. After the conversation is over they separate, again saluting in the same manner, and a very polite appearance the whole performance has. Fancy an "Essex calf" or a "Sheffield tyke" so acknowledging his better half or his gentleman friend!

When a person of inferior rank is in the presence of a superior, such as a prince or a noble, he prostrates himself reverentially on the floor, and touches the ground with his forehead when speaking. The processions of daimios travelling along the main roads were exceedingly striking, and shortly after the return of my battalion from Simonoseki, we had a favourable opportunity of witnessing the march of one of these nobles, with a retinue of 30,000 to 40,000 retainers and followers. He was *en route* to pay his respects to the "Tycoon" at Yeddo, which, I believe, all had to undertake periodically. This potentate was, in my day, virtually the real temporal sovereign of the country; while at Miaco resided another ruler, the "Mikado," or spiritual sovereign, something of the same style as the Pope of Rome, too holy to be looked upon by

mortal eyes, and consequently confined to his palace. Since then the former title has been abolished, and all authority is concentrated in the hands of the Mikado at Tokio (Yeddo).

The Japanese military authorities at Kanagawa, an outskirt stretching three miles from Yokohama, very courteously erected stands at the roadside along which the procession was to pass, for the accommodation of foreigners, especially officers of the army and navy of all nations. I believe it took almost three days to go by; but I need hardly say none of us spectators saw it out. First, I remember sounds of deep-toned horns and drums were heard in the distance, then appeared a couple of decently-clothed and well-armed regiments. Next a primitive attempt at a battery of artillery, in the shape of a couple of field pieces, such as on Woolwich Common would have created some sensation. Many of the yacconin officers were mounted, and several flags were carried; an armed mob followed, marching, however, with tolerable regularity, and supplied with a variety of weapons—old flint muskets, matchlocks, bows and arrows; a few wore plate and chain armour, similar to the suits taken off some of the killed at the stockade at Simonoseki. Altogether it was a very interesting sight, especially as it was one of the last probably that took place before the final abolition of the feudal system some years later. This, wonderful to relate, was accomplished, I believe, by the voluntary act of the powerful princes and nobility themselves, such a change in such a short time

being unheard of in the history of any other nation. How different it all is now within only a period of twenty-five years—a representative Parliament at Yeddo; a real standing army, well drilled, armed, and clothed, amounting to 160,000 men; an efficient system of reserves; an iron-clad navy, with ships of war visiting all parts of the world; native arsenals, dockyards, foreign titles of viscounts, marquises, &c., and last, but not least, the adoption of European clothing, even to long-faced hats. This latter move I cannot think an improvement; the costumes of male and female in Japan being, in their native purity, so very plain and becoming. I have now before me an account of a ball at the Court in Yeddo, in 1891, cut out of the “Standard,” given in honour of the birthday of the Mikado, detailing the dress of the gentlemen *a la Londres*, and the costumes of the ladies *a la Paris*; while just previously I read of the reception at Athens of the captain and officers of a Japanese corvette, as well as at Constantinople. It all seems quite marvellous to me! A transformation scene is nothing to it!

About the date I have just been speaking of, we had a sharp experience of one of those electric disturbances for which Japan is celebrated, and which at the moment renders it difficult to know whether you are on your head or your heels. Whilst “sleeping the sleep of the just” about three o’clock one morning I suddenly woke up a little quicker than usual, and found myself chucked out of bed on the floor of my hut;

for a few seconds the ground shook with violent vibrations, and I soon realised that an earthquake had taken place. Earthquakes are viewed with much terror by the inhabitants, the results often being very serious. In this particular instance some damage to property was done; but in our camp it was chiefly confined to knocking down and smashing a few perishable articles. On board the men-of-war and ships lying two or three miles from the shore, the officers told us their vessels shook violently, also the cables attached to the anchors trembled perceptibly. The sensation caused by such a disturbance is very horrible and unnatural.





## CHAPTER XXVI.

### JAPAN.

**U**P to the date I am about to speak of, almost perfect confidence in the peaceful behaviour of the Japanese generally had taken possession of the European mind, and so careless and foolhardy had everyone become that revolvers, which at first all had carried pretty generally, were practically laid aside. This false security was only too rudely awakened by a terrible outrage in the murder of two officers of the 20th Regiment. It was most providential that I was not included in their fate. One evening after mess I strolled over to the 20th camp, as was often customary between us, and when sitting smoking a cigar in the veranda, one of the officers, Lieutenant Bird, asked me to join him and Major Baldwin, who had lately joined the regiment from England, in a ride next day to see the great and far-famed idol, Dyabutsu, at Kamakura. It was a huge bronze image, the figure of a man, its inside forming a temple. A fine avenue of trees led up to it, and it was entered in front by several broad steps into the body of the idol. A large

staff of priests lived about, and ministered to the wants of the god, and still more to their own, I expect. Fortunately for me, I had been one of a large riding party, among whom were two ladies, who had visited this spot on the previous Friday, so as I had arranged to go out shooting the day after poor Bird asked me I declined the trip. So far as any of my party were aware, we were perfectly innocent of any idea of molesting us having been contemplated; but it afterwards transpired that we had been watched to see if any should become isolated. Luckily, however, we all kept together, and the wished-for opportunity never offered itself. On the morning of the day on which these two poor fellows started to ride to Kamakura I was with some brother officers beating a small cover for copper pheasants; a bridle path ran alongside it, down which they came on horseback, little thinking that glorious summer morning would be their last on earth, or that we should be the last to see them alive. During the middle of the night I was called out of bed by our Colonel, who had just received information of a report, which had come in from a Japanese source, that two English officers had been murdered at Kamakura. A mounted escort at once was sent out, and the bodies of Major Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird were found, mutilated with tremendous cuts from the two-handed swords generally used by the samaurai class. Eventually the chief murderer, See-metz-se-see-jeh, was arrested by the Japanese Government officials, and the whole

dreadful story of the massacre was told. After trial by a native tribunal, the principal was executed, and afterwards two others. A true patriot he was, according to his ideas, of very high birth, and much distinguished as a "man of letters" and a soldier. With several others of his class, he had sworn to take every opportunity of exterminating the "Tojins" (foreigners). He and a companion had seen the party I had been to Duboots with, but could not get a good chance to carry out their object. As I have before mentioned, a long avenue of trees led up to the idol's temple, and at intervals deep drains intersected the pathway, in the centre of which heavy stone slabs, about six or eight feet in breadth, were fixed to bridge them over, so that pedestrians and people on horseback could pass across. On seeing the two officers riding quietly and unsuspectingly along, the assassins seated themselves on each side of the flagged way, as if simply resting by the roadside, and when the riders, who were alongside each other, got on to the causeway, they rose up at once and cut them down with those terribly sharp weapons, invariably worn by all the military class in Japan. Evidently they had no time to do much with their revolvers, though one chamber of poor Bird's was empty. From the position they were in on the narrow stone bridge, with a deep ditch on either side, they were of course unable to turn their horses round, and were taken at a disadvantage. See-metz-se-see-jeh was carried all round the settlement in procession seated on a wicker

chair, hoisted upon the shoulders of four bearers, and escorted by Japanese soldiers, as a salutary warning to his countrymen. This man had the impudence to express himself very pleased with the appearance and growth of Yokohama under its occupation by the foreigners, and said he had been several times into the settlement hoping to get a good chance to cut one of them down, but had failed to do so. On the day of his execution all the troops in the garrison, a large gathering of Japanese soldiers, as well as many of the diplomatic and consular departments, with Europeans of all nationalities, were present, the sentence of beheading being carried out by native executioners. There is a special hill near Kanagawa called "Tobee," where the extremity of the law always takes place. No man could have died with more manly resolution and fortitude than this man did, and his brave demeanour produced both pity and admiration in all who witnessed it. My battalion was formed up in line, with the left just touching the foot of the rising ground, on the top of which were assembled the Japanese officials, some of their soldiers, and the executioners. In the centre a large hole had been dug for the purpose of receiving his head. When all was ready, and everyone in his place, the prisoner was brought on the ground, seated in a norimon, with an escort of Japanese accompanying him. He was singing his death song as gaily as if it were one to celebrate his marriage. In this manner he passed along the line



of troops and populace, not taking much notice of anything. Arrived at the summit of the Tobee, he knelt over the hole without being secured in any way, except his wrists tied behind his back. I shall never forget the scene as he addressed the multitude, who with upturned faces surrounded him. The day was most lovely, the sun shining brilliantly; not a sound was to be heard; his voice was as clear as a bell, not a tremble in it, as he warned his countrymen against (hissing it out) "the cursed Tojins." He said we had taken India and a large part of China, and were doing the same in Japan and all other countries where we entered. "If I were free tomorrow," said he, "I would use my life to kill every foreigner I could. I die a martyr for my country, and I glory in it!" He then turned to the executioner, and smilingly asked if the sword was sharp, then leant his head forward, and with a single stroke it was off. One could not help grieving for so truly gallant a fellow, so loyal to his nation and his own convictions. His head was exposed for three days in a wooden frame, erected for the purpose in a conspicuous part of the town, with a placard attached stating the crime and the sentence, guarded by Japanese policemen.

During my sojourn at Yokohama I purchased such a jolly, pretty little monkey, much resembling the one I had in China some years previously, which I have spoken of before. He accepted his "uniform clothing" equally amicably. Having on several occasions had considerable experience in

monkey pets, I can certainly give them a character for great affection and attachment, as well, unfortunately, as for mischief. A specimen of this latter trait I must not pass over. My Jacko lived in a little house built on the top of a pole outside my hut door; generally he had a light chain on, but sometimes I let him have a run on his own account. Having one day allowed him to get out of my sight for a few minutes, he immediately got into trouble. I was returning to my hut, when walking past the one next to it, out flew a boot through one of the windows, very near my own head; simultaneously with the exit of this useful article my little monkey appeared on the window sill, turning round and chattering at some one inside, showing his teeth in grand style, and in an awful rage.

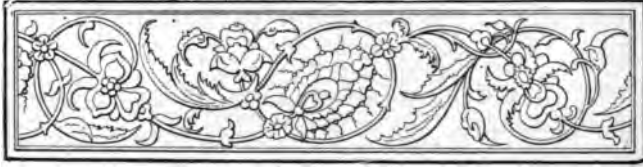
The hut was occupied by our Musketry-instructor. Not knowing what was up, I knocked at the door, and found him stamping about the room in a towering passion, swearing vengeance against poor Jacko.

The cause was soon apparent. Hill used to keep the wine accounts of our mess, and was remarkably careful in his entries, and neat in his handwriting. It appeared he had been out walking, and had left his ledger-book open on the table, with red and black ink bottles nice and handy. Jack happening to be loose for a few minutes, no doubt thought he would make the most of his time in the way of a real bit of mischief, so the window being open, in he popped, and in the most matter-of-fact way

calmly and deliberately emptied both bottles right over the pages, making a very picturesque parti-coloured pattern. After many apologies for the naughty boy, oil was poured on the troubled waters, and a perfect calm ensued, leading to a thorough reconciliation, for my brother officer was a good-hearted fellow, not likely to bear a grudge.

When the battalion embarked for England I gave the monkey to a friend of mine, a merchant's wife, much to the delight of her small children, and I am very sure the little fellow had a good home. Hill was particularly fond of pets; one, a very pretty little playful kid, soon grew into a full-blown regimental "Billy," and came to England with us. He regularly took his place when the battalion marched out, at the head of the drums and fifes (we had no band with us) as gallantly as does the historic goat which, from time immemorial, has led the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Another of his animals was a lovely little deer, with spiral horns, not larger, though full-grown, than a small fox-terrier, and much like a gazelle in shape. He also had a fine white rat, with pink eyes, which became one of the tamest things I ever saw, and on the voyage home, during smoking time, which in a man-of-war is only allowed at special hours, he ran over our knees and shoulders with perfect confidence.

If ever an animal wishes a happy time let him make his home with sailors or soldiers.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

### JAPAN.



IT was unfortunate that by treaty obligations we were limited, as I have previously stated, to ten miles round Yokohama, as it handicapped our taking distant journeys into this interesting country, or making a visit to Yeddo (Tokio), to which capital, not long after our departure, the headquarters of the Legation removed. It also restricted the area of sport exceedingly, though good snipe and wild fowl shooting was, when affairs were quieter, to be obtained on the low-lying ground and marshes extending a considerable way between Kanagawa and Yeddo; but in our time it was too dangerous to attempt shooting in that locality, so bitter was the feeling against foreigners. There is no large or ferocious game in the country; but whether St. Patrick ever visited Nipon and banished certain reptiles from the soil, as he did in Ireland, I cannot say. I have heard deer are plentiful, but are never killed for food, as meat is not eaten, as a rule.

It was only among the Daimios and two-sworded men that real hatred for foreigners existed, and I feel sure that the excellent feeling which the good conduct of our soldiers and sailors created did much to erase from the minds of the Japanese generally their old-established prejudices.

For some time before leaving Yokohama four young Japanese officers, one of whom spoke English perfectly, though he had never been in our country, used to come and see me in camp, and to do them a good turn I taught them the "manual, platoon, and bayonet exercises," also the rudiments of company drill. After recruits never handled a rifle, or were more anxious to learn all they could. Much of the information which I have just written about Japan was gained in conversation with my young friends, therefore I know it is reliable. Their regret when I was ordered home was very genuine, and they did all they could to persuade me to remain with them. For a considerable period after our departure the whole country was much disturbed by the rebellion which took place, and which I have before alluded to, culminating in the final establishment of the Government of the Mikado, and destruction of the old feudal system. As I should have entered the service of the losing side, the Tycoon's, to which my friends belonged, the conclusion I arrived at was decidedly the wisest.

What felicitous associations foreign service in a far-off land usually engenders among all classes.

None can ever forget the merry, sociable evenings at the respective messes, or at the hospitable tables of the merchants and civilians. How happy all were to show civility by "putting up" visitors from Shanghai, Hong Kong, &c., and how this was appreciated and reciprocated was exemplified by the kindness and hospitality our battalion received at the old Murray Barracks, from the second battalion of the 9th Regiment, during our stay at Hong Kong, whilst refitting the ship for the voyage home. In our own mess on the heights we had the pleasure, not long before leaving camp, of entertaining the officers of an American frigate, the "Jamestown." The night was rather eventful to our crockery and chairs, as some of the guests would persist, under the influence of "sparkling fiz," in jumping on to the dinner table, and showing their love for the old country, and Britishers generally, by singing "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" at an early hour of the morning, to which we replied with "Hail Columbia." Shortly afterwards the officers of a Russian corvette also dined with us; a remarkably nice, gentlemanly set of fellows they were. All spoke English perfectly, except the captain, a count, who, however, was thoroughly conversant with French. Their delight was great in carrying off to the ship a few bags of dollars, which they won at "loo" after mess. These naval Muscovite representatives seemed to enjoy a gamble as much as their brethren of the army, whom years before I had come across as prisoners of war at Plymouth.

Before leaving camp a deputation of Japanese officers, from the barracks at Kanagawa, arrived one morning on ponies. They came to present me with a pair of swords in remembrance, they said, of my kindness to them, and at the same time to ask me to remain in Japan and take service in their army as an instructor under the Government of the Tycoon. They were commissioned to say I could have almost any amount of dollars. I entertained the whole party in the mess hut on champagne and biscuits; the former being a liquor to which Japs are very partial. After due consideration I declined the offer. Afterwards a brother officer of mine, Hawes, accepted a similar position under the Japanese Government, and held it for about nine years.

The military class prize nothing more than their swords, for which large prices are given. They are highly tempered, and are worn stuck into a sash wound round the waist, the handles projecting well to the front handy for immediate use. The scabbards are made of wood, varnished with lacquer; the handles covered with shark's skin, wrapped round with variegated silk cord, into which are fastened small bronzes or copper ornaments, representing figures of warriors, gods, or animals. One sword is long, the other short, like a dagger, with a small knife encased in the hilt. With the latter they perform "harri-karoo" or the "happy despatch," which consists of ripping open one's own stomach before an assembly of family relations, some "kind friend" administering the "finishing touch" with his long

sword by decapitation. This marvellous proceeding wipes out all dishonour or disgrace, and a man fearing to go through the terrible ordeal causes all his belongings to be totally tabooed in the social scale of society.

I must not forget to mention how successful was the working of our regimental canteen in camp. When I first joined the service there was no such institution, constituted as it now is, and has been for many years. I have heard it was first tried by the Royal Marine Artillery at Portsmouth, and I don't suppose in the present day there is a single regiment without its own. Formerly there were "canteen men," civilians, who supplied liquor, groceries, tobacco, and all such necessities for the soldiers' wants in barracks, and fine fortunes they generally made, pocketing all the profits. One often wonders how things could have gone on as they did; but "every dog has his day," and theirs happily is over. Now all is managed by a "canteen committee" of officers, with a "canteen sergeant" in charge, the whole profits of the undertaking being devoted to the supply of good articles to the men at the cheapest possible rate (like the Civil Service and Army and Navy Stores); also towards prizes for athletic sports and games, to keep up the men's cricket club, theatricals, recreation rooms, supply Christmas dinners, and in fact towards everything for the benefit and amusement of the rank and file. How different are the arrangements for married men now from what existed in 1856. Shortly after I joined the



service, I well recollect the disgraceful state of affairs that then existed in barracks, which was considered good enough for the soldier and his family.

Speaking of Christmas, what delight both soldiers and sailors take in decorating their rooms and messes! Jack has a special taste for such adornments, and is seen to great advantage when balls are given on board men-of-war, the upper decks and cabins being usually most artistically got up; rifles, bayonets, and cutlasses formed into stars, and many other marvellous inventive arrangements, being brought into decorative use, making a sight very pretty and interesting, especially to the ladies.

Just before our battalion embarked on board H.M.S. "Conqueror" for England a regatta, open to all nationalities, came off in the bay. A very beautiful day it was in that almost perfect climate. To us it was like a bright farewell to Yokohama. A few Japanese competed in some of the races, and proved themselves sturdy oarsmen and good sailors. No people enjoy fun and frolic in a quiet way more than the inhabitants of Nipon. A holiday assemblage is, indeed, a very happy and charming spectacle; a total absence of rows or drunkenness, all bent on rational enjoyment; men and women neatly and plainly dressed in every class, while the children are in great contrast, brilliant like butterflies, with bright colours. The natty, often pretty, well-formed little "musmees" (girls) looking quite "killing" with the dazzling "obi" on

their waists, wound round the otherwise sombre garments. No dishevelled, dissipated females, such as are frequently a disgrace to their sex in European crowds, and at public-house corners, are to be seen. As I before have said, the inhabitants of Japan, except the old military class, take very kindly to foreigners, especially English; and the colloquial part of the language being fairly easy to pick up, most people are able to make themselves understood to some extent after a residence of a year or so in the country.

It was with feelings of deep regret that the officers and men of our battalion bade adieu on embarkation to our highly-esteemed commanding officer, Colonel W. G. Suther, who left us at Yokohama to come home overland.

The final embarkation was more like departure from an English port, so far as the crowd of natives, men and women, who assembled on the "bund," in addition to the European residents, were concerned. There were some moist eyes amongst the "musmees" as our men took their places in the boats, and the gentle breeze wafted many genuine "saianaras" (good-byes) after their departing friends. Several boats continued to sail round the big ship amid kissing of hands and silent expressions of farewell.

I should think the language of Japan would compare favourably in softness with that of Italy. It is so greatly composed of vowels, for example, "ohio" (how do you do), "saianara" (good-bye), "ty-san purichee" (very beautiful),

"doe ee tash ee masthee" (don't mention it), "danizan" (master), "ocha" (tea), &c. There is nothing guttural in its pronunciation, and it is easily picked up, whereas in China none but the consular and interpreter's departments and missionaries care to learn their extremely difficult lingo. Consequently the wretched cooked-up gibberish, called "pigeon English," is generally used by Europeans. To the uninitiated the characters in writing of both countries look very similar, and I believe it is a fact that the writing on signboards and outside shops is often intelligible to representatives of either nation, though a Chinaman and Japanese put facing one another would probably understand each other about as well as an Irishman and a North American Indian.

Colonel Browne and the officers of the second battalion 20th Regiment sent their band to play us from the camp to the place for embarkation, and several accompanied us to see the last of the old R.M.'s. It was indeed with true regret we parted from such good friends as this regiment and ourselves had been during the period we had been thrown together. The men were a fine lot of fellows, and if I may, from my own observation, be allowed to say so, I think the Adjutant, Glencross, and the fine soldier-like sergeant-major had much to do with its appearance and efficiency. Annually, on "Minden" day, they looked particularly striking, as every officer, man, and drummer boy wore a rose in his

forage cap, in commemoration of the gallant part the regiment played in the battle of that name, which was fought in a rose garden.

How sad it is in the present day to see the old historical numbers ruthlessly obliterated from corps, and superseded by county titles, with which, probably, they never previously had any connection. Few object to the principle of the territorial system and linked battalions, without which a sufficient reserve could not be produced; but why discontinue the numerals on the forage cap? Thank goodness the "Globe" cannot well be changed. Among other disadvantages, first and foremost of all that grand backbone, *esprit de corps*, must be injured, as well as rendering it about as easy for a man to look for a needle in a bundle of hay as for anyone disconnected for a length of time with H.M. services to find a particular regiment in the Army List. Certainly one can agree with the late Lord Dundreary that this arrangement is one which "no fellah can understand."





## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### VOYAGE HOME.



IN the afternoon of the 24th of August H.M.S. "Conqueror" weighed anchor and stood out for Hong Kong; but, notwithstanding the pleasant anticipations of being "homeward bound," most of us saw the smiling land of Nipon gradually recede from our view with a considerable amount of regret. A lovely day it was when we steamed out of the bay, little dreaming that almost within a few short hours our good ship, with its living freight of some 800 souls, would be placed in terrible jeopardy.

After a propitious start from Yokohama all went well on board till the 1st September, when in the evening a nice fair breeze got up, not sufficiently strong, however, to interfere with our usual games of whist. Suddenly that well-known and awful cry was heard, "man overboard!" All present in the wardroom rushed to the stern ports, unfortunately only too plainly to realise that one of the crew was battling for dear life with the cruel sea, and being rapidly carried away astern. The ship was sailing along

at a good speed at the time, so I suppose the poor fellow must have got the best part of a mile off before she was "put about" and "came round." The sentry on the poop promptly let go the life buoy, and a boat fully manned by willing hands was lowered and pulled with might and main in the direction the man was swimming, for so he certainly was, as I saw him clearly, though Commander Nott, in his letter quoted hereafter, appears to think otherwise.

My description of the terrible typhoon would be most inaccurate from want of knowledge of nautical language, so I here insert the account referred to, having been permitted to copy it. As the original embodies the words and handwriting of a gallant sailor, now, I grieve to say, lost to all who knew him, it must be of interest to old friends who served with him at the time he speaks of, and it may be instructive to any young fellows who may enter H.M.'s navy and might possibly at some time or other in the course of their service be placed in a similar position.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM COMMANDER NOTT.

"H.M.S. 'Conqueror,' September, 1865.

"We left Yokohama on the 24th of August, and experienced light winds and calms till the 1st September, when a favourable breeze sprung up, and we let out the fires and made sail. Everyone was in the highest possible spirits, and full of hope as to the prospect of an early termination to the first, and what is considered the most dangerous, part of our voyage. The breeze steadily

increased, and we crammed every stitch of canvas on that we could set; at the time we little guessed that this was merely the rush of air towards a typhoon, and would eventually take us into the very centre of it; but everything was so beautifully fresh, calm, and pleasant, that we revelled in the enjoyment of the warmth and clear sky, and thought but little of gales of wind or anything else unpleasant.

“In the first watch, when we were rattling along about seven knots, the captain of the fore-castle fell overboard, and although the moon was high and the sea smooth our boats returned at midnight without him, and the poor fellow went to his long home. I believe he could not swim a stroke, otherwise his voice must easily have been heard both by the ship and the boats. This melancholy accident was only the commencement of our disasters. Directly the boats were hoisted up the breeze increased, and at daylight it was blowing fresh and steadily increasing. We now expected a ‘blow,’ but as it was right aft cared little for it; after quarters, however, we took in the third reefs in the topsail in case of accident. On the morning of the 3rd things began to look serious; the sea had risen, and the squalls came down thick and strong. The sky was obscured by a dense blinding haze, which limited the horizon to half-a-mile or so; and a rapidly falling barometer indicated something unpleasant. During the whole of the day (Sunday) things grew worse, and the ship was put under close-reefed topsails and hove to; everything was secured as

well as possible, and preparations made to encounter the typhoon, upon the verge of which we now were. The wardroom presented a very characteristic appearance, reminding one forcibly of the description of sea life in the old days, when gales of wind were more common than they are now. The stern deadlights being shipped, our only light was from flaring candles and smoky lamps; the furniture was flying about, and the chairs and their occupants were separated in the most effective and unceremonious manner. At half-past two a tureen full of stew made its appearance, and being held on the table was ladled into the plates of the hungry expectants, who crowded round, and then retired to separate corners to discuss it.

“By 5 p.m. the wind and sea had increased considerably, and the ship was put under fore and aft sails. About 6 p.m. these were taken in, and we lay to under the bare poles; and now as night came on the weather got worse and worse, the squalls increased in violence, and the ship careened over till her main deck ports were under water. The pumps were rigged, and the men huddling together under the weather bulwarks seemed to anticipate the worst, and cared little to go below. About 7 o'clock a terrific squall struck us, lasting about fifteen minutes; the ship careened over until the lee waist hammock netting was under water; everything was strained to the very utmost, and our only hope appeared to be that the masts might go, and that the ship might right herself again.



“She appeared to tremble on the balance, and I believe had she heeled over another degree or two she could never have come back again. But a merciful Providence was watching over us, and when we had almost given up hope the squall passed over, and the wind suddenly abated, and it became almost a perfect calm. The transition was most marvellous and startling, but only too deceptive, for we had now got into the centre of the typhoon, and although it could hardly blow harder than it had done, yet we knew we must expect the same kind of weather until we reached the other extremity of the circle. The calm lasted about a quarter of an hour, and this gave us time to pump the ship out dry, for she had made a considerable amount of water; also to see what damage had been done between decks. There everything that was not strongly lashed was lying in a mass of confusion out to leeward; the decks were flooded with water; two of the stern dead-lights smashed in, and green seas coming into the wardroom at every plunge, washing everything out, and a great deal of seaweed in at the stern ports; the stern dead-light in my cabin was also dashed in, and my cabin was literally half full of water. Before we had time to quite comprehend the damage done, the next squall came down, and we were again in the thick of it. We struggled on all night, one watch continually at the pumps, and just as much as they could do to keep the water from gaining, the other watch being on deck. The dawn of the next day (Monday, 4th) disclosed anything but

a cheerful prospect; we were enveloped in a dense mass of haze, the sky being invisible, and our horizon being limited to a few yards. It was still blowing a heavy gale, and a very high sea running, the ship labouring badly, and making a great deal of water. The barometer, which had fallen the previous evening to 27.30, rose slightly during the night, but now fell again rapidly.

"Everything was all-right aloft except the mizzen topsail, which had blown away one of the gaskets; the topgallant masts were housed, but it was evident that if the ship continued to labour so heavily the chance of the masts going was very great. However, the men continued cheerful and in good spirits, appearing to take their tone from Captain Luard (afterwards Admiral Luard, C.B.), who, amidst all his anxiety, was literally the life and soul of the ship; his cheery voice and hearty manner inspiring the most despondent with hope and animation, while his cool judgment and untiring energy never flagged for a moment.

"At noon our supposed position on the chart by the dead reckoning was such as to cause serious anxiety; we were within 90 miles of the island of Formosa, leading to the southward and a strong north-westerly current, a very dangerous group of islands, known as the Miacosima group, being about 70 miles on our lee. The ship's head must be put to the eastward at all risks. We tried to veer round, but the weather quarter boat having been blown into the mizzen

rigging kept the ship to the wind. After one or two trials Captain Luard determined to lower the screw, the steam being up; but about 2 p.m. there came a lull, which enabled us to drop the foresail for a few minutes, and this brought her round, the sail, however, blowing away almost immediately. Afterwards, towards night, things began, if possible, to look even worse; the men were very much fatigued and worn out; but the pumps must be kept going, and of this they seemed to be fully aware, for they worked with a will and without a murmur. But human nature could not hold out much longer on raw pork and biscuits, saturated with salt water, cooking anything being quite impossible. The officers off duty voluntarily took their turns with the men, and did all they could to prevent their flagging. During that night it blew as hard as ever; in the middle watch the main topsail yard went in the slings, carrying the main topgallant mast with it. One of the bolts of the main stays was partially drawn, and all the rigging being now very slack, the safety of the masts was very much endangered. However, everything held on till daylight, when, to our great relief, the barometer slowly beginning to rise, indicated that the gale was nearly over; the squalls became gradually less violent, and the sea abated considerably. Every face brightened, and we appeared to be approaching the end of our troubles; but by noon the position of the ship, according to our calculation, was perilous in the extreme. We had drifted to the N.W. between

Formosa and the Miacosima group, leaving very little sea room on either way, the barometer being 28.60, and we appeared to have got out of the typhoon into a gale of wind which might last any time. For a few minutes only Captain Luard appeared to be really apprehensive, as he said to me with a very serious face, 'Things begin to look serious, Nott, very serious indeed'; but the next moment he was addressing the ship's company on the main deck, in words that put life, energy, and hope into many a weary arm and desponding heart. His feet and ankles were so dreadfully swollen from exposure that standing gave him the greatest pain; but he never appeared to think of himself, and I firmly believe we owe our safety to God's merciful providence and his untiring energy and skill alone. Directly the men had finished their dinner and grog, the former uncooked, we housed the main topmast and got the screw down in case of coming across land suddenly. By sunset the barometer had slightly risen, and the weather appeared inclined to moderate; the sea had gone down considerably, and things began to look more hopeful. The steam was sufficient to keep the water from gaining, and the watch were able to turn in and get a little rest. The chief danger was from our proximity to the land, which we might come across at any moment. However, daybreak found us still safe, and to the delight of everyone the sun at last made its appearance. It was a very great relief being able to get observations, and still more so to find we were in a

position of tolerable safety. Everyone was now in the highest possible spirits; the men had their first breakfast for three days, and began, with many a laugh on their late disasters, to put things to rights between decks, and repair damages aloft. Thus ended one of the heaviest gales of wind that ever blew in these seas, I should think. The marines worked splendidly, and their officers set them the example; in fact, everyone appeared to vie with each other in displaying zeal and activity. I wish the wind was a little more favourable just now, but we shall reach Hong Kong in time, no doubt. Our coal is nearly exhausted, but we have got everything pretty well to rights, and do not anticipate any bad weather just yet awhile, although it can blow here sometimes, as we know from rather dearly bought experience."





## CHAPTER XXIX.

### VOYAGE HOME.



CAN bear out every word written by Commander Nott with respect to the coolness and gallant example set by Captain Luard, having been an eye-witness to his utterly exhausted condition, after so many hours' exposure on the poop, part of the time, I believe, lashed with ropes to the binnacle for security. Of the conduct of the officers and crew of the ship, as well as those of my own battalion, I may be permitted to speak without egotism in terms equal to those with which Commander Nott does. From my position as adjutant, I had to keep moving about a great deal, and therefore saw most that was going on. The steam pumps were rendered useless through "green seas" taken inboard, which extinguished the fires. The vessel was only kept afloat by the hand-pumps, officers and men working shoulder to shoulder, and sending them round during those awful hours to the tune of "Dixie's Land," "Old John Brown," and other popular airs, no one knowing but that the next minute might be their last. I always look back with pride on the good humour and cheery behaviour of all

hands amid such terrible surroundings. Strange enough, but truly, from what cause I cannot say (certainly not from old age, as I was only about twenty-five at the time), I discovered my first grey hairs soon after the typhoon was over. One circumstance which poor Commander Nott did not notice in his account was especially curious. After a certain time the vessel gradually got right into the centre of the typhoon, the sky above and all around being as black as night; but it was just distinguishable that thousands of sea birds were concentrated within this limited area, wherein, strange to say, the sea was as calm as a mill pond. For a short time the vessel lay gently rolling, until she appeared again to be sucked into the edge of the outer circle of the typhoon, and was immediately whisked off into the boiling tempest.

Even amid terrible surroundings something amusing often turns up, and so it was with us. It will be easily understood that with cabins and decks afloat up to one's knees, and all fires extinguished, food or drink was not to be obtained; but a bright thought came across the brain of one of our officers that it was more than probable wine of some sort or other might be stowed in a small quantity in the wardroom lockers. Accordingly search was made. Instead of wine, however, one of the mess waiters was discovered snugly ensconced therein, whether from funk or laziness I cannot say; at all events, like all the rest of his comrades he should loyally have been putting his shoulder to the wheel. Without

much ceremony the fellow was collared and dragged out of his hiding place right through the water, so in the long run he very properly got as well doused with wet as all the rest were. Undoubtedly he deserved condign punishment, but afterwards, when the peril was over, our hearts were too thankful to take any further notice of the matter. No one save those who experienced it could have any idea of the tremendous force of the wind; it bent the strong iron stanchions, from which the boats were suspended, like wire, and blew the sails clean away, though furled to the yards. I believe on no former occasion had the thermometer ever registered so low a degree, and it is certain no vessel except a well-built, strong vessel like the "Conqueror," with a ship's company of about 800 or 900 men to man the pumps in strong relays, could have kept afloat and lived through such a typhoon. At one time, for about three minutes, Captain Luard told me once in conversation he thought she must founder, as she lay over from the sheer force of the wind against the weather quarter.

Merchant skippers at Hong Kong on our arrival said we certainly had a marvellous escape, and we heard that several ships had been lost in this same hurricane. It took the vessel a long time to refit, and before leaving our battalion bid good-bye to the settlement, military and civilian, in a cricket match, in which they proved too strong for us. *En route* home we played another at Singapore, with a different result.



I cannot close my last words about Hong Kong without speaking of the kindness and profuse hospitality of the second battalion 9th Regiment to all on board. Colonel Knox, C.B. (whom I had known previously as commanding the 67th Regiment in the China war), and some of the officers of the 9th, which he then commanded, had been guests of ours at Yokohama shortly prior to our embarkation for England.

A few years after, in Ireland, an amusing story was told me in connection with both battalions of this regiment, who happened to meet at some garrison town for the first time after many years' separation. Naturally they had a big dinner together, and each battalion (the youngsters at least) bragged a bit as to what their respective battalions could do. After dinner, under the influence of champagne, these exploits were fully enumerated and discussed. When in the midst of the social excitement a subaltern of the second battalion, whose acquaintance I made in Ireland some years afterwards, deliberately sprang through a glass doorway which divided the passage, singing out in exulting tones at the same time, "Now, then, let me see any fellow in the first battalion follow me." Needless to say no one seemed inclined to go through the remaining half of the door, nor, strange to say, was the regimental champion at all hurt beyond a superficial scratch or two.

After leaving Singapore our voyage home was devoid of special notice; it passed happily, good feeling existing between us all, navy and marines. The ship touched at the same places as outward

bound. Sea life I have spoken of to some small extent previously, but something fresh always turns up to recount. The genus "middy" had always special attractions for me. In the old "Exmouth" a noble lord of fifteen years was a special ally of mine; and in the "Conqueror" two youngsters, Tommy T. and W. L., were my *protéges*. The chief advantage of this to them was an occasional invitation to dinner in the ward-room, and permission to use my cabin in the afternoon for a snooze. The cockpit of a man-of-war, when hammocks are stowed in the nettings during the daytime, and only whitewashed midshipmen's chests are left to lie upon when drowsy after a midnight or morning watch, cannot be too attractive to young gentlemen, who oftentimes in early youth have been probably accustomed to a downy bed, with purple and fine linen. Such, however, is life aboard, and a lad who does not take to roughing it kindly usually gets sat upon by his fellows, and told to "go home to his ma." Tommy T. was about as knowing a young shaver as I have ever met with among the midddy class; he was what the young ladies would call a pretty boy of about fifteen when I first knew him, with a wicked eye, a slight lisp, and a very insinuating manner. I was exceedingly amused one day with his cuteness. Frequently, I remarked, when he came up on deck he called out loudly, "Boatswain's mate!" so as I was walking up and down with him one evening, I asked him why he did this so much oftener than his brother midshipmen; his reply was simply killing, "Oh, don't you see it's a very

good thing to do when the captain or commander is on the poop; it looks as if one was very busy about something or other; I assure you it is a 'grand resource'!"

I was often greatly entertained, when the periodical supplies, so dear to Jack, were issued by the paymaster of the ship, to see the eagerness and fondness with which each individual advanced to the table on the orlop deck, as each name was called out by the ship's steward, who handed over the articles, specifying in a loud voice, "two of soap, three of baccy, and a religious book"! With these the happy recipient walked off as proud as Punch. Happily the days are gone by when poor Jack was sadly swindled by the system then existing of making "dead men chew baccy," or, in other words, placing to the account of men who had passed to their "long account" pounds of articles which, needless to say, they never received, but of which fact no one was a bit the wiser, except perhaps those who put the sum thus annexed into their pockets.

As fine a specimen of a vegetarian as could be seen was the carpenter of the "Conqueror," a man of about 45. He told me that for thirty years he had not eaten meat, and had never been unfit for duty for any length of time during his service in the navy. He was a most excellent and respected warrant officer. Afterwards, when I was adjutant at Chatham, I had the pleasure of visiting him on board the old ship where she was laid up as a hulk in the Medway, and very capital quarters he and his family had at their disposal.

Talking of carpenters, why is it that the most useful and hardest-worked men on board a man-of-war are termed "idlers," such as cooks, servants, stewards, stokers, &c.? Yet whenever there is a real tough job on, such as coaling ship, housing topmasts, weighing anchor, &c., the boatswain's pipe sounds, and his stentorian voice sings out, "watch and idlers" do this or that. The title always sounded to me rather invidious and ridiculous; "but sailors' ways are not our ways."

How the hearts of the homeward bound thrill with happy anticipation as the first sight of the white cliffs of old England comes in view, and as we gaze on the Isle of Wight and pretty Ventnor villas surely our thoughts realise "this is our own, our native land." Whether his sojourn has been in sunny climes or in far distant seas, the soldier or sailor must be of a peculiar mould if he does not return with increased love and veneration for his country, which is the envy of all nations, whatever may be said to the contrary, where true loyalty to the throne is at heart deeply seated in the breasts of the people, brought up as they are under its grand institutions, where justice and uprightness are paramount, notwithstanding the attempts made by "Radicals, levelers, and demagogues" to poison the minds of ignorant people by false and garbled oratorical misrepresentations, which happily usually vanish *in tenuem aurem*.

At the end of a voyage, how joyous is the sound, "let go the anchor"! Surely more grateful music never saluted our ears than the sharp rattle of

the chain cable as it rushed through the bows of the gallant ship, to bury itself in the old familiar waters of Spithead, so associated with the proud naval history of Great Britain.

In bidding good-bye to H.M.S. "Conqueror," I am sure that I am only expressing the feelings of my brother officers in here recording their sense of the unvarying gentlemanly demeanour of the Captain towards us during the long and trying voyages out and home, covering some 35,000 miles, and a period of nearly a year at sea. Many years afterwards I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with him as an Admiral and a Justice of the Peace for the county of Essex.

In Colonels Penrose (afterwards Sir P. C. Penrose, K.C.B.) and Adair (afterwards Sir C. W. Adair, K.C.B., and Adjutant-General R.M.), the former of whom was in command of the battalion on our long passage home, we had two most considerate and respected officers, so that what must always be a trying ordeal passed off happily and harmoniously in every respect.

Immediately on landing at Portsmouth we marched to the Royal Marine Barracks at Gosport. The battalion was inspected, under the command of Colonel Penrose, by Sir Anthony Stransham, K.C.B., Inspector-General of the Corps, who flatteringly remarked "that the men looked more like embarking for, than returning from, active service." On the same afternoon our happy old Battalion was broken up, and the detachments belonging to different

divisions were forwarded by rail to their respective headquarters. After a few days at Woolwich to see everything connected with my office as adjutant wound up, I left for Ireland on four months' leave of absence. During this period, I enjoyed myself thoroughly, and it must be the fault of any officer if he does not do so, for he generally meets with kindness and civility wherever he goes.

One morning, on opening my letters while on leave, I found myself appointed Adjutant of the Chatham Division. This meant my old post again, only at "Headquarters" for five years, extra pay, and the position of a mounted officer instead of a "footpad." Being on the spot in Ireland, I picked up a charming four-year-old mare, by Porto Rico, of steeplechase fame; and many will remember what a showy, perfect charger she was. I shall never forget the abominations attached to accompanying her myself over from Dublin to Liverpool in an Irish pig boat. Let me warn all friends against such awful experience, especially on a rough passage. She proved a valuable animal, the best by far I ever had. Poor Kitty, her end was tragic, for one afternoon she suddenly dropped down dead in Regent Street. Mr. Maver, a leading London vet., who made a post-mortem examination, found a huge stone, with the surface honeycombed like a sponge, formed inside her body. Surely people cannot be human without strong affection for that noble animal the horse, ever ready to give pleasure, and if necessary to die for his master.



## CHAPTER XXX.

### CHATHAM.



O most military men Chatham is pretty well known, and few have not, at some time or other, been stationed there, many having reason to recollect the constant grind of their "goose step" days. It is generally looked upon as a hot-bed of soldiering, and a good deal of professional knowledge can certainly be picked up there. The garrison, in my time, was composed of the Royal School of Military Engineering, the headquarters of that distinguished and scientific corps, the Royal Engineers; the first division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, usually two or three regiments of the line, and three depot battalions of infantry, namely, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd D. B.'s or "Pongos." Extensive field works and a large area of green turf, called the "great lines," afford ample opportunity and room for instructing all branches of the service in their respective duties, and have the grand advantage of freedom from dust. The dockyard is one of our largest naval establishments.

The Medway is a fine river, and pretty up about Maidstone. From Chatham to its mouth, at Sheerness, it is strongly protected on each side by powerful forts, so that any foreign fleet attempting to attack the dockyard would receive a warm reception, different to the days when Von Tromp attacked Upnor Castle, opposite. In prolongation of Chatham comes the city of Rochester, dividing which from Strood is a fine bridge across the river. The main street runs straight through all three towns, and the castle and cathedral of Rochester, with its quaint old houses and streets, present a very picturesque appearance, the whole forming a good afternoon "constitutional" for the officers of the garrison, and frequently an excuse for that unnecessary luxury a sherry and bitter before mess, so fallaciously supposed to create an appetite.

Opposite the foot of Star Hill stands Watt's Charity, where from the hungry army of tramps and wayfarers are selected every evening "six poor travellers, not being rogues, proctors, or vagabonds," as the inscription over the door sets forth; here they get bed, breakfast, and, I believe, sixpence in the morning when they go on their way, verily rejoicing. One day I went over this establishment, and the old lady in charge, who had the selecting of the candidates, under the eagle eye of a city policeman, informed me she always took in "the six cleanest and best dressed men." Not quite, I fancy, the original intention of the founder. I well remember being greatly amused one day by meeting a dread-



fully dirty fellow, followed by a miserable-looking, ragged woman, and three or four wretched children, who all looked as if they and water had been strangers to each other for at least a twelvemonth; yet to my astonishment and amusement this aspirant to the "casual ward" turned round, in the most matter-of-fact way, and, with a jerk of his head, appealed to his female partner as "this lady here." Are not all now-a-days "gentlemen and ladies"? It is really too absurd, but if it pleases them, it certainly hurts no one else. The "Bull Inn," as many are aware, is intimately connected with the interesting history of Messrs. Snodgrass and Winkle; the author of "Pickwick" resided in my time at Gadshill, and was frequently seen about in his favourite black velvet coat and waistcoat. The adjacent village of Cobham and neighbourhood are rife with the memory and researches of Charles Dickens, as well as of the adventurous characters just mentioned. Here also lies the noble residence and park belonging to the Earl of Darnley, with its magnificent timber, rhododendrons, and pretty cricket ground. Lord Clifton, the eldest son, was a noted cricketer in my day, one of the Oxford University and Kent County eleven. What a splendid county for this grand game Kent was! Among many private grounds we used to play at were the above, Mote Park, Maidstone, the seat of Lord Romney, Gore Court, Sittingbourne, and others. Can any gathering beat the Canterbury cricket week, with its additional attraction of theatricals by the

"Old Stagers," or the county matches played formerly on the Milton Ground, Gravesend, transferred now, I believe, to Catford Bridge? while on Chatham lines the Royal Engineers, ourselves, and other corps, kept the "ball a-rolling." On two occasions I especially distinguished myself in the manly game, once by scoring 99 in one innings (hard lines not a century), and on another by bowling two of the Gentlemen of Kent (personal friends of mine) in one over, after which I immediately got the popular captain of the garrison team, a well-known R.E., to take me off so as not to spoil my average. During six years at Chatham I saw a good deal of the county of Kent, and certainly agree with the title it holds as the "Garden of England." Round Maidstone and Tunbridge it is beautiful, and the hop gardens and cherry orchards, when in bloom, are specially lovely. So far as I saw of it, it does not shine as a hunting county; the covers are so numerous, and the habit of "stubbing" the young timber is most dangerous for horses, as I once found to my cost, laming a good animal of mine for a long period. Some pleasant days I have had with the Tickham foxhounds, whose fine old sporting master, Mr. Rigdon, of Faversham, met his death in the field when over eighty years of age, I believe, by his horse simply stumbling and falling, much in the same way as another grand old sportsman, the late Marquis of Waterford, came by his end in Ireland.

The West Kent foxhounds, hunted then by the Hon. Mr. Neville, sometimes met near Chat-

ham, at Chatterton Wood, and other localities fairly within reach. But undoubtedly the best days of all were over the Hundred of Hoo country, with the H. H. Harriers; Philip Hilton, of Upnor, as master, a real good fellow and keen huntsman. Sport was always good over that excellent hare-hunting district, with its wide marsh dykes. Puss was invariably at home, and there were no blank days.

What hospitable fellows many of the farmers of the Hundred were! Especially let me name old Mr. Everett, with his jolly rosy countenance, green velvet coat, and brass buttons; never so happy as when the "field" turned in to his comfortable house for a good substantial breakfast, washed down with old ale and delicious Kentish cherry brandy.

Curiously enough the manor of Hoo was in the possession of a branch of my own family some hundreds of years ago for a long period. In old records in my possession it appears that Sir Hugh Poyntz, son of Sir Nicholas Poyntz, of Corry Malet, Somersetshire, was "seized" of the manor of Hoo, in Kent, which he held of the King in Capite in 1316, and that Nicholas Poyntz was at this date parson of the churches SS. Margaret and Werburgh at Hoo. Sportsmen sometimes crossed over from Kent by the ferry at Tilbury, to have a day with the Essex Union, hunted, at the time I am speaking of, by a well-known master, whose language towards gentlemen who overrode the hounds, or were guilty of other irregularities in the field, was not choice or Parliamen-

tary, though often well deserved. Many years afterwards, when I was an occasional follower of this pack, under the esteemed mastership of Captain Carnegie, I have heard the former's name and peculiarities often discussed, but he was always allowed to have been, on the whole, "the right man in the right place." Riding one morning to a West Kent meet with two companions, one an officer of the Royal Artillery, I heartily congratulated him on the arrival of "number two," which I had that morning seen chronicled in the "ladies' column" of the "Times." His reply was characteristic and amusing. "Ah, my dear fellow, thanks, but that means selling another hunter!" Later on I personally realised the truth of the observation.

Those who keep horses in H.M.S. are in the minority, but how hard some young fellows think this. Yes, my good reader, whoever you may be, if you are one of these, never cease to thank Providence for the inestimable mercy of having the use of your limbs. I little thought, when in full bodily vigour I enjoyed the pretty Kentish rambles described below, I should ever be at middle age, after a more than ordinarily active life, a helpless, suffering cripple, not able to move one inch, yet with all the keen desire to do so. In a moment a runaway horse of my own brought me to this. Think what it means, and be yourself thankful you "are as you are."

Round about Chatham are opportunities for many pleasant strolls. Let me strongly recommend the magnificent views to be seen from the

top of Wrotham, Boxley, and Blue Bell hills, opening out panoramas as extensive and grand as can be found in almost any part of "Merry England," or a walk by the main road to Maidstone, returning along the banks of the River Medway, past Mr. Brassey's splendid house at Aylesford, one of the few private residences I have ever come across with a racquet court of its own. Leeds Castle, with its ancient moat, is very interesting, and within an easy walk or ride from the garrison, an ancient looking spot with a history, which the head of the family, old Mr. Wickham Martin, always courteously explained to his friends, and no doubt his successor is equally glad to do so now.

As adjutant at headquarters a great part of my time was, of course, taken up with official duties. Plenty, however, remained for recreation. For the information of those who do not know what a division of marines is like, I may say that it is composed, on an average, of from double to treble the strength of a regiment of the line. The commanding officer, termed "Commandant," is a full colonel on the staff, also the "Second Commandant." Three or four lieutenant-colonels complete the highest ranks on the establishment. As a rule, a large number of young officers and recruits are under instruction, so that the field adjutant holds an important position. At drill all officers junior to him have to be in the ranks. Two or three mornings in the week I had battalion drill on the lines at 6 a.m., and it was easy to see when the parade fell in

who had been keeping late hours at mess, dances, or other early morning excesses, by the fat-headed appearance presented as they tumbled out of bed in a hurry after the bugle sounded. On such occasions I was really their best friend and doctor, for after a good "jacketing" at Light infantry they returned quite freshened up, with appetites like hawks, and looking the pink of perfection on morning parade at 10 a.m.

I ought to have mentioned that at each division of marines there were two adjutants—one for drill and field duties, the other for official correspondence and keeping returns and records of officers and men at home and abroad. In my position it has often been my duty to attend floggings or punishment parades, both on active service and in barracks. It is a very horrible exhibition, and I am rejoiced that only in most exceptional cases can it be now inflicted; but it is a mistake to suppose, as I have often heard stated, that a man once tied up at the triangles was demoralised for life. One of the best and smartest sergeants-major I have ever known had received fifty lashes in his early career of soldiering, and was certainly none the worse for it in the end. How different such matters were in the days just after the Peninsular war! I remember turning over some old courts-martial from an old cupboard at Chatham, when I came across the proceedings of one in which a man of the Royal Marines was tried by a garrison court-martial, held in 1817, "for being absent from tattoo three hours, and for being

brought in drunk by military picquet." For this offence, which at the present time would probably be punished by a few days' confinement to barracks, the poor fellow received five hundred lashes. Strangely enough, an old bachelor brother officer, Captain C., who had left our service many years before I first knew him, and had taken up his residence at Chatham, in order to have the opportunity of cultivating the society of his old corps, as an honorary member of the mess, sat on this very court-martial, and when I showed him the proceedings he perfectly recollected the case, and having been present when the sentence was carried out.

An amusing incident occurred at a ball at our barracks, at which I was present. A marvelously got up old beau of high rank in the garrison was waltzing with a lady well known in London society and all fashionable resorts, when suddenly both measured their lengths on the floor, and off came his wig. The lady, a pretty cool hand, was equal to the occasion, and anticipating a rare joke, picked up the article and clapped it on her partner's head (as sailors would say) "stern foremost," in which condition he innocently careered round the room for the rest of the evening, exciting any amount of tittering. He was the only man I ever knew with two wigs in wear, and nothing flattered him more than to be told his hair required cutting. Next day he appeared with the short-haired article, in due course resuming the longer when about time

for the barber again. Alas for the vanity of poor mortals! Yet he was well liked by all in the garrison, and was a thorough gentleman.

How happy some people can make themselves under adverse circumstances was exemplified by an officer, a friend of mine, many years ago. He was a great favourite, a happy-go-lucky, rollicking, generous-hearted fellow, but unfortunately impecunious, though luckily with well-off relatives. A not uncommon dodge of his was to obtain leave of absence on urgent private affairs when pressed to undertake an obligatory temporary residence in a debtor's prison. Under such circumstances, those who could pay for them were permitted to occupy luxurious apartments in the gaol, and the gentleman to whom I allude was noted for the *recherche* dinner parties which he gave (while undergoing enforced incarceration) to his particular friends, who did not the less enjoy these happy little gatherings on account of the novelty of the situation. Some kind relation having come forward with the needful, he returned to his duties a happier, but, I fear, not often a wiser man.

I think it was in 1867 a reduction took place, and a great many undesirable characters were discharged. In order to prevent their being re-engaged in H. M.'s Service, and as a protection also for employers of labour, who usually inspect a soldier's parchment certificate, the corner of such men's discharges was cut off, so that they were invariably stamped as "bad hats," anything, in my opinion, but a fair and just proceeding,



for bad or good a man must live. Such men, after all, often have many good points about them; but what a struggle they may have in trying to keep straight the following will exemplify:— One afternoon I was walking down the main street of Rochester, when I saw the figure of a man whom I thought I recognised turn sharp round a corner as if trying to get out of the way. I followed quickly, and called out “Daley.” He stopped, and I saw he was, as I believed him to be, an Irish soldier of our old battalion in Japan, the right hand man of No. 1 company, and a pioneer. On questioning him, he told me he had been discharged from the Woolwich division of Royal Marines as one of the undesirable men alluded to previously; except for one failing, drunkenness, he was about the finest soldier I have ever met; wherever hard work or pluck was required there Daley was to be found. Both our colonel and myself were very fond of him, notwithstanding his fault. Even in drink he was never insubordinate to his superiors. When I stopped him he looked so downcast and ashamed of himself that my heart really almost bled for him, thinking of the old happy days in Japan, and his present circumstances. He was simply starving; he told me he had eaten nothing all day, and had not one penny to get food or a bed with. I said: “Now, Daley, if I assist you to get employment, is there any chance of your doing justice to yourself and to me?” His reply, poor fellow, was: “God help me, I will, sir!” I gave him a trifle, and told him to come up to my

quarters that evening after mess; meanwhile I would see what I could do for him. He came, and after pitching into a good supper, I told him that a friend of mine at Frindsbury, to whom I had stated his case, had agreed to give him employment on the cement works at Snodlands, near Chatham. To make a long story short, he went there, and frequently when out riding I stopped at the quarries to see how he was getting on. So well did he do for many months that my friend made him an under-keeper, and often told me what an excellent fellow he was in that position. On one occasion when I called at his cottage to see him, alas! he had disappeared a couple of days previously, the reason being, I afterwards ascertained, that unfortunately some old chums (blackguards more properly) had got hold of him, when he went into Rochester one afternoon, which he very seldom did, and made him very drunk. Strange though it may appear, the poor fellow had too much pride to face his master or myself. I was indeed sorry for him. It was that one cursed taste for drink that ruined, as it has done many others, a thorough fine fellow in most respects.

For a man to be "drummed out" he must have been a thorough bad character. It was a ceremony rather uncommon to witness, so I will relate what took place. I only saw it once. The whole division was formed up in two ranks, with a good distance between each. The prisoner being marched under escort with fixed bayonets in front of the centre of the line, the sen-

tence was read out by the adjutant, the drum-major stepped to the front, and with his knife cut off the facings, uniform buttons, and badge from the forage cap. A rope halter was hung round his neck, the end of which was held by the smallest drummer boy, who marched in advance of all. The drums and fifes then struck up the "Rogue's March." In this order the procession first passed down the front rank; when it reached the left of the line it wheeled round, and moved between both ranks to the right flank. On arrival at this point it wheeled again, and continued its route to the barrack gate, out of which the prisoner passed, and was received by an admiring crowd of pals and sympathisers. Perhaps this ceremony is now a thing of the past.

While speaking of bad characters, such men seem peculiarly liable to fits of passion and temper, which often lead soldiers and sailors to acts subversive of discipline, and consequently serious punishment. I remember many years ago, at a garrison court-martial, when the prisoner under trial had the usual question put to him by the president, a very distinguished old officer, "Have you any objection to be tried by the president or any of the officers whose names have been read over to you?" he suddenly seized a Testament which lay at the end of the table (happily a long one) where he stood between the escort, and shied the book savagely at the president, exclaiming, "Yes, you white-headed old —, I have to you, and the whole lot of you——!" Without the slightest remark the president quietly

said, "March the prisoner out," the ultimate result being that a charge of insubordination was framed, and the prisoner was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude by a general court-martial. Not much satisfaction to himself in that!

My pleasant bachelor days were now drawing to a close, and on the 19th of February, 1870, I was married at St. Martin's Church, Scarborough. Since then I can truly say that increased happiness has attended my life; never more apparent than when a man is unexpectedly laid aside with bodily affliction, as in my own sad case, by the hand of Providence. How much more cheerless and miserable should I have been these last five years were it not for all my home blessings, and the halo of domestic brightness which has surrounded my cloud of suffering. We had a delightful trip to Paris, that elysium for honeymooners—all so bright, captivating, and interesting. One of the most attractive sights to me was the daily guard mounting parade at the Tuileries, when all arms of the service, Chasseurs à Pied, Zouaves, Turcos, Cuirassiers, and Lanciers de la Garde, marched past the Emperor Napoleon III. and his beautiful consort, the Empress Eugenie, who usually looked on from the balcony. Could anyone then imagine that mobs of infuriated savages, inhabitants of that charming city, would within a short time after this vent their furious rage in wrecking and demolishing their own grand buildings and works

of art, this fine palace included, leaving behind them charred monuments of iniquity such as the days of the Commune produced.

I think I am only saying what was generally allowed by all, that our balls at Chatham, and indeed at each of our divisions, were liked by everyone, especially because it was customary for special officers to be told off for the purpose of introducing only, never dancing till the end of the night, and sacrificing themselves at the altar of duty. Each wore a white favour, and being, of course, in uniform, it was a sufficient guarantee for introducing partners to any ladies. The consequence was it was never to be observed that young people were left to sit out the evening, simply because they happened not to know anybody, as I have often myself seen the case at some military and other balls. Guests are asked to enjoy themselves, and not to be in the position of wishing themselves out of it. Speaking of dances brings to my mind the most novel way of getting conveyed to and from one that I ever heard of. It happened that a few officers quartered at Mitchell's Town wished to go to a ball at Tipperary, some miles off. No conveyance could be got in this wretched little town, so the gentlemen concerned hit upon the idea of hiring a hearse, which happened to be available. In this they journeyed to and from the festive scene, not perhaps with the most festive associations, but notwithstanding they enjoyed themselves immensely. This story is perfectly reliable, as friends of mine who were at the ball told me about it.

About a year after my marriage my appointment as adjutant expired. I served as such under three commandants, and from one and all, as well as everyone in the division, I received the greatest courtesy and support. What does not often happen was the case with me. I never did a day's duty on parade as a marching captain, for at the expiration of my staff time I was at once appointed to the command of a recruiting district, which was the very position I was most anxious to obtain.

Just before leaving Chatham the sergeants' mess, on behalf of the N.C.O. and men, requested me to accept a handsome illuminated address, which was being prepared and framed for presentation, as a token of esteem and regard, but as I was not then finally separating my connection with Her Majesty's Service, I could not transgress the regulations thereof, and was obliged to decline their kindness, grateful as it would have been to me to have in my possession such a remembrance of my happy tenure of office at Chatham.





## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE RECRUITING SERVICE.



THE headquarters of the recruiting district that I was appointed to command was at York, with outstations at Leeds, Huddersfield, Middlesbrough, Dewsbury, Batley, and other northern towns. I relieved an old friend and brother officer, Captain Willis, now an inspector of prisons in Scotland. As my wife's family belonged to Yorkshire, and had held property in the county and city for some generations, our move there suited famously.

After many consecutive years of incessant work as adjutant, I felt now in the position of one of those "gentlemen of England who live at home in ease." The duties of a recruiting officer chiefly comprise personally inspecting all recruits, visiting the different stations in his district, making up and forwarding to Royal Marine Office, London, quarterly returns and accounts, plenty of spare time being left for sport and recreation. Most who travel by the iron road up north know the appearance of the ancient and interesting

city of York, with so much of its historical walls and gates still remaining, its noble Minster, its old narrow streets, and its fashionable lounge, Coney Street. The castle, now transformed into the gaol, is an imposing structure, with the "outside" of which most people are content to remain acquainted. To Yorkshiremen, always noted for horsey proclivities, Knavesmire, where the races are held, has grand attractions, while the York and Ainsty hounds had a great name under the mastership of Sir George Wombwell, Bart., who, as a cornet in the 17th Lancers, at schoolboy age, rode in the memorable charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, "The gallant six hundred."

Shortly before my residence at York a terrible accident happened with these hounds, fresh in the memory of all at the time, through which Sir Charles Slingsby, Mr. Vyner, and several other well-known sportsmen lost their lives when crossing the river with their horses, by the capsizing of the ferry boat.

The country round York is flat and uninteresting for many miles, though the county is as specially beautiful in some parts as it is unpicturesque in others. The climate of the city itself is certainly very damp and relaxing, owing possibly to the frequent fogs and mists which rise from the river Ouse as it flows through its midst.

Except London, it is the only town which sports a lord mayor, and the civic procession at the assizes is quite startling.

The County Club was decidedly one of the best in the provinces. The arrangement of bachelors



or family quarters adjoining was most convenient, especially for the former during the hunting season. On my first evening after joining it I made the acquaintance of a real Yorkshireman, who welcomed me with that true hospitality for which his countrymen are famous. Strolling into the smoking-room for a cigar, a gentleman (also indulging in the same luxury) addressed me. At first politics, pure and simple, formed the subject of our conversation, and it did not take long for me to know that I was talking to one of the strongest Conservatives I had ever come across, quite in accordance with my own views. Eventually, seeing I was a kindred spirit and a stranger, he inquired about my present position, and I ascertained he was himself colonel of a Yorkshire yeomanry regiment, a baronet, and an M.P., at this time attending the Assizes as high sheriff of the county. Next day he was giving his official dinner to H.M.'s judges and the grand jury, and was courteous enough to invite me to it. The regiment then stationed at York was the 5th Dragoon Guards; they made me an honorary member of their mess, and were exceedingly kind. One evening after dining with them at Fulford Barracks, which I frequently did on guest nights, some of the larky young blades played me a good-humoured trick. When I got into the cab, and the driver applied the whip to make a good start, the animal drew clean away like magic out of the shafts. Some inventive young sparks had enticed "cabby" inside, under the irresistible

temptation of a "liquor up," meanwhile unbuckling everything connected with the harness, and quietly awaiting the enjoyment of the joke. This regiment was specially noted at the date I speak of for pigeon shooting, and had challenged any other in the service to shoot them for £1,000. But the challenge was not taken up. They were succeeded soon after by the 9th Lancers—I fancy one of the first introducers of polo into this country. It was amusing to see the officers riding down Coney Street with their legs almost touching the ground, astride the small, stiff, active ponies then used for the game, so different to the fifteen hand steeplechasers in vogue at the present time. When the regiment went to India I bought a grand skewbald polo pony from one of the officers, as hard as nails, his legs all over lumps from cracks with sticks, but I never saw a better or stronger animal. In this sporting regiment they also had a capital circus, and as may be supposed from my pony's colour, every endeavour was made by troop sergeants-major and members of the horsebreaking staff to make Punch take to the arena; but he would not have it at any price, and could never be persuaded by fair means or foul. Talking of cavalry, certainly it was generally allowed one of the finest yeomanry regiments in England was the Yorkshire Hussars, commanded by Lord Wenlock, wearing the old graceful sleeveless jacket of Lord Cardigan's "Cherrybums;" very smart and soldierlike they always looked as they passed the windows of our house to and from drill on Knavesmire.

For recruiting purposes my rendezvous was at an aristocratic inn, called the "Hand and Heart." Here daily I attended at 10 a.m. with my headquarters staff to inspect those incongruous members of the nation who voluntarily offer themselves as food for powder at a trifle over a shilling a day.

When a recruit stood before me, how often I wondered what cause induced him to enlist, and if the story of every individual could be told how varied it would be! As regards the "material" itself, my experience leads me to think that for sharpness and superior intelligence, inhabitants of towns are best, while for conduct and easy moulding into shape, men from agricultural districts are most satisfactory. I remember a story current in a certain county in connection with a well-known nobleman, married to a well-known lovely lady, was to this effect: that for a considerable period after the event he rejoiced her heart by placing as a surprise on her plate every morning at breakfast jewellery of great beauty and value. The wife of a recruiting officer could hardly look for that, but they certainly did for those agreeable and profitable little documents termed "smarts," representing ten shillings. This was the perquisite of the officer when a "yokel" repented his bargain with the state, and paid up out of his pocket the above sum, in order to escape the consequences entailed upon him when, in the innocence of his heart, and also probably under the influence of liquor, he took the Queen's shilling. Three or four of these pretty

little yellow coins lying in one's plate on the breakfast table were a welcome commencement to the day's work.

One has often heard how doctors differ, and certainly I had frequent experience of it to my cost, for every recruit passed finally was over a pound in my pocket. As a remarkable but perfectly true instance, the following fact is worth noting:—

One morning two particularly fine young fellows, brothers, from Middlesbrough, were brought before me for inspection. In the usual way I sent them on to the local surgeon, who examined my recruits, and in due course received a "sound wind and limb" certificate from him. From York they went, according to custom, up to London for final approval, and to my utter astonishment were rejected by the medical officer at headquarters in the metropolis. Some few months afterwards, during the furlough season, my senior sergeant informed me that two young men in uniform were below, and would like to see me. "Certainly," I replied. Up they came in the dress of the Grenadier Guards, in which regiment they had enlisted and been approved, immediately after rejection for our corps. How is this to be accounted for? But it was a stern reality! It seems wonderful that men like puddlers, getting ten shillings a day, should enlist, but still they do. When one considers the life they lead, stoking up the red-hot furnaces, almost naked, perhaps it is not, after all, to be wondered at that they should prefer the happy,

healthy, varied life of H.M.'s Service. I fear high wages among many of the working classes is like putting a beggar on horseback, he will ride to the d—l, and never keep a penny for a rainy day.

I have been told that puddlers seldom live beyond five-and-thirty or forty years, on an average. Their improvidence is proverbial. A large ironmaster at Stockton once told me men of this class seldom had anything in hand for sickness or depression of trade, and that they ate grouse and delicacies of all descriptions before he, a rich man, dreamt of putting them on his own table.

A disadvantage of the recruiting service is that one is liable to get rusty in drill and ordinary military duties through want of practice or lethargy in keeping up one's knowledge; still, opportunities may offer if one is desirous to take advantage of them.

The assistant adjutant-general at York was good enough to avail himself of my services as brigade-major on one or two occasions.

Once I accompanied him in that position to Doncaster at a very large review of Yorkshire reserve forces; a capital ground the celebrated Town Moor made for it. The railway siding arrangements were most excellent for troops, probably owing to the multitude of trains to be provided for during the Doncaster week. Speaking of that grand race meeting and the St. Leger, what a sight it is! Surely the Yorkshireman in all his glory is there, like the Irishman at Donny-

brook Fair! So far as my experience of York city goes, a bigger gallery would concentrate on Knavesmire to see two donkeys run than to witness the best cricket match, notwithstanding the great interest taken in this game in other Yorkshire towns, and the leading position, as a rule, of the County Eleven. I have heard as a positive fact that the vergers of the cathedral, standing in the nave during service, plainly heard the yell that was wafted off Knavesmire when a favourite horse had come in first, and I can quite believe it.

I was asked two years running to go down and judge at the annual drill competition of the Wakefield Volunteers; this I did gladly, and received from the colonel and officers the greatest civility, being entertained by them at dinner at the principal hotel, as well as privately. On each occasion I awarded the prize to the same company, and it was satisfactory to me to learn that after I gave up command of my recruiting district and left York the officer who followed me in judging gave the same decision the next year. This was not only satisfactory to me, but to the company, who, having been successful three years running, retained the coveted reward.

I should have mentioned, when speaking of bachelors' quarters at York, that at the time I speak of a very desirable member of that brotherhood (in the eyes of young ladies at least), who resided in the city, kept a brougham, quite as much for the use of his acquaintances of the fairer sex as for his own. This vehicle was at

the beck and call of all the good-looking girls in York (by no means few) for going and returning to and from dinner parties and dances. If such an obliging individual could be located in every town, how delightful it would be for the spinners and for the pockets of impecunious or stingy mammas and papas!

From bachelorhood to matrimony is often a short step, but one which the gentleman sometimes finds difficulty in overcoming. One of the neatest popping speeches I ever heard of was the following, and it is certainly true:—

A very young officer (six months' service only) of my acquaintance had just returned from his honeymoon, and as a few of us were congratulating him on the happy event, one well-known funny wag present insinuatingly remarked, "I say, old fellow, what did you say to her?" His reply, after a little pressing, was, "Well, I only said I placed my little all at her feet." The tittering and spluttering may be imagined, for he was quite in earnest.

During my sojourn at York I went in for photography, and took many pictures of Yorkshire abbeys—Fountain, Rivaulx, Kirkdale, &c., a most interesting amusement, which I strongly recommend to persons who have sufficient time at their disposal. One charming expedition was made in our own phaeton to Bolton Abbey, a lovely drive from Harrogate over seventeen miles of glorious moors. On the morning of our departure from York I read in the newspaper of a marvellous bag of grouse made by Lord Wal-

singham (a celebrated shot) the previous day on the Blubberhouse moors, consisting of more than five hundred brace to his own gun. As we passed over this particular district I baited at the inn at Blubberhouse, and the landlord informed me he had himself accompanied his lordship as a beater, and could vouch for the truth of the statement. How his shoulders stood the concussion was astonishing. I heard his great desire was to beat an opposition bag shot by Mr. Milward, of Barnard Castle (an equally noted sportsman). The Wharfe at Bolton is a pretty river, with good trout and grayling fishing. One very narrow part between rocks, through which, when there is a flood, the water rushes wildly, is called the Strid. A young man was once drowned by foolishly attempting to jump over the boiling torrent, which, were it not for the fierce turmoil of the water, does not seem difficult.

I must not close my account of York without a remark about the magnificent cathedral, where very frequently on Sunday I went to the three o'clock service, and where all officers in the garrison were courteously accommodated with a stall. Sometimes, I regret to say, owing to the somniferous influence of the choral services, and the dim religious light which pervades all such edifices, together with a learned and prosaic sermon from some dignitary of the church, I acknowledge unconsciously dropping off into a gentle doze; I was not, however, by any means the only one who thus transgressed. After the service was over, and the music of the



grand organ accompanied the exodus of a vast congregation, one seemed for a few moments lost in contemplating the feeling of space and immensity which the interior of this noble structure creates on the senses; while, on the other hand, one feels the littleness of all mankind which an examination of the splendid monuments and laudatory epitaphs in memory of departed celebrities must ever present to a mind at all susceptible of serious thought and reflection.

Except under the dome of St. Paul's, I do not think I ever experienced these sensations more fully than in this noble minster.

In connection with the church which we usually attended, Holy Trinity, Micklegate, a curious ghost story has appertained for the last 150 years. Some foundation for this has been seen by most people attending the church, and during that period much explanation, discussion, and writing has taken place on the subject. It was supposed only to appear during divine service, and was observable solely from the gallery. Great inconvenience was occasionally caused by unusual numbers of people attending, attracted by curiosity. The apparition varied in form and character; sometimes a female by herself, robed and hooded, at other times with a child in her arms, passed at intervals from north to south across the old stained glass window at the end of the church, opposite the gallery. Sometimes other figures also appeared. Tradition said that a former abbess of the adjacent convent had, in consequence of some deed of sacrilege, vowed

that after death she would haunt the place. The mystery, however, was pretty clearly explained by one of the rectors, who wrote that it arose from persons walking in the vicarage gardens during service, who could only be seen obscurely through the old stained window from the gallery, and that once when the house was untenanted for about twelve months no such circumstance was observed. Many other explanations have been offered, but still the fact remained, and I suppose does so still.

In 1871 I was becoming disagreeably near that bugbear to the married man—foreign service, and having no desire to break up the happiness of my home, especially with a rising generation around me, I resolved to retire from the dear old corps. It was not to be supposed that I arrived at this determination without much regret and pain in separating from the ties and associations of a service in which I had spent so many of the best days of my life, and in which I had, from my former career, every prospect of advancement. But it was done for the best, and in the hope that something would turn up that would give me employment in civil life, I never rejoined headquarters. Idleness was the thing I feared most; but I determined to leave no stone unturned that would tend to obtain some decent and suitable employment for myself. Possibly had I stuck to the service I might now be enjoying that high-sounding rank which spasmodic spurts of retirement schemes, and the Indian Staff Corps especially, have rendered familiar

as household words throughout the country. Soon, unless some other system is arrived at, it must be expected that we shall see every second man in the service at middle life "a ginerall in the army," as an old Irish song describes it. I know of an ex-cavalry officer, now a retired general, upon whom a watchmaker called, asking permission to include him among a list of occupiers of other London houses where he weekly kept all the clocks in time and order. "What!" said the gallant victim of enforced idleness, "would you rob me of the only real work and pleasure I have in the week? thank you, no!" How many are in a similar position? Personally I am quite satisfied with my humble rank of "major," perhaps somewhat less common and quite sufficient for all social purposes, though the following perfectly true story shows all have not such a high opinion of the title. In conversation some years ago with an engineer of H.M.'s navy on the subject of relative army and navy rank, he made use of the following remark: "Here have I been oiling, oiling these beastly engines for near forty years, and I only rank with a beastly major." Certainly he ought to have been a general at least. In many ways I have found a military title advantageous, and so I hope will many others. It is an honour to be jealously guarded, so that it may be associated *per mare per terram* with the character of an officer and a gentleman.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

### CHIEF CONSTABLE OF NOTTINGHAM.



FOR a certain time, having nothing to do, the sense of perfect freedom, a residence near London, and the opportunity thereby afforded of enjoying much that the metropolis offers, made things go pleasantly enough; but loafing about Regent Street and the park, &c., never was to my liking for any length of time, so I determined to keep my eye open for something to do. Fortunately for me, with this object in view, I took in the "Times" newspaper daily, feeling sure that was the source from which "all good things do come" in the way of billets; so, as we say in Ireland, "shure enough" one morning at breakfast I spied an advertisement, "Wanted a chief constable for the borough of Nottingham police," &c., &c., to which a very fair salary was attached. I knew that this post was held by an old friend and brother officer, to whom I wrote and found he was vacating it for a superior appointment.

My special desire having been to try and obtain a position in the constabulary service, I at once

applied, and went to Nottingham for the purpose of canvassing. My old comrade assisted me as far as lay in his power and his position allowed.

There were about 120 candidates at first in the field—military, naval, and former policemen. Secondly, 42 were selected from the above numbers. Thirdly, these were reduced to seven, whose names are shown in the following slip published in the "Nottingham Guardian." Finally I was elected.

#### ELECTION OF CHIEF CONSTABLE.

"Yesterday afternoon a meeting of the Watch Committee of the Council was held at the Municipal Offices, to make the final selection from the candidates for the vacant chief constableship in this town. As already announced in our columns, there were forty-one applicants for the office, which number was reduced to seven, whose names, alphabetically placed, were: Captain Bateman, Major Fosbrooke, Captain Hutton, Commander Lefroy, Major Poyntz, Major Short, and Captain Swire. We are now in a position to state that Major Poyntz was selected at the meeting of the Watch Committee under notice."

On taking charge of the force, I need hardly say everything was left in most excellent order by my predecessor, and what was even more to my advantage, his name was looked upon by everyone in the place with the highest respect and regard; in fact, he was, as he always had been in our corps previously, deservedly a great favourite with everybody.

The total strength was 180 of all ranks, composed of as splendid a body of men as one would wish to see together. I soon mastered the duties of my office, which, I think, are peculiarly suitable for officers with experience of discipline and sharpness gained in H.M.S.

The staple trade of Nottingham is lace, though many other industries are carried on; the former is a very fluctuating one, dependent on the prevailing fashion. At times very large fortunes are quickly made, and at others stagnation prevails in the money market, so it is well many means of employment do exist. Owing to the cleanly nature of the above trade there is a great absence of smoke, comparing favourably with most manufacturing towns in England. Many persons have remarked on its special similitude to some cities on the continent. There is always a good deal of interchange of employees taking place between Nottingham and towns in France, such as Calais, &c., where lace manufacture goes on; intermarriages not infrequently ensuing, and it is no uncommon thing to hear French spoken by passers-by on Long Row, the chief promenade and shopping centre. This, perhaps, to some extent, accounts for the number of places of amusement there are in Nottingham, and the love of pleasure and dress amongst its inhabitants generally, as well as for their excitability on festive occasions, notably at Parliamentary elections, the disturbances at which originated the title of "Nottingham lambs," and culminated on one occasion in the burning of Nottingham Castle, and attack

on Colwick Hall, one of the old family seats of the Musters family. I had the pleasure of endeavouring to keep the peace at three of these events, therefore have had practical experience of the lively spirits of the people, though I am bound to say I always found them easy to manage, and devoid of the brutality which often characterises the inhabitants of some other towns.

I believe the great market place is the largest in England, about six acres, and as it is on all sides intersected with passages and alleys, especially Long Row, these create points of vantage for advancing and retreating mobs, while the Mount Sorrel stones with which it and most of the streets are paved afford a handy and endless supply of dangerous ammunition, though not now often brought into play. The time when this vast space showed to greatest advantage was during the annual training of the South Notts Yeomanry Cavalry, in my time commanded by Earl Manvers, and afterwards by Lord Belper, where, on return from drill at Bulwell Forest, the regiment always assembled previous to dismissal.

A large square was kept clear by the police, which, when surrounded by carriages, vehicles, and a dense concourse of people, with the yeomanry in the centre, formed a sight that any town might well be proud of.

Of the numerous instances when great responsibility devolved upon me, with reference to management and order, perhaps one of the most important was the visit of their Royal High-

nesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to open the castle as an art museum, on which occasion the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans were honoured by their company at Bestwood Lodge. Five hundred extra police, a squadron of the 9th Lancers, and Notts Yeomanry Cavalry, were drafted into the town to line the route, and form the procession and escort.

Another occasion requiring much police supervision was the annual October carnival, "Goose Fair," held in the great market place and adjoining streets. All the country round concentrated in Nottingham during the week, and "human geese" were much more numerous than ornithological specimens. Fun went fast and furious in this bright and lively town, and the squeezing and larking generally on Beastmarket Hill in the evenings was an experience to be remembered. Penny theatres, shows, wild beasts, fat ladies, two-headed nightingales, Norfolk giants, dwarfs, members of the pugilistic fraternity, and the nomad population generally, were in evidence. It was a perfect pandemonium, from which date much evil was always to be traced: It lasted nearly a week, during which time almost all the upper classes kept away from the market place, and trade (except that of publicans and showmen) was simply paralysed. I cannot vouch for the exact truth of the following, but have been told it really was the origin of the term "Goose fair."

An old couple, living in an out-of-the-way rural spot, had, under such conditions as I cannot ex-



plain, brought up their only son without his ever having seen a young woman. When this youth arrived at the stage termed a "hobble-de-hoy," his parents thought that to take him to the great Nottingham carnival would be his best introduction into the world. Walking through the fair, staring open-mouthed at all the wonders he saw, he suddenly pulled up in admiration of a group of smart, healthy Nottingham lasses (and nowhere are there prettier, better turned out girls).

"What be them, faither?" said he.

"Oh," replied the old boy, with a twinkle in his eye, "them be geese, my lad!"

After some difficulty he got the youth away, looking back constantly at the unwonted, yet pleasing sight. On leaving the market place for their rural home, the old man said:

"Maybe, lad, ye don't want nought, but if ye do, what would loike best to tak' home?"

"Well, faither," said the lad, "I'd sure loike one of them geese best."

So the story goes, and so I give it.

Nottingham market, on a fine sunny Saturday, was more like a French or foreign one; such charming brilliant flowers and shrubs always to be seen in one particular spot, besides pretty Wedgwood china sold very cheap, for some almost imperceptible flaw in its manufacture.

Owing to the enterprise of the municipal authorities, led by a mayor, town clerk, and corporation of more than ordinary energy and ability, an enormous increase of the borough took

place during part of my term of office as chief constable. Through their instrumentality the Nottingham Borough Extension Bill received the sanction of Parliament. When I took office in 1872 the population was 86,621, the acreage 1,996. When I resigned my appointment in 1881, the former had risen to 237,000, and the latter to 9,960, in consequence of which many rural villages and gentlemen's properties, including Wolaton Hall, belonging to Lord Middleton, one of the most picturesque and perfect Elizabethan structures in the kingdom, came under the jurisdiction of the municipal authorities.

The police force had to be reorganised, redistributed, and increased up to about 250 of all ranks, the arrangement of which the Watch Committee left in my hands, and eventually, in conjunction with H.M.'s Government Inspector of Constabulary, approved of. They further departed from the general custom of such authority in not interfering with either my predecessor or myself, in the discipline or punishment, reduction or dismissal, of the members of the force (without which I certainly should not have accepted the appointment), and placed us in the same independent position as that laid down by Act of Parliament for chief constables of counties. It was a handsome thing for such a governing body to delegate their powers to an officer under them, but without it I do not see how any head officer of police can preserve his own position, or efficiently control those he is placed in command of. Frequently in boroughs the

Watch Committee inflict almost all punishment themselves, making a perfect cipher of the Chief or Head Constable in the eyes of his men, and utterly weakening his authority; but the Nottingham Town Council and their adviser, the town clerk, acted differently, and set a good example to others.

Act of Parliament 22 and 23 Vic., cap. 32, sec. 26, certainly ought to be amended with regard to the head constables of large borough forces. at all events, and the better will it be for the efficiency of those bodies. In small forces it might not be advisable or possible.

Considering the excellent position in life which a really respectable, painstaking constable has, added to good pay, good clothing, good pensions at middle age, and fair promotion, there ought never to be any difficulty in finding desirable, well educated men for the constabulary.

There are no better friends to the police than the respectable classes of society in this country, or a better friend to them than a good officer. In his village, or locality, where he resides, his advice is frequently sought, and he has it constantly in his power to prevent quarrelsome and litigious persons from foolishly throwing away their money in useless summonses, as well as saving the valuable time of hard-worked justices of the peace.

In my opinion a borough constable ought to be a taller and heavier man than his brother officer of the county, so as to present an imposing appearance when on his beat in the streets, and

to carry weight into, and to stand head and shoulders over, an ordinary crowd. Speed is less required, as in a town the ominous shout of "stop thief" soon brings assistance in pursuit of offenders.

A county constable should be a lighter, more active stamp of man, as he will average ten or twelve miles to keep his conference points along country roads, and will, as a rule, have to trust to his own legs to overtake culprits.

A good officer should cultivate the following qualities:—Courage and presence of mind, truthfulness, tact and judgment, civility and impartiality to everyone, intelligence, smartness and attention to personal appearance as well as to his home, absence of unnecessary roughness in manner or speech, obedience, remembering that those who are the readiest to obey are the most fitted to command. He should most certainly avoid the following:—Drunkenness, debt, excess of duty, undue interference, eye service, gossiping on duty, and laziness.

Taking the former for his code of life, and eschewing the latter, a policeman of any rank will always have the good opinion of the community at large, as well as his own superior officers.

On the following three particular points I know great difference of opinion exists, but I give my own for what it is worth:—1, detectives; 2, mounted police; 3, the merit class. As regards the first, I am not in favour of a permanent staff in a Borough, except the head of the depart-

ment and one or two locally born and bred men, well conversant with every criminal in the locality. I have found it best to select the most intelligent officers for detectives, and keep them as such "only so long" as they display energy and ability. The knowledge that they will be returned to their ordinary duty if they get lazy or too much mixed up with the inhabitants is very salutary. With regard to the second, unless mounted constables are men of tact and judgment, really efficient horsemen, and riding properly trained animals, they must do more harm than good. No exhibition can be more lamentable than to see a number of men, "put up" on raw horses, charging about indiscriminately, with danger not only to themselves and the public, and causing unnecessary excitement. With regard to the third, I have ever found police officers thoroughly appreciate the distinctive mark, which in both my old forces was a silver star and silver scroll, with "For merit" inscribed thereon in neat, small letters. Not only does it create emulation, being only awarded for "courageous" conduct, but the extra pay attached is a great boon. I have found no punishment inflicted more effective than reduction from the merit class. I never could understand how any objection could be taken to this distinction by any reasonable person. Some people, however, object to everything, even to a policeman having any recreation at cricket, &c., forgetting their own younger days, and the true old adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull

boy." After the deliberate and cold-blooded murder of a valued and gallant inspector of the Essex constabulary by burglars, near Romford, I applied for, and fortunately obtained the sanction of the justices of the county and the Home Secretary, for a certain number of reliable, experienced constables, doing duty on the edge of the metropolitan district, to carry revolvers when on night duty. This, I think, has had a beneficial effect ever since, as bad characters from the East End (that hot-bed of ruffians of every description) have "two thoughts," no doubt, about coming into collision with a policeman, who, for all they know, may be in a similar position to themselves with a "handy six-shooter." Considering the superior intelligence and daring of criminals of the present day, it requires a different class of constable to deal with them, so that "Greek meets Greek" on more even terms.

During the nine years I was in Nottingham I witnessed greater changes and improvements than have happened in most towns in the same period, viz., the increase of boundaries previously mentioned, the transformation of the old, ruined, charred castle into, I suppose, about the finest provincial art museum in England; the building of a splendid University College, an ornament to any city or town; besides laying out many fine new roads round the park and race-course, beautified with trees of various descriptions, after the fashion of Parisian boulevards. Altogether I have no hesitation in saying that Nottingham compares favourably with any

manufacturing town in England, and I would give a good deal to see it and its hospitable inhabitants once more.

Occasionally I had some jolly days with the South Notts hounds, when the squire of Annesley was master of the pack, whose cheery form and happy manner will not be forgotten in the county for generations connected with his name and family.

From my own experience, I think it well for a Chief of Police to show himself, within reasonable bounds, in the hunting field, as it gives him an opportunity of keeping his eyes open on the country over which he passes, and of seeing the members of his force at uncertain places, and at uncertain times. It brings him also into connection with many individuals and classes of the community with which his duties are connected, and yet otherwise he might not meet. Last, but not least, can anything be more conducive to health than a good gallop across country, as a set-off against head and office work, both of which often give more cause for thought and reflection than the above official gets credit for. Occasionally I had the pleasurable sight of a look at that noted pack, "The Quorn," when they met at Widmerpool. Though not one of the best meets by any means of that hunt, being only on the edge of the grass country of Leicestershire, the assemblage was usually something out of the common. The highest blood and hardest riders in the land, lords and ladies, military men and civilians, numbering, probably, a

couple of hundred, mostly in pink, were present, horses and everything turned out to perfection, even to the smart button holes forwarded to Melton and Market Harborough by early train from Covent Garden. It was a treat to witness the field move off, headed by the pack of perfect beauties. Who would not feel their spirits rise as the hounds dashed into cover, and the first whimper was heard, showing that the fox was at home?

What a place for cricket is Nottingham. Can an admirer of the game spend a happier day than seated in the commodious pavilion, looking on with breathless excitement at one of the two great matches of the season, Notts v. Yorkshire or Surrey, the splendid ground, which takes its name from the noble river close by, the Trent, alive with a crowd of some 6,000 or 8,000 enthusiasts of the game, so often witnesses of the prowess of Richard Daft, for so many years the honoured captain of the county team, and the prettiest bat in England, or of such bowlers as Morley and Shaw?

Nearly every Nottinghamite has cricket bred in him, and even our police eleven was not to be despised. At one time I had in it two real professionals.

For an idea of the country immediately surrounding Nottingham, and of the names of the old families and their historic mansions, let me strongly recommend a book written by Mrs. Chaworth Musters, entitled "A Cavalier Stronghold." It treats of the days of the Royalists and Roundheads, some of whose bloodiest history



is centred in this locality. There is nothing fictitious in the story, all the names of places and people are facts, many of them still extant, while it partakes of the interest of a novel, in so far that there is a hero and a heroine, both real characters. Strange enough, on first reading this interesting book, I was struck by the mention of the name of an ancestor of my own, Colonel Sydenham Poyntz, a very distinguished cavalry general under Cromwell and the Long Parliament, who was much engaged on active service around Nottingham. How he came to be a Roundhead our family records do not tell; happily he eventually saw the error of his ways, joined the king, and became Governor of Antigua. I have a portrait of him, and many old documents about him. As evidence of the terrible manner in which families were broken up by identifying themselves with either side, his own brother, Newdigate Poyntz, was actually killed at the siege of Newark in opposition to him, and all his estates were sequestrated; but on a representation made by Colonel (afterwards Sir Sydenham) Poyntz to Parliament, the poor widow was granted some funds to help to keep herself and family.

What a pretty old-fashioned little country, town Newark is, with its fine old castle and walls, much of which remains, notwithstanding the assaults of Cromwell's soldiers and old Father Time. The church particularly struck me as a handsome structure, while some of the ancient houses here and there are extremely picturesque.

Many charming historical old places and views lie within easy access of Nottingham—Belvoir Castle, the Duke of Rutland's lordly residence, with Harlaxton and the magnificent panorama of many counties to be seen from the ramparts. How lovely it is round Worksop and the "Duke-ries," with mile upon mile of soft smooth turf, so delicious for a good canter, and comprising the noble estates of Thoresby, Clumber, and Welbeck, the latter remarkable for its mile and a half of underground gallery, lit with gas, leading up to the stables, over an acre in extent. Then again Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, and Hardwick, all so kindly open to the public by the large-hearted liberality of their owners, with the glorious Derbyshire scenery about Matlock, Miller's Dale, and Bakewell. Certainly people who want an outing may go further and fare worse than the Midlands scenery can produce, while few parts of England can beat it in mines and minerals, so beautifully brought to light in the marvellous underground caves and excavations of the Peak country, near Buxton, fairylike with brilliant stalactites and crystal drops. He must be a man of small justice to himself or to Nature who cannot thoroughly enjoy a month's pleasure around the places I have mentioned, and go home refreshed in body and mind, in the best of humour with all mankind. Deeply as I regretted separation from my old force, of which I was justly proud, I found that the close, concentrated worry and work of a borough for nine years was too harassing for

a continuance, so I determined to try for a county chief constableness, with the permission of the authorities, the more active and varied duties of which were more in accordance with my desire. An opening such as I wished occurring in Essex through the retirement of Admiral McHardy, after forty-one years' service, I was successful in obtaining the appointment.

With many sincere regrets, both by my family and myself, I prepared to say adieu to Nottingham and our numerous friends, both in town and county, many of whom, I am glad to say, we count as such to the present time. During my sojourn at Nottingham Major Lane, Sir Rose Price, Bart., and Captain Fuller had command of the Derby recruiting district. Captain F. Parry was chief constable of the county, and Colonel W. Delacombe of the borough constabulary forces; all old friends and brother officers of mine, which was very pleasant for me.

I was always treated well and liberally by the magistrates and Watch Committee, as well as the force generally. I should be wanting in gratitude if I did not specially note the hospitality and kindness, both officially and privately, that I received from the chairman of the latter body, Alderman Sir James Oldknow, whose death I very sincerely regretted, and I feel sure so did every old member of the force, among whom he was universally termed "the father of the police," for he never lost a chance of advocating their cause, or evincing hospitality towards us all.

What I have said applies to everyone I came in contact with in the borough, saving one or two Radicals, whose self-opinionated natures gloried in seeing their aristocratic names in print.

During my term of office I had the pleasure of initiating two useful movements, which I am glad to know both flourish after so long a period. One was a Corps of Commissionaires. Commencing with three men, it consisted of forty when I left, one man receiving £5 per week, and none under £1.

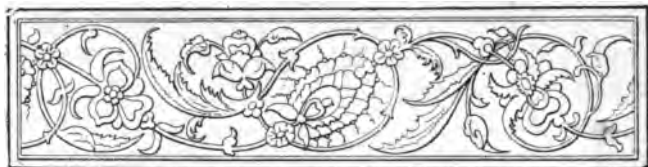
Its success was chiefly owing to the kindness of Sir Edward Walter, who attached this body of men to the magnificent force in London, of which he is the founder and Commanding Officer; he also sent me down a most excellent assistant, Sergeant-Major Boak, who, I believe, still supervises the Detachment. The other institution was a Shoeblack Brigade, composed of twelve of the poorest boys in the town, whose average weekly earnings were over 10s.; a great thing for their families. Inspector Hopkinson, of the police, most efficiently looked after these lads in every particular.

It was extremely gratifying to me, on resigning the command of the force, to receive an invitation to luncheon from the magistrates, and to be thereat presented with a large, handsome silver-gilt claret jug, having engraved thereon an inscription setting forth their appreciation of my services. The police, as a body, gave me

a splendid dining-room clock, set in black marble, and a pair of bronze vases. The fire brigade, a neatly gilt-framed coloured photograph of one of the steam engines, horsed and ready for action, with the members of the brigade fallen in in uniform.

The Police Cricket Club gave me a presentation bat with an inscription engraved on a silver plate. All these I shall value as long as life lasts, and shall hand down as heirlooms to my family.





## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### ESSEX CONSTABULARY.



OF the handsome testimonials awarded me by officers in Her Majesty's Service, and by the magistrates and authorities of Nottingham, added to the fact of having had nine years' former experience as a policeman, do I attribute my election as chief constable of Essex, in the face of a large number of candidates. Personally I was a stranger to the county (though a branch of my family held an estate in it for 400 years), and to almost all the justices in whose hands rested the appointment; but I am thankful to be able to say, that from the 21st October, 1881, when they did me the honour to elect me, until the date of my resignation in July, 1888, owing to the sad accident which obliged me to retire (the circumstances of which will follow hereafter), I received nothing but the utmost kindness from all I was brought in contact with, either collectively or individually, and this sincere expression of feeling I desire to apply to all in the county whose friendship or acquaintance was extended to myself and family.

The following cuttings from the "Essex County Chronicle," an old-established newspaper, may be of interest as relating to an event which caused at the time considerable stir in the county, more especially as my predecessor, the late Admiral McHardy, had founded the Essex constabulary, one of the first forces established in England, and administered its difficult duties for the long period of forty-one years, securing the respect and esteem of the magistracy and public generally. To follow such a man I knew must be a difficult task, but I felt sure, as I certainly experienced afterwards, that the support of all classes and the loyal obedience of the men would attend my efforts.

The Admiral did not long survive the separation from his old force; he died at Bath, where he took up his residence, on the 19th December, 1882, aged 81. His body was brought to Chelmsford, and the funeral took place from his old home (at the time my house), where so many happy and useful years of his life were spent, numbers of friends attending to pay their last tribute of respect. I don't think he ever got over the wrench of giving up "his old ship," as the fine old fellow usually termed his home. His wife died shortly after him; a daughter of Admiral Pascoe, who was flag-lieutenant to Nelson when he was shot at Trafalgar. They both are buried in the churchyard at the Springfield Chapel of Ease, Holy Trinity, where several of their children also sleep.

## ADMIRAL McHARDY'S RESIGNATION.

The following letter from Admiral McHardy was read at the court of Quarter Session:—

Chief Constable's Office, Chelmsford,  
18th October, 1881.

To the Magistrates of the County of Essex in  
Quarter Session assembled.

My lords and gentlemen,—I have the honour to submit for your information the accompanying tabular returns, numbered from 1 to 7, as detailed in the attached list A, showing the amount and effective state, operation, and distribution of the Essex County Constabulary, and the state of crime in the county.

The complement of the force is complete, with the exception of one constable; and I have to inform the court that in addition to the one superintendent and three constables this day recommended for superannuation, two superintendents and certain other members of the force are, from the effects of age and after long and faithful service, subjects for retirement; but in view of relinquishing office myself, and pending, moreover, the approaching settlement by Parliament of the superannuation question, I deemed it expedient to refrain from unduly disturbing the existing *personnel* of the force.

After my long connection with this constabulary, I feel that resigning the high trust reposed in me by your court in 1840 marks a period in the history of this force which it would not be becoming on my part to pass over in silence; on the other hand, I do not feel justified in occu-



pying your time by reviewing the past in detail. A cursory glance, however, at the formation, progress, and discipline of the force seems called for on this occasion.

When first established, the police were viewed with some distrust and disfavour, as being an unnecessary expense, but the keen discernment of the British public soon led them to recognise in the policeman a friend to quietude and order, and thus distrust gradually gave way to confidence, as was manifested by the applications received from various villages and parishes for a constable to be stationed therein.

This confidence has been more than maintained, and I would here remark that my inability to meet the numerous demands from localities and individuals for a resident constable has often caused me sincere regret.

The authorised strength of the force at its commencement in February, 1840, numbered a total of 116 officers and men; this was increased at the end of the same year to 136, and has been gradually raised to meet the requirements of the public to its present complement of 293.

In dealing with this large body of men, generally dispersed over the county, and very many without any immediate restraint upon them, occasional misbehaviour was to be expected; but it will be gratifying to your court to know that the cases of serious misbehaviour and breach of discipline have been isolated and exceptional.

The members of this force have not infrequently evinced considerable acumen in tracking

offenders and bringing them to justice, while in other instances great courage and determination have been displayed by the men in apprehending single-handed and at night bold and unscrupulous law-breakers. Such acts have been recognised by this court, and I have had the pleasure of conferring upon certain of the individuals the "merit distinction" instituted by this court, and highly prized by the recipients.

Of the force, I believe it to be highly satisfactory, and I am confident that the county possesses an efficient and contented constabulary, which is, undoubtedly, mainly due to the keen interest ever evinced by this court in the welfare of the men, and the generous spirit in which you have ever approached all questions affecting the remuneration and comfort of the men.

Finally, I can truly say that my heart has been in my work, and my labours have been lightened by the cordial co-operation and ever ready assistance afforded me by the magistracy and all with whom I have been officially brought into contact. I have, I trust, throughout the whole tenure of my office endeavoured to discharge my duties faithfully to the utmost of my ability, and having done this, which was simply my pleasing duty, the highest possible reward, and, indeed, the most gratifying one that could have been bestowed upon me, is the unqualified approbation of this court as expressed in the resolution passed by the last court of Quarter Session, and which has received the entire concurrence of Her Majesty's Secretary of State,

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, as shown by the accompanying copy of a letter addressed to me by the Home Office.

In saying farewell, I would tender to this court my heartfelt thanks for the said resolution, and for the uniform kindness and support ever shown to me. I have the honour to be, my lords and gentlemen, your obedient servant,

J. B. B. McHARDY,

Admiral and Chief Constable.

COMPLIMENTARY LETTER FROM THE HOME  
SECRETARY.

(Copy.) Whitehall, 9th August, 1881.

Sir,—I am directed by Secretary Sir William Vernon Harcourt to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 30th ult., submitting the notification of your resignation of the office of Chief Constable of Essex, and a copy of the resolution passed by the court of Quarter Session in accepting the same.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt entirely concurs with the court of Quarter Session in their high appreciation of the efficiency with which you have discharged the duties of your office for the lengthened period of forty-one years, and in the regret which they express that the time has arrived when you find it necessary to retire from the police service.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A. F. O. LIDDELL.

Admiral McHardy, Chief Constable of Essex,  
Chelmsford.

RESULT OF ELECTION OF NEW CHIEF  
CONSTABLE.

	Votes.
Major Poyntz - -	50
Commander Walter -	41
Major Monsell - -	37
Major Wilkinson - -	29

Ninety-four justices, the chairman announced, had voted, and Major Poyntz having an absolute majority, was elected Chief Constable of Essex. (Applause.)

Major Poyntz was then called forward, and formally informed of his appointment by the chairman, who congratulated him upon the result, and said it was the wish of the court that he should enter upon his duties on the 1st of November.

Thereupon Major Poyntz said:—My lord and gentlemen, I hope you will permit me to thank you for the honour you have done me in electing me Chief Constable of this county. I can assure you that it will be my endeavour to do everything that I possibly can to benefit the constabulary and the county. I know it will be a difficult duty to follow Admiral McHardy, but at the same time I wish to say that I will do my best, and I hope that health and strength will be given me that I may be able to act satisfactorily to the justices of the county as well as to the inhabitants at large. I thank you very much for the honour you have done me. (Applause.)

NEWSPAPER EXTRACT ON THE  
ELECTION.

## OUR COUNTY PARLIAMENT.

"The Chairman of the court of Quarter Session on Tuesday jocosely observed that he had always thought the Essex justices were not as other men are, and that now he was sure of it. The remark was apropos of the absence of canvassing and the complete purity in other respects that have been secured in the election of a Chief Constable for the county, to supply the place which Admiral McHardy is vacating after an exemplary service of forty-one years. There is one respect, however, in which the Essex justices do not differ from other men. Like the rest of us, they take a keen interest in an election. Accordingly the appointment of Tuesday brought together so overflowing an attendance of members of Court that the proceedings had to be conducted in the spacious ballroom, instead of the smaller and more sedate grand jury room. Ninety-four justices took part in the ballot—for that was the mode of election adopted—and there may have been one or two present who did not vote. Probably few Essex magistrates can remember so numerous a gathering at a court of Quarter Session. Originally there were 122 candidates for the vacant office; but these the constabulary committee, by a fair and careful process, had reduced to four, whose names were now submitted for the ultimate choice of the court. Three of the four possessed a military, and one a naval, title, two being also at the head

of borough police forces at present, a double circumstance, which may be taken to indicate that the Constabulary Committee were, above all things, of opinion that the veteran Chief Constable of Essex ought to have a successor who had been accustomed already to commanding and maintaining a body of men. The four candidates they selected, quoting their names in alphabetical order, as they stood in the report, were:—Major Monsell, of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley; Major Poyntz, head constable of the borough of Nottingham; Commander Walter, captain of the training ship “*Arctusa*,” off Greenhithe; and Major Wilkinson, head constable of the city of Bath. Any of the four would doubtless have made an excellent chief constable of Essex, but the office could only be given to one of them, and that one turned out to be Major Poyntz, whose gentlemanly and soldier-like bearing took the magistrates captive, and, coupled with the fact that he had served the office of Head Constable of Nottingham, which, in point of area, is the fourth largest borough in England, in a highly creditable manner for a period of eight years, led to his election on the first ballot. The numbers were:—Major Poyntz, 50; Commander Walter, 41; Major Monsell, 37; Major Wilkinson, 29. The successful candidate is in the prime of life, being forty-one, and he has hitherto had a force of 200 men under him. The Essex Constabulary numbers 293. We congratulate Major Poyntz on his appointment, and hope that when he comes to

resign it, after having served it long, it may be amid a shower of good wishes and golden opinions like that which follows his predecessor in his retirement. An interesting, and withal a touching feature of the session, was the report in which Admiral McHardy took farewell of the court, and reviewed in outline the history of the Essex constabulary force."

The Chief Constable's official residence was at Springfield, and it was a condition in accepting the appointment that he lived there. Originally it had been the headquarters of the militia, and in commodiousness and convenience it answered a similar purpose for the constabulary, being only a little over a mile from the railway station, and rather less from the centre of the county town of Essex, Chelmsford, and the Shire Hall. The adjoining village of Springfield is exceedingly picturesque, and the Green very rural, immediately surrounding it being a charming old rectory and beautifully kept graveyard, almshouses, cottages, &c. The squire's house, where resided the late Hon. H. Petre, master of the Essex staghounds, stood close to the church. The fine old rector was a contemporary of the Admiral's, noted for his extreme courtesy in manner and bearing. For fifty years he had faithfully held that position, till he peacefully passed away at the ripe age of eighty-seven years, being then the oldest justice of the peace in the county. His eldest son succeeds him in the living.

I have heard it said that Springfield is the "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,"

spoken of in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," but as there is a very palpable ascent right up from Chelmsford, I hardly think it can justly claim to be the one referred to.

Chelmsford is not, perhaps, a fourth size of Colchester, but it has the honour of being the county town, and has lately blossomed out into the dignity of a worshipful mayor and corporation. I do not know many such compact little places with so many advantages; splendid rail communication with London in three-quarters of an hour; a good hunting centre; excellent shops at hand; good residential houses on the outskirts; with pleasant large villages and rural rides and drives all about. The principal church, St. Mary's, is a splendid edifice, and is fortunate in having for its rector the present Archdeacon of Essex, esteemed and respected by everyone. It was not to be wondered at that my good old predecessor, the Admiral, had a real love for the old spot. Though I was only there myself about eight years, I have a great affection for it, and would give a good deal if only for once to visit it again.

My first introduction to the Admiral quite astonished me, considering he was then over eighty years of age; had he only sat in his chair it looked as if he might have "governed the county" and "commanded the ship" (two favourite expressions of his) for some time longer. Nothing could beat the raciness and humour of his conversational powers, savouring as they did a good deal of nautical phraseology. It was



natural that as he had raised the force, and as he and a great many had grown up together in it from its infancy, he should be averse to disturbing matters himself, but preferred to leave any such disagreeable work to his successor. The consequence was it devolved on me to get rid of a large number of worthy old officers as gracefully as I could, whose age and weakened physical powers were their only fault, yet quite unfitting them for modern police requirements. This I found perfectly easy to accomplish without any friction whatever, owing to the right feeling and good discipline existing in the force, and the support and liberality of the Constabulary Committee and court of Quarter Sessions.

In a fairly short time I was able to superannuate about seventy old officers of various grades. Among them one specially esteemed in his position of deputy chief constable, Mr. Brydges, who only survived his chief till the 24th May, 1884, aged sixty-five years, and whom I followed to his last resting place.

The Admiral, after his retirement, lived at Bath with his son-in-law, so that his latter days were passed with every possible comfort around him.

In place of Mr. Brydges I appointed as "Deputy chief constable" a gentleman whose value in the Nottinghamshire constabulary, I was well aware of, and which has been fully tried and proved in Essex. I know nothing of County Councils, (as they did not exist in my time), but I do not believe any system will ever beat the old one, as far as police control is concerned,

exercised by the county justices who formerly composed the Constabulary Committee and court of Quarter Sessions. Certainly no men could be more interested in good government and judicious expenditure than the magistrates who had so much stake in the soil. I never found any difficulty in my dealings with the Police Committee; handsome support was given to everything advantageous to the force, and I was always backed up by its resolutions and advocacy at the court of Quarter Sessions, a very great point for a chief constable, who formerly had to fight out everything himself.





## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE COUNTY OF ESSEX.

**F**ROM the position I held in the county I had many opportunities of judging of its scenery and general appearance, but before becoming personally acquainted with it I had heard the most erroneous expressions used towards it. One lady of position in the north described it to me as "on a par with an Irish snipe bog, and a cradle of fever and ague"; such opinions can only be formed by a casual railway journey from Liverpool Street to Tilbury or Southend, along the line of the Thames, and round to Shoeburyness along the sea coast, where, naturally, low-lying marshy land preponderates; but to stamp the county generally with such a character is simply absurd. The land in this agricultural locality is in many parts heavy. In days gone by, when wheat was worth growing, Essex farmers held up their heads with any in the kingdom; but now, what with foreign competition and disastrous seasons, a living is

with difficulty got in their line. Speaking of the neighbourhood of Chelmsford, few more perfect panoramas can be seen than from the summit of Danbury Hill, adjacent to which, surrounded by a beautiful old park, stands the late palace of the Lord Bishop of St. Albans. Also a lovely spot, The Rodney, at Little Baddow, the hills covered with all sorts of foliage and golden gorse, a resort for artists, rabbits, pic-nickers, and lovers, as well as a sure find for a fox.

Farther afoot, and yet only a little over an hour from London, lies Saffron Walden, one of the cleanest and most prosperous market towns I know of, with many estates around, notably Audley End Mansion, the splendid seat of Lord Braybrooke.

About Dunmow the country is pretty and well wooded. Here is still kept up the time-honoured custom, open to all comers, of presenting a flitch of bacon to the married couple who prove satisfactorily that there has been no quarrel or disagreement between them for a year and a day. On this last occasion I read that a clergyman and a solicitor were among the candidates.

In this neighbourhood lies Euston Lodge, which frequently their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales honour by their presence, as guests of Lord and Lady Brooke, the latter's graceful figure and seat on horseback being well known in the Essex hunting field, as well as her skill in piloting her "Four-in-hand." I

might almost fill a book in enumerating parts of the county comparing favourably with others, and I recommend any Londoner wanting a nice driving tour for a week, to try this truly rural district, in parts as primitive as the Yorkshire wolds. Old historical places are often met with; in days of yore it was much frequented by Royalty. Bluff King Harry VIII. was very fond of his country palace, about two miles from Chelmsford, now called New Hall, then covering twice the amount of ground it does in the present day. He is described as travelling to it by road from London with a large gathering of court satellites and followers, who doubtless required a good deal of putting up.

Communicating by a long subterranean passage is the remnant of an old-fashioned cottage residence close by, where report saith Anne Boleyn took up her quarters. Her own birth-place still remains near Rochford, and is yet an interesting old farm house, to which purpose so many of the ancient Essex family seats have been turned in later years.

New Hall remains architecturally a grand old place, comprised of two storeys, with bow windows all along the front face, filled with small panes of glass. In the centre is a pretty chapel, and the well-timbered grounds form shady walks for the nuns and happy-minded young Roman Catholic ladies who are being educated in this high-class seminary of religious light and learning. Within a few miles is another curious old residence, much patronised by the same Royal

gay Lothario, then named Jericho, but now Blackmore Priory, the property of a good supporter of sport. It is interesting as being associated with the gallantries of that versatile monarch, and in the locality it still retains its old name. Tradition says the common expression, "go to Jericho," arises from the fact that inquiries after His Majesty's whereabouts had frequently to be answered by, "He's gone to Jericho." The daughter of the above-named monarch, good Queen Bess, appears often to have visited this county, and seems to have been very fond of aquatic expeditions to various places therein on the banks of "old Father Thames," accompanied by a splendid procession of State barges. Could she but see this same river, with its magnificent docks in the present day, it would indeed be an eye-opener for her. It is on record that she had grand doings at Wanstead on the occasion of revels provided for her entertainment by her favourite Leicester, and at Tilbury she reviewed the troops drawn together in anticipation of the Spanish Armada. In her speech on this occasion she spoke "foul scorn" of the Spaniard, the Duke of Parma. With many faults, she was a true-plucked English woman, and Church and State in the present day have to be thankful that the reins of Government were then in the hands of a Royal lady possessing, like our own loved and honoured Queen, so much enterprise and decision.

To go further back, one learns that the saintly Edward the Confessor prayed against the nightingales at that still pretty and rural looking

spot, Havering-atte-Bower, because their singing hindered his devotions. One can almost picture the proud tramp of William the Conqueror and his warriors as they stepped out along the road to Barking, or the soft gliding pace of the Cistercian monks, with shaven crowns, gowns, and girdles as they passed in and out of the abbey of West Ham, or again the mournful procession of the condemned to Stratford, amongst them Dr. Taylor, who journeyed to meet his doom at Hadleigh, near Southend.

What a sight in those days it must have been to see the big siege train guns drawn from the frowning portals of the Tower along the highway through Romford and Chelmsford, to batter down the old walls of Colchester Castle, under the guidance of Fairfax, the great Cromwellian General, and lastly, the mournful *cortege* with the dead body of Queen Caroline, the dishonoured consort of George IV., which was taken through Essex for shipment and burial at Brunswick.

Such incidents and many others connect Essex very intimately with days of yore. Last, but not least, as far as the poor victims were concerned, it had a questionable notoriety for superstitious burning of witches, and horrible must have been the scenes enacted when fires were lighted at Mistley, Manningtree, and many other places in the county.

Within about eight miles from Romford stands Belhus, a fine old structure, celebrated now-a-days for the annual sale of hunters, chiefly purchased, I believe, in Ireland, by the present

baronet from pure love of horseflesh, and sold at the hammer in the park by Mr. Tattersall, on which occasion liberal hospitality is dispensed to all comers. Near the mansion is a neat little cemetery, with cypress trees, weeping willows, and funereal surroundings; this is the last resting place of pet dogs, and the majority have tombstones bearing the pedigree and merits of those loyal and devoted animals to whose worth the poet Byron pays such handsome tribute in the following sarcastic but truthful lines:—

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,  
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.  
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,  
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.

The old home of the Essex branch of the Poyntzes, of Iron Acton, Gloucestershire, lies between Belhus and Romford; the ancient hall and manor of North Ockenden having been in their possession from about 1300 to 1725. As relics of this property I have now in my possession a fine half length portrait of Sir Gabriel Poyntz, dated 1516, twice high sheriff of Essex and a deputy lieutenant. He is dressed in a handsome, quaint, but terribly uncomfortable looking uniform. How he survived the awful strangulation he must have endured in throat and waist is a marvel. Part of the old moat still remains, also a deep well, which it is said, both in past and present days, has never been known to freeze. I have some tiles from the floor of the old family chapel, long since de-



molished. In the village church close to (of which living the lords of the manor were patrons) are a great number of handsome monuments and brasses of departed Poyntzes, all the figures being clothed in the costume of the period they lived in. The hall has been much reduced in size and modernised. I have also a fine old black oak shield, about three feet square, with the arms of Sir Thomas Poyntz, alias Littleton, deeply carved thereon; born 1647; died 1709; one of the lords of the manor. This was marvelously preserved, having been found many years ago in a heap of rubbish.

Essex is favourably placed in its proximity to the sea coast. Harwich, Southend, Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, Clacton-on-Sea, are healthy resorts, affording welcome change and sea air, to Londoners especially, as well as to inhabitants of the county; while "breathes there a man with soul so dead" as not to have thanked Essex for its grand Burnham and Colchester oysters.

As a sporting county, it stands well, both for hunting and shooting. The names of the principal packs of hounds, the Essex, Essex Union, East Essex, and others, speak for themselves, while the gentry and farmers are, as a rule, strict preservers of foxes.

In some parts the land is sticky, and it takes a good man and a good horse to get well over Essex country and Essex ditches. Altogether the county, in my opinion, deserves a good name far rather than a bad one, and persons who propagate the latter do it from utter ignorance of what they are talking about.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

### A SAD ENDING.



**A**FTER forty-seven years of good health, and a life of, I may say, exceptional activity, my happy time in Essex, and an appointment so much to my liking, were suddenly cut short by a terrible catastrophe. For some short time I had not been feeling at all well, but struggled against giving in. No doubt over thirty years of continuous work at home and abroad in H.M.'s service and in the constabulary, sometimes entailing worry, and almost always responsibility, had been a severe strain on the nervous system.

By the advice of my good friend and medical adviser at Chelmsford, I applied for and obtained, through the kind consideration of the justices of the county, leave of absence for six months, with full pay and allowances. By their sanction I deputed the deputy chief to take command of the force, and perform my duties generally. This he did, as I well knew he would, with great credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of the county.

The following extracts from the public press spare me from personally having to dwell on details so fraught with misery and sorrow to myself and all concerned, though, I am thankful, through no fault of my own:—

#### ILLNESS OF MAJOR POYNTZ.

“The Clerk of the Peace read a letter from Major Poyntz, the chief constable, submitting a certificate from Mr. E. H. Carter, surgeon, recommending his having two months’ sick leave, in order that he might have perfect rest, and that he might be freed entirely from official work and care, so essential to the restoration of his nervous system. During his absence from Chelmsford Major Poyntz stated his duties would be performed by Mr. Raglan Somerset, deputy chief constable, in whom he had the most thorough confidence for keeping up discipline and everything in perfect order. The certificate stated that it was necessary for Major Poyntz to have rest from his official duties, and to take change of air for a period of from two to three months.

“Mr. Kemble (chairman of the Constabulary Committee) said he never was more shocked than he was yesterday on receiving a letter from Major Poyntz, telling him how very seriously ill he felt. He thought it would be quite a calamity to the county if Major Poyntz’s health did break down. (Applause.) He could assure them Major Poyntz was most anxious to do his duty to the county, and also to the police as a body. No man could be more anxious or could work harder than he had done, and his health had really

broken down in consequence. He proposed that they give Major Poyntz three months' leave of absence, so that he might have a thorough rest.

"The motion was unanimously carried by the court of Quarter Sessions."

Returning to my post at the end of the leave with renewed vigour, both of mind and body, I at once recommenced my duties, and never felt more light-hearted or able to undertake them at any time of my life.

On the 19th September, 1887, the annual inspection of the Essex County Police was ordered by H.M.'s Inspector of Constabulary. I drove to meet him at the railway station in a light two-wheeled cart, horsed by a cob I had only recently purchased on account of its character for tractability and good temper, as suitable for ladies to drive and ride. Coming through the main street of Chelmsford, on the way to the police headquarters at Springfield, the animal suddenly bolted, and rushed madly up the yard of the Saracen's Head Hotel. The cause, I myself believe, was from the trap running on to his hocks, not as stated in the newspaper, from the sting of a wasp.

From "Essex County Chronicle."

### SHOCKING CARRIAGE ACCIDENT AT CHELMSFORD.

DEATH OF A LADY.—TWO PERSONS INJURED.—ESCAPE  
OF MAJOR POYNTZ.

An accident, unhappily attended with loss of life and with serious personal injuries, occurred at Chelmsford on Monday afternoon. Colonel

Cobbe, Her Majesty's Inspector of Constabulary, arrived at the station by the 4.47 train from London to begin a tour of inspection of the Essex police. He was met by Major Poyntz, the chief constable, and driven away in a low trap, drawn by what has hitherto been a quiet, tractable pony, belonging to the chief constable. Major Poyntz intended to drive direct to the police station at Springfield, where the constabulary of this division were already drawn up, ready for inspection. When, however, the pony reached the corner of Tindall Square it broke into a gallop, commenced kicking, and the opposition of the footboard seemed to thoroughly frighten or madden the animal, which darted into the High Street, and then bolted for the gateway of the Saracen's Head Hotel. All this time the pony was kicking furiously, so that it was impossible to guide it, and getting its hind near leg over the shaft, it went like a mad thing to the gateway, where Colonel Cobbe was pitched out from the back of the trap, and his head struck a stone, rendering him insensible. A little further on the trap came into violent contact with an aged lady, Mrs. Garmeson, an aunt of Mr. Remnant the landlord, and with Miss Remnant, his eldest sister, who were about to cross the roadway. The unfortunate ladies were struck to the ground, the younger one being dragged some yards along the pavement. The pony continued its mad career to the bottom of the yard, where it ran into a truck, smashing it up completely, and also breaking the shaft of the trap, and otherwise damaging it. Major Poyntz, who had pluckily stuck

to his seat throughout, was uninjured, although much agitated by the regrettable accident. Meanwhile the several witnesses of the occurrence among them being Mr. Walter Gray, Mr. Alfred Darby, Mr. J. W. Hair, Mr. Cleale, Mr. Harry Meade, and Mr. — hastened to the gateway, where a sad spectacle presented itself. Colonel Cobbe, who is advanced in years, was lying on the ground unconscious, Miss Remnant was in almost as sorry a plight, and Mrs. Garmeson was lying on the pavement with blood issuing from her nose and ears. The two ladies and the colonel were carried to bedrooms in the hotel, and Mr. E. H. Carter was hastily summoned. Not until after this was done did Mr. Remnant, who had assisted, know that the ladies were his own near relatives. Mr. Carter remained most of the evening in attendance upon the three patients. We regret to say that Mrs. Garmeson died from her injuries at 6.30 in the evening, not having recovered consciousness. The injuries to her head caused concussion of the brain. Miss Remnant revived about an hour after the accident, and was found to be suffering from injury to the right leg, there being a contused wound, and much inflammation. Miss Remnant is constitutionally delicate, and the great shock to her system is naturally viewed with some alarm. Colonel Cobbe sustained an injury to his back, and the violence of the fall caused slight concussion of the brain, and shook his frame very much. Colonel Cobbe still lies at the Saracen's Head Hotel, and during the week

has been attended by Mr. Carter. The inspection of the police has, of course, been postponed.

The accident was witnessed by a goodly number of persons, and it created great excitement in the town. Much regret is felt and expressed for the relatives of the deceased lady, for the injured persons, and for Major Poyntz. Mrs. Garmeson had only been staying at Chelmsford for a few days. The sad news of her demise was at once conveyed to her son, a bookseller living at Penge, with whom she had been living. Many inquiries have been made by the poor of the parish as to the progress of Miss Remnant, who has been an active parish worker. To the chief constable the behaviour of the pony was a matter of extreme surprise. It has never previously shown the slightest temper, and has been several times ridden by the Misses Poyntz. It has been suggested that it was stung by a wasp, and that this was the cause of its beginning to kick. It is due to Major Poyntz to add that the pony is not the one which he has been advertising for sale.

During the week a great many persons have called at the hotel to inquire how the sufferers were progressing, the callers including Mr. W. J. Beadel, M.P., and Mrs. and Miss Poyntz, who drove down on Monday evening as soon as they heard of the accident. We need hardly state that Major Poyntz was much distressed at the untoward results of the accident, and has done all that he could to assist the sufferers. On Monday night he dispatched a telegram to Mrs. Cobbe, apprising her of the accident, but saying that nothing serious was to be apprehended.

RESULT OF THE INQUEST BEFORE MR. C. C. LEWIS,  
CORONER.

Major Poyntz: I have had the cob, I should think, about a month or six weeks.

The Coroner: Did you buy it as a quiet one?

Major Poyntz: Oh, thoroughly. I bought it of a most respectable man, a farmer near Dunmow, who gave it the highest character. When I tell you I bought it for my wife and children you may know I used some precaution. Since I have had it my children have been riding and driving it, and I have driven it, and have never used a gentler beast in my life. I should think that the trap pressed on its hocks.

The Coroner said it was his experience that many accidents occurred like this. A kicking-strap was a good precaution.

Mr. Abbott: You did not intend to go to the Saracen's Head?

Witness: Oh no, but I could not control the cob.

Mr. Haylock: You had breeching on?

Witness: Yes.

Mr. Haylock: Then I take it that it was not necessary to have a kicking-strap on.

The jury returned a verdict that the death of the deceased was purely accidental, and no blame was attributable to the driver of the cob.

Mr. Garmeson wished to say, as representing the family of the deceased, that he fully concurred in the verdict, and he was quite sure there was no blame whatever attaching to Major Poyntz, who did all he could to prevent the accident.



The Coroner: Everyone who has heard the evidence must agree with that, I think.

Major Poyntz: It has been a very grievous thing to me, and I can only say I have felt it more than I show, and shall probably do so for some time. However, that is nothing.

The proceedings then terminated.

#### NEWSPAPER ARTICLE ON MY RESIGNATION.

Major Poyntz is only the second chief constable we have had in the county. The Essex constabulary was the first force of its kind enrolled under Sir Robert Peel's Act, in 1840, and Admiral (then Captain) McHardy was selected as the first chief constable, which post he held for forty-one years. Upon his retirement with a pension, in 1881, Major Poyntz was selected, with six others, out of 122 applicants for the post, and was finally appointed as the chief constable by a clear majority over the other six. In his application he stated that he was late of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and then chief constable of the borough of Nottingham. No pecuniary advantage would result from his being appointed chief constable of Essex, and he was solely actuated by a desire to undertake the more extended duties of a county chief constable. Major Poyntz commenced his duties in November, 1881, and we may fairly say that he has carried them out to the satisfaction of everybody. He has become thoroughly popular, and has always proved equal to any emergency. The faculty for organisation peculiar to military men is possessed in a large degree by the Major, and

his term of office has been marked by the efficiency of the general body of the police, which has taken its tone from the chief. The *morale* of the force in Essex is high, and this is greatly attributable to the efforts of the chief constable, who has, for instance, been particularly anxious to check policemen in the habit of "padding" their evidence, has diminished the number of paltry cases brought forward, and has always made his men understand that any neglect of duty or misdirected zeal would not be tolerated. Some time after his appointment, Major Poyntz took active steps to put down the horse stealing which was extensively carried on on the metropolitan borders of the county. In the same district, too, he had a number of the constables armed with pistols, in order to cope with burglars. Several reforms have been carried out by the Major. He has instituted the system of moving the police about from place to place, a system which has worked, on the whole, with much success, since it effectually destroyed one of the causes of corruption. Police corruption never was very apparent in Essex, we are glad to say; there are few signs of it anywhere at the present day. The clothing of the men has been altered, very much to their satisfaction, in the summer time, when they are provided with lighter uniforms. As to his general duties, it is, we think, largely due to the energetic way in which he has carried them out that the chief constable has now to tender his resignation. An excellent practice of frequently visiting the Petty Sessions in the

county was one of the ways in which Major Poyntz has sought to grasp the complete working of the police system. Our readers will remember that last year an extended leave of absence was granted to the chief constable, owing to his ill-health. When he returned to his duties it was thought that he had entirely recovered. Unfortunately this is not the case, and the Major has evidently felt it his duty, to resign his appointment. He is now staying at Eastbourne recruiting his health.

COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS, SHIRE  
HALL, CHELMSFORD.

THE RESIGNATION OF MAJOR POYNTZ.

The Clerk of the Peace read the following letter:—

Chief Constable's Office, Chelmsford,  
2nd March, 1888.

My lords and gentlemen,—It is with great regret that I find my general health obliges me to place in the hands of this court my resignation of the important office of chief constable of your county, which I have now held between six and seven years. It is needless for me to say what a wrench it is to separate my connection with the Justices of Essex, from whom individually and collectively I have ever received the highest consideration, courtesy, and kindness, and from whom I may truly say I part without a single difference or disagreeable incident of any kind having occurred during my period of office.

In resigning the command of this constabulary, I cannot too warmly thank the Constabulary

Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Kemble, for their consistent support on all occasions in the interests of the police generally, and all the ranks of the force itself for the hearty manner in which they have worked with me, and accepted the great changes which it has been my lot to institute. I would especially mention the superior officers for their ready assistance and hearty co-operation on all occasions. I desire particularly to bring to notice the loyal support and never flagging zeal with which Mr. Raglan Somerset, deputy chief constable, has aided me, and had it not been for the knowledge of this, and my perfect confidence in him, I could not have availed myself of the six months' leave which the court of Quarter Sessions so handsomely granted me last year.

My medical adviser concurs in the opinion that nothing but a lengthened period of entire rest will suffice to restore my health, and therefore I feel bound to take the step I have now done.

Of course it is a matter of consequence to me to be relieved of my duties as soon as I reasonably can; but at the same time I should be exceedingly sorry unduly to press this until satisfactory arrangements have been made for my successor.

I have the honour to be, my lords and gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

W. H. POYNIZ, Major,

Chief Constable of Essex.

Mr. Kemble, as chairman of the Constabulary Committee, said he was sure they had all heard that letter with very great regret. (Loud applause.) They were about to lose a most valuable public servant. (Hear, hear.) He had been connected with Major Poyntz for seven years, and he was sure the Major had not only had the interest of the county at heart, but also the interests of the men who served under him. (Applause.) Major Poyntz had carried out many reforms, among them being that of not allowing a policeman to remain too long in one place, as formerly. (Applause.) He was very sorry to hear of the Major's resignation, and he was sorry for the cause of it. He had been in great hopes that the rest Major Poyntz was granted would have revived him. He came back looking a lot better, but unfortunately the disease showed itself again, and compelled him to resign his office. They regretted it very much, and they also regretted what Major Poyntz said in his letter about being relieved of the office as soon as possible. Mr. Kemble then proposed that the letter be referred to the Constabulary Committee to take such steps as may be necessary for selecting a successor, and report to the court at a special adjourned session, to be held on Tuesday, the 5th of June. He also moved a vote of thanks to Major Poyntz for the excellent way in which he had conducted the constabulary during the last seven years. (Applause.)

Mr. Round seconded the motion. He said there

could be but one opinion as to the way in which Major Poyntz had performed the duties of his office. (Hear, hear.) They had a most efficient constabulary, and that efficiency was due to the intelligence and the ability which Major Poyntz had shown in the discharge of his duties. (Applause.) He was sure there would be a universal feeling of regret at the step Major Poyntz had now taken, and he was sure they would all join in the hope that the Major would be completely restored to health. (Applause.)

Colonel Brise wished to briefly refer to the loss the county would sustain in the resignation of that first-rate officer, Major Poyntz. (Hear, hear.) He did not believe the county could have been better served, or that there could possibly be a better chief constable than their gallant friend, Major Poyntz (applause), and they were all very sorry to lose him.

The Chairman also spoke of the loss the county and the police force would sustain by the resignation.

The vote of thanks having been passed, Major Poyntz briefly thanked the court. He said he had very great regret in giving up his appointment. It had been a labour of love to him, and he must say he had been supported in every possible way. He thanked the court exceedingly for the way in which every magistrate in the county had received him, and had forwarded his duties. He very much regretted leaving the county, and he thanked all for their kindness.

**THE PRESENTATION TO MAJOR POYNTZ.**

The testimonial subscribed for by the members of the Essex County Constabulary to Major Poyntz, on his resignation of the chief constableship, was handed to Mrs. W. H. Poyntz on Friday afternoon. The Major's medical adviser at Eastbourne, where he is now living, would not allow him to come to Chelmsford, as he is still in bad health, and must not be excited, consequently the hope of making a public presentation to him in person was not realised; Mrs. Poyntz being in Chelmsford was therefore made the recipient for the Major. The proceedings, which were quite private, took place in the guard-room at the Springfield Police Station, the majority of the men of the Chelmsford division being present. Deputy-Chief Constable Raglan Somerset made the presentation, which consisted of five handsome dessert dishes in silver and very finely cut glass, supplied by Mr. J. S. Greenhow. The centre dish bore the following inscription:—

“Presented by the members of the Essex Constabulary to Major Poyntz, on his retirement from the office of chief constable, as a mark of esteem, and in recognition of the great interest he has always taken in the force. Chelmsford, June, 1888.”

Mr. Somerset, in handing over the gift to Mrs. Poyntz, explained that at a meeting of the officers in charge of the division, held on March 26th, it was unanimously resolved to invite the force to subscribe for a testimonial on Major Poyntz's retirement. A committee, consisting of himself (Mr. Somerset), Superintendent Elsey,

